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The Letters of
Charlotte Brinckerhoff Bronson

THE LETTERS OF
CHARLOTTE
BRINCKERHOFF
BRONSON

WRITTEN, DURING HER WEDDING JOURNEY IN
EUROPE IN 1838 WITH HER HUSBAND FREDERIC
BRONSON AND HIS NIECE CAROLINE MURRAY,
TO HER MOTHER MRS. JAMES L. BRINCKERHOFF



PRIVATELY PRINTED • MCMXXVIII

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The Letters of
Charlotte Brinckerhoff Bronson

Volume Two

11/14/68



KOBLENZ

LETTERS

COLOGNE, Sunday, August 12th, 1838

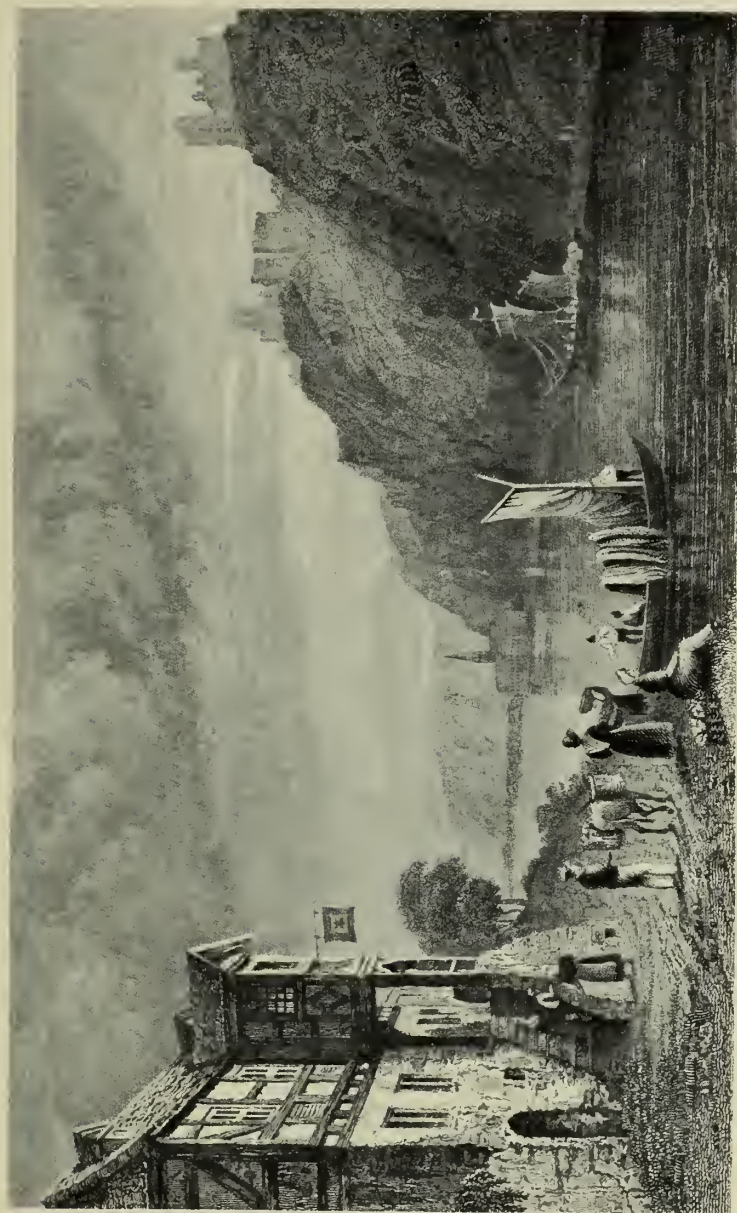
Left Cologne this morning at 7, and found the weather very delightful and warm. We go however very slow, and will not finish our journey till 6. We again enjoyed all the glories of this noble river; among other beautiful Castles we past that of Rheineck, which is not only remarkable for its picturesque beauty but also for its antiquity. One of the curiosities to be marked is the number of rafts for conveying timber down the Rhine, these were formerly 900 feet long, and required 6 or 7 feet of water, and they required 400 men to work them; whole families lived on them, with their poultry yards etc., and several butchers belonged to each, but their size and extent have very much diminished as they are now only 200 feet long. We saw one to-day that looked like a little village, several houses, a great many persons, and stalls with meat hanging in them. At $\frac{1}{2}$ 1, the usual dining hour, dinner was served on deck, very much to the satisfaction of the passengers, for it is excessively hot in the cabin. The steamboat was crowded to excess, both with English and Germans. We had a very fine band of music on board, which serenaded us a great deal in the course of the day; we however I must confess were all affected a little with ennui. I was very much struck while on board with the great ease of the manners of the Germans and the French. We were sitting near a very pretty, interesting German lady, and a very genteel young Italian sat down and entered into conversation with her, they were perfect strangers and we were very much amused and interested in their conversation which was carried on in French; after leaving the steamboat, probably they will never meet again, but their short acquaintance served to enliven a tedious hour. After arriving at Coblentz we spent the rest of the evening in looking out of the window and observing the different varieties of costumes, etc.

COBLENTZ, Monday, August 13, 1838

Perhaps you may recollect that this is a memorable anniversary, that of my birthday, and I think I have never spent one more delightfully than this, on the banks of the Rhine. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we left Coblentz, and taking post horses, took the road which lies directly on the bank of the river; the day was lovely, warm, but a cool breeze stirring, we drove on, the mountains rising beautifully on both sides

LETTERS OF

of the river, but covered with vineyards; the Rhine here loses the tame appearance which disappointed us so much yesterday; the mind involuntarily turns back to the feudal ages, and looks with a sort of veneration upon those Castles hallowed by historical associations and the legends of romance. Soon after leaving Coblenz, we past the last Prussian town on the right side of the river, Horchheim, which is opposite to the island of Oberwerth. The first interesting castle which we past was Stolzenfels, which stands upon a jutting rock overhanging the Rhine; it is dignified by the name of Proud Rock; it was built by the archbishop of Trèves, who resided there some time, it was destroyed in 1688 by the French, but is now being repaired by the Crown Prince of Prussia; the next castle was that of Lahneck; we next past Rhens, a small village where the electors used to meet to deliberate on affairs of the empire, a heap of stones marks the spot. The Castle of Marksburg, opposite the town of Braubach arrested our attention, we determined therefore to leave our carriage at the village, and to cross the river in a little boat; though the weather had become extremely warm, we determined to undertake the ascent, as the sky was so clear, that we knew the view would be particularly fine. We therefore took our courier with us, and crost in a little sail boat; on arriving at the opposite side, our courage almost failed us when we saw the great height to which we were obliged to go; however determining to keep cool and fresh, we commenced our journey, but soon found our exertions useless, we became very warm; the ascent was steep and long, but still we did not repent; after walking for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, we arrived at the summit rather exhausted; we were however fully rewarded. Marksburg remains almost uninjured by time, and is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of a stronghold; it abounds in mysterious passages, windings etc., after passing through which we arrived at the tower from whence we had a most lovely view of the Rhine in both directions. Indeed I could scarcely imagine that I was in one of those Castles famed as being the retreats of those feudals lords (or robbers) who spying from these heights merchant vessels on the river, immediately made them their prey. We were shown, too, the cells in which those unfortunate victims were thrown, and also the instruments of torture which destroyed them. I will not describe them, as even the repetition makes my blood freeze in my veins. After leaving these unpleasant but curious sights, we were shown a cell which had been painted and ornamented at the command and



LIEBENSTEIN ÜND STERNFELS AM RHEIN

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

according to the taste of Prince Metternich, but the allusions we did not understand. How sadly these monuments of grandeur have changed; once the abodes of noble lords and knights and proud dames, now, dwindled down into a ruin, even a prison. We left the Castle and returned to our little boat, which again bore us triumphantly over the waters of the noble Rhine. I could scarcely realize that I was on the bosom of this lovely and far famed river, but almost imagined that I labored under a delusion and that I was once again dancing on the waves of the Hudson. We arrived at Boppard where we refreshed ourselves with some delightful apricots and plums, brought to us by little peasant girls who invariably at every post come running up to the carriage with the luxuries of the season. Opposite the village of Camp stand the twin castles of Liebenstein and Sterrenberg which are situated on a commanding pinnacle and interested us not only from their grand and picturesque appearance, but also from the story which Bulwer attaches to it in his *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, which by the bye, proves an excellent companion in this part of the tour, on account of the magical creations of the author's pen. The story I cannot undertake to relate, and perhaps it might not be interesting to you, but the scenes which he describes in his book, and the places referred to when visited by us were extremely interesting; the Convent of Bornhofen at the foot of the hill, forms a very interesting part of the tale. Just beyond is the Castle of Thurnberg, called the Mouse in contrast to the "Cat" which though bearing a more formidable name, is in reality not so strong a fortress as "the Mouse"; they are both very beautifully situated and are very picturesque ruins. In full view at the same time is the Castle of Rheinfels, which is the most extensive, picturesque and interesting ruin on the Rhine. We left the carriage to view it more closely; it is moss covered, and resembles exactly the idea which I had formed in my mind of an antiquated ruin on the Rhine; it was moreover almost impregnable; it was besieged in 1692 by Marshal Tallard, with 24000 men; the Marshal had promised it to Louis XIV, as a New Year's gift, but the Hessian General Gortz made so vigorous a defence that he was obliged to break his word; in 1794 when attacked by the French army, the garrison surrendered without firing a shot. We changed horses at St. Goar, and procured 2 little chickens, some bread and butter, etc. and made a sort of picnic in the carriage; the dinner was enjoyed by all 3 extremely, and we determined to drive again very frequently in the same way. We next went to the Castle

LETTERS OF

of Schönburg. This castle receives its name from 7 beautiful daughters of the house of Schönburg who turned the heads of half the knights in their neighborhood, but they were at the same time so hard hearted that they were changed into 7 rocks. We entered a church just below the Castle very celebrated for its architecture being of the rude Gothic; the charm was however dissolved on entering, for there was little beauty or interest save that of its extreme antiquity and the rudeness of the architecture. The object of most interest was the tomb of the Schönburg family. The figures are sculptured in the stone floor, and you can there distinguish knights in their battle armour, ladies in their fine dresses, and children in their swaddling clothes. When we left the church John proposed that we should take his seat which is a very delightful one on the outside and behind the carriage, in order that we might have a better view of the beauties of the Rhine. Caroline, Frederic and myself accordingly took our seats in the dicky which was large enough to accommodate us all; we enjoyed a most splendid prospect, and nothing could equal my delight. We drove on to the Castle of Gutenfels which is situated on a rocky eminence and has a splendid situation. In the midst of the river, on an island, constantly covered with water stands Pfalz, a castle built by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria in order to exact levies and impose duties on every one passing up and down the Rhine; it is a strong looking old castle, with one high tower in the center, and surrounded by smaller ones, it is still in very good preservation; the water frequently ascends to the windows of the second story; in the dungeons under this castle, and almost constantly under water, were imprisoned nobles of high rank, and we could not help almost fancying that we could see their pining looks, and eyes longing to behold once more the shores of liberty. We then arrived at Bacharach which is encircled by 12 towers connecting a wall round the city of great strength; while changing horses we visited the Church of St. Werner, which is now in ruins. The body of a child named Werner had been thrown into the river at Assmannshausen by the Jews, and instead of descending had ascended to Bacharach, in honor to his remains this beautiful church was built, and it is now even one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture; it looks more like a fairy fabric than the work of man. The castle of Stahleck towers above it. The Castles of Nollingen and Fürstenberg are next visible. We next discerned the Castles of Heimbürg, Falkenburg, Reichenstein, and



BINGEN

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the celebrated castle of Rheinstein, at present the Country Seat of Prince Frederick of Prussia. It is splendidly situated, having an extensive view up and down the Rhine, and is in perfect preservation. It is furnished with the furniture of former days, the old suits of armour, old painted glass, and every thing conformable to the fashions of those days. The prince has taken a particular pride in getting the old furniture from other castles to adorn this one; the little parterres on the terraces in different heights of the mountain, are tastefully arranged with flowers all in blow; the neat gravelled walks, and the beautiful little winding staircases on the outside of the turrets, give it a beautiful appearance; we ascended the turret to take a view of the Rhine which was extremely grand, as a gust was just coming on; warned by the increasing wind that a storm might be approaching, we hastened down and returned to the carriage. After passing several other castles, we arrived at the confluence of the Nahe and the Rhine. We soon arrived at Bingen, where there is a stone bridge, the foundations of which were laid by the Romans. Bingen is beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, sheltered by mountains; as it commenced raining we determined to remain here till the next morning; we spent the evening after tea in writing our journals.

BINGEN, Tuesday, August 14th, 1838

On leaving Bingen at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7, we drove through a beautiful country still along the banks of the Rhine, the mountains looked beautifully in the distance and we had a beautiful and continued view of them, the river, and the richly cultivated valley; the soil here is much more rich and fertile than any we have seen in Europe, every thing grows with the greatest luxuriance, hops, hemp, wheat, and most beautiful Lucerne grass, which is quite new to us. The vineyards too grow on the sides of the mountains very luxuriantly, they are not however as beautiful as I had expected; instead of being trained over lattices and in tasteful forms they are trained round sticks about 4 or 5 feet high; at a distance and on the site of the mountain they look pretty, but nearby they do not look as well, they are nothing more than a succession of terraces, which are supported by walls of masonry to prevent the earth from washing down. The most celebrated vineyard as you know is that of Johannisberg; it originally belonged to the monks of the Abbey of St. John; it then belonged to the prince of Orange, but after it had been in his possession 3 years Napoleon presented it to Marshal Kellerman; it was afterwards presented by

LETTERS OF

the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich who at present owns it; the extent of it is 55 acres and the produce is valued at 80,000 florins annually. We soon past the Chapel of St. Roch on the summit of a hill opposite Büdesheim; it commands a lovely prospect up and down the river. The 16th of August is St. Roch's day and many thousand pilgrims assemble here to offer up their prayers at his shrine; even as we were passing through a village to-day we met a long procession of women in black, with white caps, and books in their hands, and singing vociferously as they past by us. We soon arrived at the Castle of Brömserberg, of great antiquity; it is now neatly fitted up as a country seat of Count Ingelheim, though it was formerly in ruins. Near by stands a Castle belonging to the race of Brömser; tradition relates that one of these knights signalized himself by killing a dragon which was the terror of the Christian army, but after his achievement he was taken prisoner by the Saracens and languished in captivity for some time; while in prison he made a vow that if he should return to his Castle he would devote his beautiful daughter Grisela to the Church, on his return he found his daughter on the point of marrying a handsome young knight, and she on hearing the vows of his obligation to take the veil, threw herself from the turret of the Castle. A little higher up the river grows the celebrated vine which produces the Markobrunnen wine; we soon after past an old monastery now appropriated as an asylum for maniacs, the celebrated Steinberg vineyard grows nearby. We soon past the Château of Biebrich, the residence of the Duke of Nassau. Soon after we arrived at Worms; this was formerly the imperial free city, but it is now deserted and the grass grows in its streets; it was the seat of many diets of the empire. Charlemagne was married here. Luther here appeared in a diet of Charles V, and declared his adhesion to the reformed religion. There are no buildings of importance here, the palace is in ruins. After leaving Worms we drove on to Mannheim, situated on the Rhine, it was formerly the Capitol of the Palatinate; in 1689 when bombarded by the French, the inhabitants were commanded by the French general to pull down their own houses, and destroy the city, as they were not willing to do this the French soldiers spared them the trouble; only 14 houses remained; it now consists of 11 straight streets, and 10 cross ones; the principal building is the palace of red sandstone, erected by the Palatine Karl Philips, it is now inhabited by the Grand Duchess of Baden; while changing horses at Mannheim, the post master came up

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

to the carriage and appearing to recognize Frederic, asked him if we were not from the United States; on being told that we were from New York, he recollected being in Frederic's office to attend to some business in the year of the Cholera; he appeared disposed for a very long chat which F. would willingly have prolonged, but the crack of the postillion's whip informed us that we were about to leave, and he left us wishing us a pleasant drive to Heidelberg; we continued our drive through the richest country we had yet seen, having a chain of mountains on each side of us, which as the evening advanced looked beautifully in the setting sun. We met several post carriages, indeed we have met a vast number of persons travelling, few Americans, and no one we knew. The shades of evening had already descended before we reached Heidelberg, and being disappointed in not finding rooms at Prince Karl, we went to the Hôtel de Hollande, which is very comfortable, and as I find, on August 15th, faces the Rhine, I am here sitting writing my journal of yesterday and thinking of my friends at home, while Frederic stealing his last nap preparatory to his day's journey. The sun shines delightfully and I hope we shall have a warm day, for of late warm weather is of very rare occurrence; we were very much surprised to see that in New York you were suffering so much from the heat, I wish you could send us some portion of it. Immediately after breakfast we put on our hats, and went out intending to go to the Castle; when we arrived at the foot of the hill, we found donkeys on which we determined to ascend the mountain, Caroline and I accordingly mounted them. They trotted up the hill at a very amusing pace, and though we have rode on donkeys very often, I can never forbear laughing at the commencement. The Castle is situated on the declivity of a hill just above the town; the ascent is very easy, a beautiful winding path around the gorge of the mountain, and the view from it was sufficiently beautiful to have induced us to visit it, even though we had not had such a very great object of interest at the end. The Castle which was formerly so beautiful, judging from the views which we see of the building in the days of its glory, is now a collection of red stone walls; but it is extremely interesting from its picturesque situation, its extent, and especially from its sad fate, it has suffered all the honors of war, and the attacks of the elements; it has been burned 3 times, once struck by lightning, and has 10 times been besieged; notwithstanding all these vicissitudes, it still exhibits many relics of its original architecture. It was one of the strongest

LETTERS OF

fortresses of the middle ages, and the iron teeth of the portcullis still projects, and presents a very warlike appearance; it was originally commenced by the electors Rudolph and Rupert. In 1507, Frederick made very important additions, which are distinguished for the richness of the architecture, the façade of the Chapel which is a part of his addition is very richly ornamented with statues of the electoral family since the time of Charlemagne. The most beautiful part of the building, which is separated from the Chapel by a round tower was built by Otto Henry in 1556, and is remarkable for the good taste and elegance of its architecture which is allied to the style of architecture in the time of Elizabeth; the whole building is roofless, and instead of the noble halls and apartments into which the Castle was formerly divided, the whole is now an empty space; large trees have grown up in the center of the Castle, little plots of grass with flowers, and walks now occupy the whole of the interior, the windows of the greatest part are still in good preservation, and the ivy has grown with the greatest luxuriance round them; it is impossible for me to describe to you the beautiful and picturesque effect produced by the light coming through the cracks and crevices and the wild luxuriance of the ivy. I was frequently reminded of the picture which we saw in New York by Cole, the decline of Empire; the ruins crowned with ivy, and the eagles soaring above, oh how ardently I desired to have you there to enjoy it also. I think it would have just suited your temperament, your *very romantic* disposition would here have had a wild field for exercise; this is acknowledged by everyone to be the most interesting Castle in Europe, and would be a charming place to remain some time, with full liberty to wander amid its smouldering ruins, and dream of ages gone by. The grounds of the Castle too are laid out with the greatest taste, and as so many years have rolled by since the days of its glory, they have again assumed a degree of wildness which renders them doubly enchanting; one of the most beautiful parts of the garden was fitted up for the enjoyment of Elizabeth, the grand-daughter of Mary Queen of Scots and Electress by her marriage with the Elector Frederick V. Like her great and lovely ancestor she was almost as unfortunate, for having used all her influence to induce her husband to accept the Crown of Bohemia, she lived to share with her children dry bread, and to feel the horrors of adversity. There is a beautiful gate at the end of the garden, which was erected by Frederick in honor of his nuptials, it is built of the same colored stone as the castle; its archi-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

ture is very beautiful, the columns are wound round by vines exquisitely sculptured, the whole gate is very beautiful. Her apartments form a wing of the Castle, and are known by the name of the English palace; a round tower divides them from the Chapel; they are at present in a very dilapidated state, but at the same time are among the most interesting points in the ruins. Where her largest apartment was, is now an open space, where flowers and weeds grow indiscriminately; from the tower at the end of the English palace, we had one of the loveliest prospects imaginable, the mountains on the opposite shore of the Neckar, the city below, the valley beyond beautifully cultivated, the mountains on each shore of the Rhine, the Vosges, the Hardt, but above all the lovely Rhine. After tearing ourselves away from this ravishing spot, we proceeded to explore the recesses of the Castle; the ruins of the room are still visible, occasionally a magnificently carved door way announces that an apartment was there in days long gone by. We were conducted by our very communicative guide, a young girl who spoke broken English, into the prisons beneath the Castle; these lie under a portion of the tower which was undermined and blown up by the French, but the walls were so very substantial that instead of crumbling, an immense mass detached itself from the rest and slid down into the immense fossa below. It is decidedly, in my opinion, the most picturesque part of the ruins, and the top of the part which still remains, as well as the fallen fragment, is entirely covered with moss and ivy. Could you have stolen but one glance at this enchanting ruin, what an inexhaustible train of musings and pensive meditations on the decline and fall of man and his works would have succeeded. But to return to the prisons, they are underground, and we went to them by a flight of rude stone steps; over the openings in the ceiling, where the prisoners received their food, were placed large stones, so as to exclude the light and air almost entirely; they must have been dismal abodes of wretchedness and misery. After leaving the prisons, we went to that part of the ruin which was formerly the Library. Caroline and I contented ourselves with contemplating the ruins from below, as the stone steps leading above were in a very dilapidated state, but Frederic left us and in a few minutes showed himself in an open window above. We were very much astonished with the artlessness of the German girl; while looking at us from the window, he threw a book down upon the grassplot and called out to us asking if he should jump down also. The girl immediately ran up to the

LETTERS OF

window, and held out her arms, saying in broken English, "Come I vill catch you." And again as Caroline and I were running about the ruins she would take hold of us and endeavor to draw us to the objects she wished, we were extremely amused with her playfulness. We next went to the Chapel, which is in quite a forlorn state; there are no curiosities whatever in it, except the wooden figure of an old priest in his robes in a confessional; to satisfy the girl and to give her pleasure, we each went in the box, and to her repeated requests to "Confess your sins to the old man," we whispered in his ear. I fear that I have already trespassed too much upon your patience, but I repeat these trifles not flattering myself that they can much interest you, but in order that in after years, I may recall these scenes to my recollection. Having thoroughly explored the castle, we took a view of it from a lovely terrace walk, built on arches, and returned to our hotel where we found a carriage waiting to take us to the celebrated gardens of Schwetzingen; after a ride for an hour through a very rich and fertile country, we arrived at the Château, and immediately proceeded to visit the gardens, which are laid out in imitation of Versailles. The first object which excited my admiration, was a complete circle, one half of which was formed by the buildings of the palace, and the other half by a continued arbor covered with greens of the greatest luxuriance; many statues, fountains, etc. adorned the grounds; but the most striking object was a miniature mosque, built exactly after the plan of the Mosque at Mecca. It consisted of a large building in the center, and a complete square formed by a closed way, and at each corner were smaller buildings where the priests wash their hands; these buildings were ornamented and covered with the same allegorical inscriptions as the original mosque. The temple of Mercury and Apollo, the Bath, which is very handsomely fitted up with a suite of rooms for the grand Duke and Duchess, and the Roman Aqueduct. The grand Duke is celebrated for his great taste in laying out grounds, and though he has spent a vast deal of money upon this little domain, yet it has rewarded him fully. We returned after having spent an hour and a half in the gardens, and arrived at Heidelberg to dinner. After dinner, we again took our mules, and went to the Castle, where we lingered all the afternoon amid its mouldering ruins. We had intended to have arrived at Baden this evening, but we have become so fascinated with the beauties of Heidelberg, that we could not tear ourselves away; we therefore deferred our journey till to-morrow. A vast number of strangers,



HEIDELBERG

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

principally English, were at the Castle this afternoon, and we rejoiced very much that our first visit had been in solitude. After witnessing a glorious sunset, we wandered about until the shades of evening fell, and we gave full scope to our fertile imaginations, and on descending the hill, tried to fancy that we were in imminent peril of some armed knight or robber rushing out from a gloomy recess and making us prisoners; but fortunately no such adventure occurred, and we were left unmolested to take our walk homewards. After tea, Caroline and I determined that we were too much excited and fatigued to write our journals, we therefore spent the evening in a very lively manner, talking over our adventures. At $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 we retired.

HEIDELBERG, Thursday, August 16th, 1838

We left Heidelberg this morning at 7 and had a very pleasant drive through a charming country to Carlsruhe; this is quite a dull town, but it is built in a singular style, resembling very much the plan of Washington; all the streets diverge from the palace, something in the form of a fan. On leaving Carlsruhe we proceeded to Baden-Baden; we were very much annoyed by the dust, but it was a lovely day. We again took to-day a picnic dinner, composed of cold partridges, chicken etc., and enjoyed it extremely. We arrived at Baden-Baden at 4 and were so fortunate as to get good rooms immediately, though we had been told we should have much difficulty. We are at the Badenscher Hof, which is situated at the foot of the hill, and is one of the best hotels of the place. We spent most of the afternoon in unpacking, and towards evening we went out to take a walk; we went through the beautiful wood on the declivity of the hill near the Maison de Société, and we found great numbers of fashionables of all countries, very finely drest, on parade in front of the house; the walks on each side of the house are lined with little shops, filled with very pretty things; we paraded with the rest, up and down infinitely amused with all we saw. How delightful is Baden-Baden, now I can appreciate M^{rs}. Trollope's saying in her "Vienna," that when she past the road leading to Baden, it was with the greatest difficulty she could direct her steps the other road. How very insipid to the foreigner must appear the far famed Springs of Lebanon and Saratoga! How can I describe its beauties, its fascinations? After walking for some time in the giddy maze we entered the large room which was lighted by chandeliers, and crowded with ladies and gentlemen walking up and down. A roulette table occu-

LETTERS OF

pied one end of this immense room, and both ladies and gentlemen laid down their money indiscriminately. In another room, which was also very crowded, was the Rouge et Noir table; we looked for a short time at the game, but soon returned to the walking room, amusing ourselves with the Company; everyone here is perfectly at their ease, but how pleasant it appears to be for those who have acquaintances here; so many bows of recognition, so many happy faces, certainly the water at Baden must have the effect of making people happy; if so, what shoals of people would throng here from every quarter of the universe, to find that inestimable treasure. I have come here and found it; but I had found it long before I came to Baden-Baden (and shall I tell you where? in my dear *Fritz*). Carry has been looking over my shoulder, and has just annexed the above words; I agree with her perfectly and think she has much discrimination. (I know that to be the case, or I should not have ventured upon the remark.) Carry again. While we were walking, an old lady and gentleman and a young lady in black came up to us, and introduced themselves as M^r, M^{rs}. and Miss Heyward, they came yesterday and leave to-morrow. I regret they leave so soon very much, as I was very much pleased with M^{rs}. Heyward. The Cuttings left here day before yesterday, after having spent 7 weeks here, they are soon going to Milan to the Coronation, spend the fall in Italy, and the winter in Paris. The Heywards, though they sailed from home on the 25th of June, are so homesick that they have taken their passage homeward in the Great Western; they are now going to Switzerland which they expect to see in the course of 10 days; I think it will be rapid travelling. After finishing our conversation with her which was prolonged for some time, we went home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. M^{rs}. Heyward mentioned that M^{rs}. Dan Glover is still here, M^r. G. being at Dieppe with his sick children. M^{rs}. G. is here for the benefit of the waters. M^r. & M^{rs}. Bird also that we met in London, but we have not seen them.

BADEN-BADEN, Friday, August 17, 1838

After the bath, went over to the Restaurant where we took a déjeuner à la carte. After breakfast we took a walk through the town and then returned to the hotel where we have been fully occupied in writing up our journals which have been neglected for several days. I suppose you say, "Why do you not write them regularly every night," but sometimes we are so tired, or have so many little

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

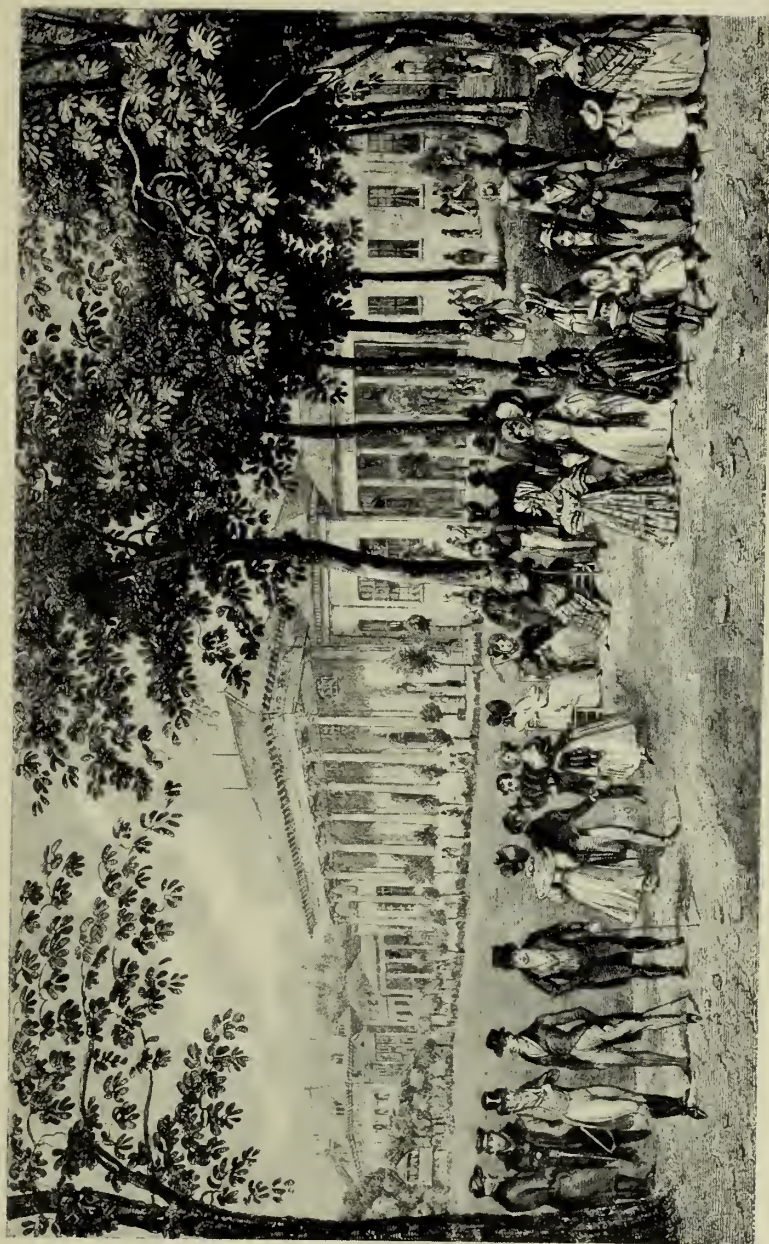
things to do, or else we wish to enjoy the pleasures of each other's conversation; thus we ever find excuses for our little faults. But now adieu for the present. Drest ourselves and dined at the table d'hôte; there were 2 very long tables, crowded with ladies and gentlemen; among those of note, were Lord and Lady Burlington and the young heir of Devonshire; almost all the table appeared to me to be English. After dinner, we put on our hats, and drove to Lichenthal which is about $\frac{1}{2}$ league from Baden; this is one of the most fashionable drives; we past the Convent of Lichenthal, but as strangers are only admitted in the morning we could not enter, however we did not lose much; we then continued our drive to Geroldsau, where there is a Cascade, which is however, but a paltry jet, the drive though was lovely, as all the drives round Baden are, and we enjoyed the whole time one of the most beautiful prospects imaginable; indeed the country round, the villages and mountains are said to be Switzerland in miniature, all its loveliness without its grandeur. We drove to the Kursaal, or Maison de Société, where we walked up and down the rooms, meeting constantly a collection of strange faces, and being bewildered in the giddy maze. After spending the evening in these different apartments, we returned home, but did not retire till 11.

BADEN-BADEN, Saturday, August 18th, 1838

Rose and breakfasted in the Salle à Manger of our hotel; many ladies and gentlemen were breakfasting, but there is no table d'hôte, each party has a table to himself; we breakfasted, after which Fred-eric sent our courier to get donkeys for us to go up the mountain to the Alte Schloss or Old Castle, which is now in ruins; this Castle was the earliest residence of the ancestors of the present house of Baden; this Castle was dismantled and reduced to its present situation by the French during the wars of the Palatinate. The ruins are extremely beautiful and picturesque, though after those of Heidelberg, we have become very fastidious about ruins, however they are very well worth seeing, and no stranger leaves Baden-Baden without visiting them; at a short distance from the ruins of the Castle, the ruins of the Chapel of St. Ulric are visible. We wandered among the fragments for some time, ascended the steps leading to the different platforms from whence the most beautiful views are to be seen; we enjoyed a view of the country round for miles on all sides; the view resembled in some respects very much that from Catskill Mountains, though it was not of course as high or extensive. After exam-

LETTERS OF

ining the spot, we returned to our carriage; there were many visitors both English and French; after leaving the ruins of the old Castle, we continued our route to Ebersteinberg, where there are also the ruins of a Castle. We drove along a very beautiful country, commanding a splendid view the whole distance. We arrived at the foot of Eberstein hill, and were then obliged to leave the carriage and perform the rest of the journey on foot. After a rather fatiguing walk, through shady groves etc. we arrived at the top, and obtained a full view of the noble ruin. We were shown about the ruins by a German girl, but she could not make herself at all intelligible to us. We ascended to the platform at the summit of the Castle and obtained another lovely view, extending in every direction. We saw from this point no less than 27 villages, mountains surrounding us on all sides, and the noble Rhine in the distance; of all things in the world, a view is the most difficult to describe, therefore I give up the attempt in despair. We returned to our carriage, and drove along a road, so rocky and hard, that we were almost jolted to pieces, and our romance was all knocked out of us; we however, arrived safe at home. Drest for dinner, and walked over to the Kursaal, where there is a table d'hôte, at 5. We found many ladies and gentlemen at the table, and we were very much amused at the manners of the persons around us; one lady in particular attracted our attention. We had a very nice . . . à la Française, after which we walked to our hotel which is near by, and having procured our shawls, resumed our walk in the fashionable promenade. I think Baden-Baden one of the loveliest spots imaginable, and am perfectly enchanted with it, nothing would please me better than to spend every summer at this delightful place, or else to be able to transport it to America, where we should enjoy the additional pleasure of the society of our friends. After walking in the open air, we returned to the brilliant room which is brilliantly illuminated with 8 or 10 chandeliers; part of the room was partitioned off as there is to be a ball here this evening, and vases of flowers adorned the top of the partition which was only 8 feet high, and the ball room was tastefully decorated with greenhouse plants, etc. We did not intend to go into the ball room, we therefore took our seats before the ball commenced, in the walking room and amused ourselves with the ladies and gentlemen passing by. Many ladies intend going in ball-dresses, but numbers also go in their hats, which are very gay. When we became fatigued we returned home. The ball did not commence until after our departure.



BADEN-BADEN



CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

BADEN-BADEN, Sunday Morning, August 19th, 1838

Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 and drest ourselves to attend the English service which is performed in a church devoted alternately to the Protestants and Catholics; we had some little difficulty in finding the church, and when we arrived there found that service had already commenced; the Church was crowded with English; after a pretty good sermon, we left the Church and walked to the Spring. On arriving at it, the woman in attendance opened a door and out came a profusion of vapor; the water is 54° .

At $\frac{1}{2}$ 1, we started to go up the hill behind the Kursaal, which Frederic assured us was well worth visiting, as he had himself been here several times when last at Baden-Baden. We found the ascent as he had told us very easy and agreeable, the path winding along the foot of the mountain, being completely screened from the sun by a forest of trees, through which the mellowed rays of the sun shed a lovely light, and increased the beauty of the landscape by the different varieties of light and shade. We arrived at the summit, and there stopt to take a view of the valley of Enchantment beneath us; all nature was lovely and the peculiar stillness of Sunday, which we perceived for the first time in a very long time, increased the loveliness of the prospect. We lingered for a long time on the mountain rambling among its many shady walks, and sitting on the green turf, thus enjoying this charming view at leisure, when we recollected that time was still going on with his noiseless step, and therefore we turned to go down again. We returned home, and I am here amusing myself by narrating to you every little, trifling fact, not reflecting that they possess little interest for you; however, you must excuse my tediousness and prolixity. I was told yesterday by the gentleman who sat next to me at table, (for here gentlemen carry on conversations with ladies without an introduction) that today there would be a great many persons at table, and therefore it would be quite a brilliant assemblage. We accordingly determined to go, and we are now in anxious expectation waiting for the dinner hour, which is 5 o'clock.

We dined at the table d'hôte, which was quite brilliant, and after dinner we walked up and down the promenade, till dark, and then went into the large walking-room where were crowds of persons; among the crowd Frederic thought he perceived M^{rs}. Glover, but he was not quite certain. I had never seen her. She however disappeared; soon after we left the room, and went on the piazza; we

LETTERS OF

there perceived a lady who had fainted, and a crowd around her. Upon close inspection we found it to be M^{rs}. Dan Glover; they carried her to a private room, where I went in and rendered her as much assistance as was in my power; she remained almost insensible for 3 quarters of an hour, but finally recovered so far, that the physicians allowed her to be carried home on a mattress laid on a door. Madame Bastard, her sister, was with her, and M^{rs}. G. is at present staying here for the benefit of her health. M^r. G. is at Dieppe with his children for the benefit of the sea air. We followed her to her house, and having seen her safely arrived, we went home determining to call in the morning to see how she was. We then spent the rest of the evening at home and retired.

BADEN-BADEN, Monday Morning, August 20th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, Frederic went round to M^{rs}. Glover's to inquire after her health, and found that she was much better.

We then took posthorses, and commenced our journey to Strasburg. We drove through a very beautiful and fertile country, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ 1, arrived at Kehl, a few miles this side of Strasburg. Very much to our consternation, our guide book informed us that at the custom house at Strasburg they were notoriously strict, always ransacking the baggage and penetrating into all the secret profundities of the carriage. Alarmed at this intelligence, I trembled for the Dresden china, Bohemian glass, Leipzic damask, etc., and felt exceedingly uncomfortable; if you *declare* nothing and the officers find any thing, they immediately confiscate the goods, but if you do declare, of course you pay the duties; the alternative was very disagreeable, but after talking the subject over for some time, we determined to declare the china and glass. On arriving at the Custom house the officers looked quite ferocious, and Caroline and I began already to tremble in our shoes; they however obliged us to get out of the carriage and took the boxes but would put a lead on them, and sent an officer with us to the Custom house at Strasburg, where after infinite delays, they took possession of the glass and china and Frederic is to go there in the morning to see it packed up to go to Paris, its original destination. It will there remain in the Custom house till called for by us on our return to Paris; thus our difficulties will soon be at an end.

After much delay, everything was settled, and we went to the Hôtel Maison Rouge, where we were ushered into a beautiful little

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

suite of apartments, and in the comforts of our new abode soon forgot the vexations of the morning.

After a delightful dinner, we unpacked our trunks and commenced packing a box of supernumerary articles which we wished to send on to Paris. This interesting business occupied the rest of the evening, and we were very happy to retire after having finished our operations.

STRASBURG, Tuesday, August 21st, 1838

After a very good breakfast, we resumed the delightful occupation of finishing our packing, arranging our box, writing and despatching our letters, which as Frederic is now waiting to take to the banker's I must close, entreating you again to remember me affectionately to my beloved papa, sister and the rest of the family.

I must now say adieu.

Yours for ever

Charlotte B.

After despatching our letters of the 21, we went to the Strasburg Cathedral; the exterior of this celebrated building is very beautiful and imposing, the architecture is of the most airy Gothic openwork and was designed by Erwin of Steinbach. Only one of the towers intended to be erected is finished; and the other would have been completed but for want of funds. We ascended the steps and arrived half way up at a platform from whence we had a complete view of the steeple. The stonework of the spire is so open, and the pillars of stone so slender and wide apart, that it almost looks like a bird cage; it is impossible to describe to you the beautiful effect of this airy style of architecture. The view of the city which we had from the platform was very fine, but unfortunately the wind blew with such violence that we could scarcely keep our feet. We could distinguish also in the distance the Black Forest and Vosges. After remaining some time in this aerial abode, we descended to the body of the church. On entering the middle aisle, we immediately beheld a forest of detached arcades and pillars of the greatest delicacy; they almost resembled the finest iron work; the effect is extremely gorgeous; the Choir was built by Charlemagne, and it, as well as the rest of the church, is ornamented with windows of painted glass of the richest colors and exquisite paintings; these windows are among the handsomest that we have seen.

After leaving the Cathedral, we visited the Church of St.

LETTERS OF

Thomas, remarkable only for the monument of Marshal Saxe, erected by Louis XV. The marshal is represented descending the steps leading to the tomb, while a female figure, representing France, endeavors with one hand to retain the general, and with the other to repulse Death, who is opening the lid of the sarcophagus. The broken standards of England, Holland and Austria are at the right hand, trampled upon by a lion. The monument is extremely beautiful, is in white marble, and is situated in the choir of the church.

After leaving the church we returned to our hotel, where dinner was awaiting us.

After dinner, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, we bid adieu to Strasburg, and though our recollections of its custom houses were not very agreeable, yet we almost felt as if we were again leaving home, as it is only 2 days' journey from Paris.

We returned to Kehl, where we again entered the territories of the Duke of Nassau. We drove during the whole afternoon, enjoying a lovely view, which was illuminated by the rays of a glorious sunset.

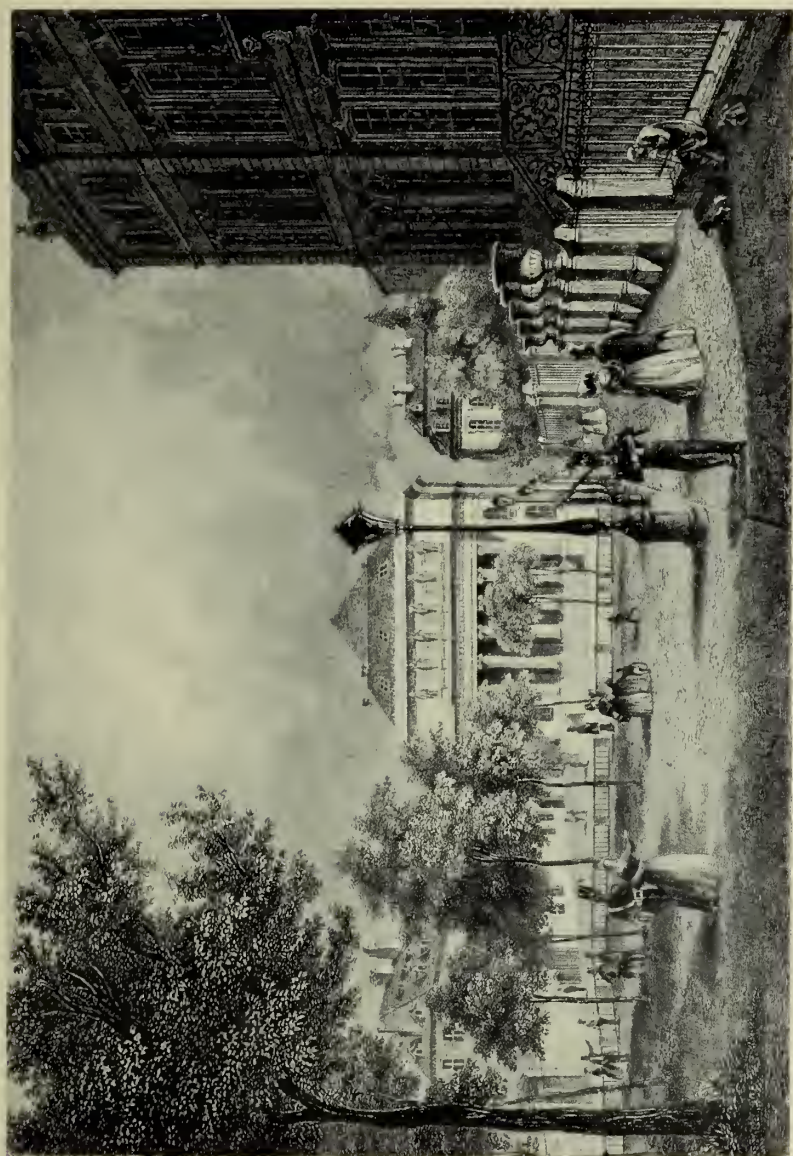
As our guide book recommended particularly the hotel at Offenburg, we determined to stop there, though it fell short of our day's journey. Immediately after our arrival they gave us tea with the accompaniments of honey and all sorts of fruit. We found the landlord very communicative and when he discovered that we were Americans, he mentioned that he had just sent on to New York some Rhenish wines, and among other names that he mentioned was that of Peter Brinckerhoff, who had staid at his house when passing through Switzerland.

We spent the evening in looking at views, engravings, etc., and retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ 10.

Wednesday, August 22nd, 1838

After a very good breakfast, composed of honey, fruits, etc., we left our kind landlord, and proceeded on our journey to Freiburg, where we arrived at 1. After leaving Freiburg, we entered the Valley of Hell, or Höllenthal, which is in the Black Forest.

Soon after leaving Freiburg, where we saw, by the bye, its celebrated cathedral, which is of the same style but far inferior to that of Strasburg, we entered the Black Forest, so called from the peculiarity of its leaves, which are of a surprisingly dark green; the Valley of Hell is the most famous part of the Forest; it is a very narrow pass, the mountains rising to a very great height on both sides.



STRASBURG

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

It was through this narrow valley that Gen. Moreau executed his famous retreat, in 1796, by which he obtained so much glory.

The scenery of this valley is wild in the extreme; huge masses of rock hang over the abyss, and from the sides of the mountain large pinnacles of rock project; the afternoon was rather gloomy, and the clouds which hung over the mountains increased tenfold their stern and menacing appearance. However, with the exception of this little pass there are few horrors, and though we knew that in former times the Black Forest had been a favorite retreat for highway robbers, yet we could not conjure up at this time any fears of that kind.

On arriving at Steig, the wild scenery of the Höllenthal ceases, but still mountains arise on every side, and so steep are they that at the post, they obliged us to take five horses; just after passing Steig we past the beautiful lake of Titisee; we stopt for the night at Lenzkirch, though we had proposed going on much further. We were however very tired and sleepy, and made up our minds to very bad accommodations. On our arrival at our hotel we were not much disappointed, for the accommodations were no better than we expected them to be; however, as we were very sleepy, we were not disposed to be very particular, therefore we made the best of our bargain, and Morpheus soon made us forget our grievances.

LENZKIRCH, Thursday, August 23rd, 1838

At 7, after breakfast, we resumed our route, but I must not forget to mention that during breakfast, we were serenaded by a musical box as large as a piano, playing many beautiful and different tunes, and delighting us extremely; several of the overtures were played by it. I was very much astonished to hear that it was made at this place; we were told that the price of it was 2,300 francs.

After breakfast, we resumed our journey, and after passing through a country which was alternately beautiful and interesting, we arrived at Suhlingen. After changing post-horses, we continued our route, and for some time before reaching Schaffhausen, were cheered and delighted with a view of the Alps far off. We were however very much delighted with even this short glimpse, and became extremely anxious to obtain a nearer view. We enjoyed for some time before reaching our point of destination a series of lovely views, beautiful undulating hills and rich fertile valleys, dotted with sweet little Swiss cottages, which at a distance realized all the ideas I had formed of "Love in a Cottage."

LETTERS OF

At 2 we reached Schaffhausen, and immediately dined. We were however very unfortunate in having a series of showers, which we apprehended would take somewhat from the pleasure which we anticipated in visiting the falls of the Rhine. As the sun for a short time cheated us with his smiles, we seated ourselves in a vetturino carriage to go to the falls, which are an hour's ride from here. We enjoyed a lovely view of the Rhine, and the villages scattered on its banks; the mountains, too, in the distance, all tended to render the landscape extremely beautiful.

We arrived at a small house, where we left the carriage, and entered a room filled with views, engravings, guide books, etc. We were then conducted from the house down a flight of steps to a sort of pavilion, where we for the first time caught a glimpse of the fall, though while in the house we had heard the noise. My first emotion was of admiration, for I had always been led to suppose that these falls, though the largest in Europe, were paltry and insignificant, though in my opinion they are far from being so. Though at their highest point I should not imagine them to be over 40 feet, still a great mass of waters comes tumbling down with much noise and creating a vast deal of spray. I was very agreeably disappointed, and would not have missed seeing them on any account; though they are not higher than Trenton Falls (I mean the largest fall at Trenton) yet they are much wider, and the mass of waters is much greater.

In the centre of the falls 2 large rocks rise from out of the water, and give additional beauty to them. On the top of the highest, some adventurous traveller has hoisted a scarlet flag, in commemoration of his undertaking; though the ground was still quite wet, we descended the steps, and took a view of the fall from below; we walked out on an open platform, and were almost covered with spray; the view of the fall from below is very grand and is in my opinion one of the best points of view.

After seeing it on this side, we took a little boat and rowed across the river; the falls appear in their full perfection from the river, though they do not look by any means as high as from the platform.

On arriving on the opposite side, we went to see the camera obscura, representing the fall; it was the first that I had ever seen, but Frederic told us we did not see it at all to advantage, as the afternoon was too dark.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRNŞON

After leaving this building, we again crost the river, and were overtaken by a shower. We however arrived at home safely, and without much difficulty. We spent the evening very pleasantly writing our journals, etc.

Friday, August 24th, 1838

At 6 o'clock in the morning we prepared to resume our route; as post-horses are not to be had in travelling through Switzerland, we were obliged to engage a voiturier with 4 horses to take us to Zurich, which he promised to do in 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We had a succession of beautiful views until our arrival at Zurich; on the way we were obliged to stop at a small place to refresh our horses; while there, sitting in the parlor of the inn, a number of Swiss officers came in; they were very entertaining among themselves, and amused us by their bad French; there was a review; part of the manoeuvres we saw from the hotel window.

On arriving at Zurich, unfortunately it commenced raining, and though we had very good rooms commanding very fine views, our view was not as fine as we anticipated, as the clouds hung over the top of the mountains. We walked out between the showers, and provided ourselves with shoes for going over the mountains of Switzerland; on our return it again commenced raining; we then dined at the table d'hôte at 5, where we met a very large and gay party of French ladies. After dinner we amused ourselves with our work, books, etc., till evening.

I have forgotten to mention that before dinner, we went to see the monument of Gessner, the celebrated naturalist; we undertook to find this without a guide, and were very much surprised at the apparent ignorance of the inhabitants, for several persons, whom we asked, appeared to be perfectly ignorant of the existence of such a thing. We however, after having enquired our way several times, got into the right road, and followed a long promenade which is on the banks of the Limath, near its confluence with the Sihl; this avenue is completely shaded by trees, and dignified with the name of Gessner's promenade, as it leads to the monument. This is said to be one of the most beautiful city promenades in Switzerland, and is indeed very pretty. On the other side of the river several pretty cottages add to the beauty of the scene. This promenade is adorned with very pretty garden seats, arbors, a house of refreshment, etc., and in summer must be a very delightful retreat from the bustle of

LETTERS OF

the town. We arrived at Gessner's Monument, which is a large block of granite, with an urn on the top; at the side is his bust, and beneath is an inscription which we presumed to be an eulogium upon his talents and life; it was however in German.

At dinner we were very much amused with the landscapes on the papering of the wall. On one side was New York, the view taken from Hoboken, and in the foreground a number of ladies and gentlemen of color with all the airs and graces of dukes and duchesses. On the other side were the Falls of Niagara, and so very exact was the representation that nothing was wanting but the noise to keep up the illusion. The Natural Bridge of Virginia and the City of Washington also figured here; and we were highly amused with these sketches of our native land.

ZURICH, Saturday, August 25th, 1838

At 7, we left Zurich and drove to Zug; on the way we past some beautiful scenery; many of the beauties of Switzerland broke upon our bewildered sight. We were almost constantly ascending, and at every turn in the road the view appeared to be more lovely than before. The Lake of Zurich lay below us, many villages dotting its borders, high mountains rose on each side of the lake; the beautiful village of Rapperschwyl, though at some distance, we could discern.

We arrived at the summit of Mount Albis, from which we enjoyed one of the loveliest prospects that I have ever seen. We overtook, on our way up, the carriage of a Spanish banker; Frederic made his acquaintance during a short walk which they took together up the hill, and the Spanish gentleman appeared very well disposed to join our party for a short time. He told Frederic that he was travelling alone with his child, about 4 years old (his wife being dead) and a maid. He has been a great man in Madrid, but at the present time a price has been set upon his head, to preserve which he is now travelling about.

On arriving at Zug we dined and the Spanish banker, who by the bye, communicated with us by means of bad French, made Caroline's and my acquaintance. We found him quite amusing, and were very much interested in him on account of his devoted attachment to his little boy, for whom alone, he appears to live; the child is in rather delicate health, and he watches over him with the greatest fondness and anxiety. He had at first intended going directly on to Lucerne, but when Frederic mentioned that he thought he would

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

find it agreeable to go up the Righi, he changed his plan, and determined to join us. After dinner, before we started, several English families arrived at the hotel, and one of the ladies who was very pretty, struck both Frederic and myself as bearing a very strong resemblance to Emily Binsse.

The Banker and ourselves in our several carriages, resumed our journey to Arth, from whence we were to take horses to go up the Righi. The weather continued very uncertain, the sun occasionally shining with all its brilliancy, and then the clouds would obscure it completely.

We arrived at Arth, and as every one prophesied fair weather, we left our carriage, which was to meet us the next day at Küssnacht, and mounted our horses. Frederic undertook to perform the journey on foot, as he had done before in the company of Miss Duane and M^r. Pell. He however provided himself with one of the batons which have an iron point at the end, and which remain firmly fixed in the ground, thus aiding one very much either in ascending or descending mountains.

We trotted on till we arrived at a little turn in the road which disclosed the loveliest prospect imaginable, the lake of Zug beneath us, the gigantic mountains on each side, and just below us a large tract of cultivated land which almost resembled a garden; I was perfectly bewildered with the scene and could have gazed at it for some time with admiration had the guide not called to us not to linger too long on the road, as it was now after 3, and the ascent occupies from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours; we therefore tore ourselves away from this lovely scene and turned to gaze on the other side at the celebrated éboulement or slide of the Rossberg which destroyed the village of Goldau together with 3 other villages, literally fulfilling the Psalmist's emphatic description, "the mountains skipped like rams." Upwards of 400 persons were destroyed, and among them a party of travellers going up the Righi; this is the slide of which we saw a panorama at Paris, and which I have already described to you. The masses of rock which fell from the mountain are immense, and the ravages look still frightful, though after the lapse of 32 years, trees and grass have grown up between the rocks, so as to relieve somewhat the desolation of the scene, but it is still an awful sight; a catastrophe of which the White Mountain slide is a little miniature.

After lingering for some time over these appalling ruins we continued our ascent. I was very much impressed at the swiftness and

LETTERS OF

sure-footedness of our horses; they went up steps on the side of a precipice very fast, so that the least slip would have precipitated us below, but so very safe are they and so accustomed to the route that they pursued their route with the greatest sang froid.

The Banker endeavored to entertain us as well as he could with his French, and as we were very easily entertained we had a very pleasant ride. We arrived in an hour and a half at the half way house, where we stopt a few minutes to refresh our horses, but we could not enter the house, as there appeared to be but one room, and that was filled with common men, drinking and smoking. Our detachment already consisted of us three, a guide, and a man with each of our horses, the Banker and his man. We were joined by several travellers on foot, so that our party became quite large; some distance further on we came to the Hospice de la Dame des Neiges; this hospital is occupied throughout the winter by Capuchin monks who stay there to receive the pilgrims who at all seasons of the year repair to the chapel here. As we past we saw 2 of the monks go into the chapel; their loose gowns and long beards looked quite sanctified.

We resumed our route and rode on, the stillness of the mountains being occasionally interrupted by a waterfall or by the Ranz des Vaches of the peasants, which we could however as yet hear but indistinctly. We arrived in 3 hours at the chalet on the hill, still an half hour's journey from the auberge or inn. We however resumed our route, encouraged each other, and at the end of that time, before the shades of evening had descended, we arrived at the desired haven; the house though not handsome was quite large, neat and comfortable, and a good fire welcomed us, for we had suffered somewhat from the cold during the latter part of our journey. Our fatigues and discomforts were all forgotten on our arrival, and mid the delights of a pleasant room, good fire and comfortable tea, consisting of honey, etc., we were rendered very happy. On going up to our rooms I discovered that my room was the one which had been occupied by Miss Duane. Frederic recollected it perfectly. We were very much amused with an advertisement announcing that any traveller who should take the bed clothes to go to the summit to see the sun rise, must pay 10 gatz; we thought it a capital idea and I had a great notion of doing the same; we spent the evening in looking over the curiosities in wood which were shown to us by an old man; they are made of the yew tree; we purchased one or two articles, but

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the Banker laid in a large stock to carry to his little boy, whom he left behind with the carriage. After passing the evening very pleasantly we retired at 10.

Sunday, August 26th, 1838

At 4, this morning, we were aroused by the sound of a trumpet, which was intended to rouse all the strangers for the purpose of seeing the sun rise; we were aroused by the trumpet before the time in order that we might have time to dress. After going through this ceremony, and after we were completely cloaked, we received notice from Frederic that we might give up the sight, for there was a thick cloud in the east; we therefore, very much disappointed, determined to take another nap, and slept till $\frac{1}{2}$ 8. As soon as I rose I immediately went to the window, from whence I enjoyed a lovely prospect; the sun was now shining beautifully, and rendered almost dazzling the snow-clad mountains of the Oberland: I was extremely struck with the novelty of the scene, so unlike any of the views which we have in our country, but I hurried dressing, and put on my cloak to go up to the summit of the mountain to enjoy the view at our leisure. The morning was slightly cold, as it always is on the summits of these mountains, and quite clear; we could see for many miles on all sides, and we were very much delighted with the splendid panorama before us. We saw distinctly the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Finsterhorn, and an infinity of other celebrated peaks. The beautiful lakes of Zug and Wallenstadt, or the lake of the Four Cantons, lay below us, looking beautifully placid. The lake of Zurich was distinguishable at some distance; Mont Pilate rises directly opposite, and is higher than the Righi. The long range of the Jura on one side and the Black Forest on the other, bounded the view, while the distant cliffs of the glaciers were slightly discernible at the south. The clouds, light and fleecy, hung over many of the little villages, and added much to the beauty of the landscape. We lingered for some time watching the little clouds which would rise from the valleys and as they ascended would cover the tops of the mountains; after spending some time in gazing upon this enchanting view, we returned to breakfast, which was very good with the exception of the bread which was stale; they told us however that they never could have fresh bread, as they cannot make it on the mountain, and all they have comes from the valley. After breakfast we again returned to the summit, where we remained admiring the view until 11 o'clock, when we determined to descend the mountain. As one of

LETTERS OF

the horses had been taken down again, Frederic procured a porte chaise which Caroline and I used alternately.

We commenced the descent at 11; it was a lovely day and rather too warm than otherwise; however, as the path was very romantic and shady we did not feel the heat. We enjoyed a lovely view of the mountains around and the valley below us; the beautiful lake of Lucerne lay at the foot of the mountain, looking as tranquil and placid as glass. After descending for two hours, we arrived at the Chapel of William Tell, erected on the spot where he killed Gessler. In the front of the chapel is a picture representing the event, and below an inscription commemorating his heroism. Our arrival caused quite a sensation among the villagers; the children and women stopt to examine our appearance, etc., and they amused us very much by the singularity of their costumes; every canton has a different dress, and on Sundays and fête days must look very beautiful, but their every day dress is rather soiled, and does not look as picturesque as in the prints.

As we were leaving the little chapel which is built of stone and of a quite rude architecture, a slight shower came up which however did not incommode us much as we soon arrived at Küssnacht, where our carriage was in waiting for us.

We stopt at Küssnacht but a few minutes, and then seated ourselves in the carriage to go to Lucerne. We past through a very lovely country, diversified with mountains and valleys, with occasional glimpses of the lovely lake of Lucerne. We had scarcely accomplished half of our journey, when suddenly we beheld the voiturier flying through the air and landing on his back, at the same time crying out to his horses most lustily to stop. Frederic immediately looked out of the window and discovered that the horse had fallen, but very fortunately the three other horses immediately stopt, else serious consequences might have ensued; the horse was not materially injured but very much scratched so that the blood appeared in several places; the voiturier was not at all injured; the accident occurred going down hill as the voiturier had neglected putting on the drag.

We arrived at Lucerne without any further adventures, and took up our quarters at the Hôtel des Balances. Lucerne is situated at the very extremity of the lake of the Four Cantons or Lucerne, and commands a beautiful view of the greatest part of the lake. We arrived just in time for dinner, and in the midst of a shower. We

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

dined and were waited on at table by three very interesting young girls, all very pretty and drest in mourning. Frederic with his usual politeness was on the point 2 or three times of getting up and handing the plates himself; after dinner, the weather cleared up delightfully, and we put on our hats to go and take a walk. We directed our steps to the lake, where we crost the bridge and arrived at the opposite side; we then entered a churchyard, filled with black crosses over the graves; the graves themselves were covered with beds of pinks, in the spring they must look beautifully. On each side of the churchyard was a covered way with windows opening on the lake; we took a seat on one of the stones in the window, and spent the rest of the afternoon in gazing upon the beauties of the lake. On one side of the lake rose the high and majestic Righi, on the other, the Mont Pilate; between these gigantic mountains rose a long range of mountains, dignified with numerous names; we lingered gazing upon this exquisite landscape for some time, enjoying its tranquil and placid beauty; not a ripple appeared to move the glassy water, and all nature seemed sunk in profound repose; gradually the shades of evening beginning to descend, and the clouds gathering round the summits of the mountains, reminded us that it was time to leave this charming spot. But when we left the churchyard, we found that it was beginning to sprinkle, and before we arrived at home we had quite a severe shower. I omitted to mention that before going to the churchyard, we went to see the celebrated monument by Thorwaldsen, erected to the memory of the brave Swiss who fell on the 10 of August in the Place du Carrousel, defending the palace of the Tuileries. This monument consists of a lion carved out of the solid rock; the lion is represented in the agonies of death wounded by a spear; he is however still advancing his paw as if to repel the advancing enemy. The lion personates the body of the Swiss; it is 28 feet long and 18 high; at a short distance however it appears just the size of life. Frederic being very anxious to appreciate its full size, mounted a ladder which was sent for by the old veteran who shows the monument, and mounted to the top of the lion's head, and said that each of the lion's hairs was large enough for him to sit upon. The old man was very anxious that he should see every part of it; I thought it a very dangerous experiment, but he descended in safety. We have at home among the views of Switzerland, a beautiful and correct view of this monument, and you can obtain a better idea of it from the view than from my description.

LETTERS OF

After having examined the monument, we went into a small room adjoining, where many prints, engravings, etc. are for sale. In this room is exhibited a piece of worsted work representing a lamb worked by the duchess of Angoulême, to be placed in front of the altar of the chapel erected near this spot to the memory of the Swiss.

After finishing our walk, we returned home, and spent the rest of the evening in talking and writing our journals.

LUCERNE, Monday, August 27th, 1838

This morning, immediately after breakfast, we went to see a plaster cast of Switzerland, representing all its mountains, valleys, lakes, etc. This cast was made by General Pfyffer, he was 18 years employed at it, and is a very accurate view; there was another however on a smaller scale that gave me a better idea than I had ever had of the different situations of the highest peaks. After spending upwards of an hour very usefully and pleasantly we returned to the garden where we saw what to me was quite new: apples growing on a vine; we then returned to our hotel where we found everything in readiness for our departure.

We seated ourselves in the carriage and began reading Galinani's Messenger bringing the last news from New York. We were very much surprised to hear of the continued and astonishing heat throughout the United States; we are now however enjoying weather which is perfect; nothing could be more delightful or more charming.

We commenced our journey in company with three other carriages, all going in the same direction; there is a great deal of travelling here at this time and we are constantly meeting private equipages in every direction. We past as usual through a lovely country; of course, we are constantly looking at mountains and glaciers, which have a peculiar charm to my eye.

We arrived at 1, at a small village where we dined in company with 2 of the families who came with us. After we had dined and the horses were sufficiently refreshed, we continued our route; Caroline and I determined that we would seat ourselves on the outside seat; we past through the loveliest of the Swiss valley; the sun shining delightfully and adding greatly to the landscape by the varieties of light and shade.

We have become perfectly enraptured with Swiss cottages; some

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

indeed, though all are prettily built, are not so romantic in their accompaniments and adjuncts as might be; but the better sort of Swiss cottages are neatly painted, and are rendered still more beautiful by the addition of green blinds, a luxury which appears to be totally unknown in the other parts of the continent which we have visited.

We enjoyed our ride extremely this afternoon; it being a lovely day, the country beautiful, and we in high spirits; indeed as Carry says, every day appears more pleasant and happy than the day before; and I imagine that we shall, at least I shall look back upon this year of my life as being one continued series of the most uninterrupted happiness and enjoyment, and my reminiscences will be perfectly delightful; for Frederic always endeavors in every possible way to render our jaunt as delightful as he possibly can; and the little annoyances, such as fleas, etc. for which Switzerland is so justly noted, as they are not to be remedied, we bear them with as much patience as possible.

After one of the most charming rides which we have had since our arrival, we arrived at Laugnau; a beautiful little village situated in a charming valley. Immediately on our arrival we stopt at a beautiful little Swiss cottage painted white with green blinds, and flowers and vines growing up the sides of the house. We obtained very good rooms; we then went out to take a walk through the village which is very beautiful; we were very much delighted with the neatness of the houses and gardens, and with the costumes of the Bernese peasants.

The sky this evening was singularly beautiful, such a rosy tint, and then a glorious sunset; we are beginning to be enraptured with the skies of Switzerland.

After a delightful walk we returned to the cottage, where we had a delicious bowl of cream, fresh bread, excellent butter, and honey for which Switzerland is celebrated. After spending a delightful evening talking over the delights of our journey, we retired.

LUCERNE, Tuesday, August 28th, 1838

After breakfast, at 7, we left this delightful valley and proceeded on our journey to Thun; the weather is again enchanting; we have no dust, no inconveniences, but all is perfectly agreeable. We past many splendid points of view, Caroline and Frederic enjoying the prospect from the outside of the carriage. After a lovely drive

LETTERS OF

through this delightful country, we arrived at Thun, which is delightfully situated on the banks of Lake Thun; this is thought to be one of the prettiest lakes in Switzerland; there are a number of very beautiful and tasteful cottages; the situation of the village is very delightful, and offers every inducement for strangers to pass the summer here.

We drove to the Hôtel de Bellevue, which notwithstanding its very great attractions in itself commands a splendid view of the lake, its mountains and its glaciers. I should be delighted to spend a whole summer at this enchanting spot; indeed many persons come from a distance to spend the season. They were expecting every minute at the hotel, the Duke of Devonshire, and some other great personage who had engaged their rooms a week previous.

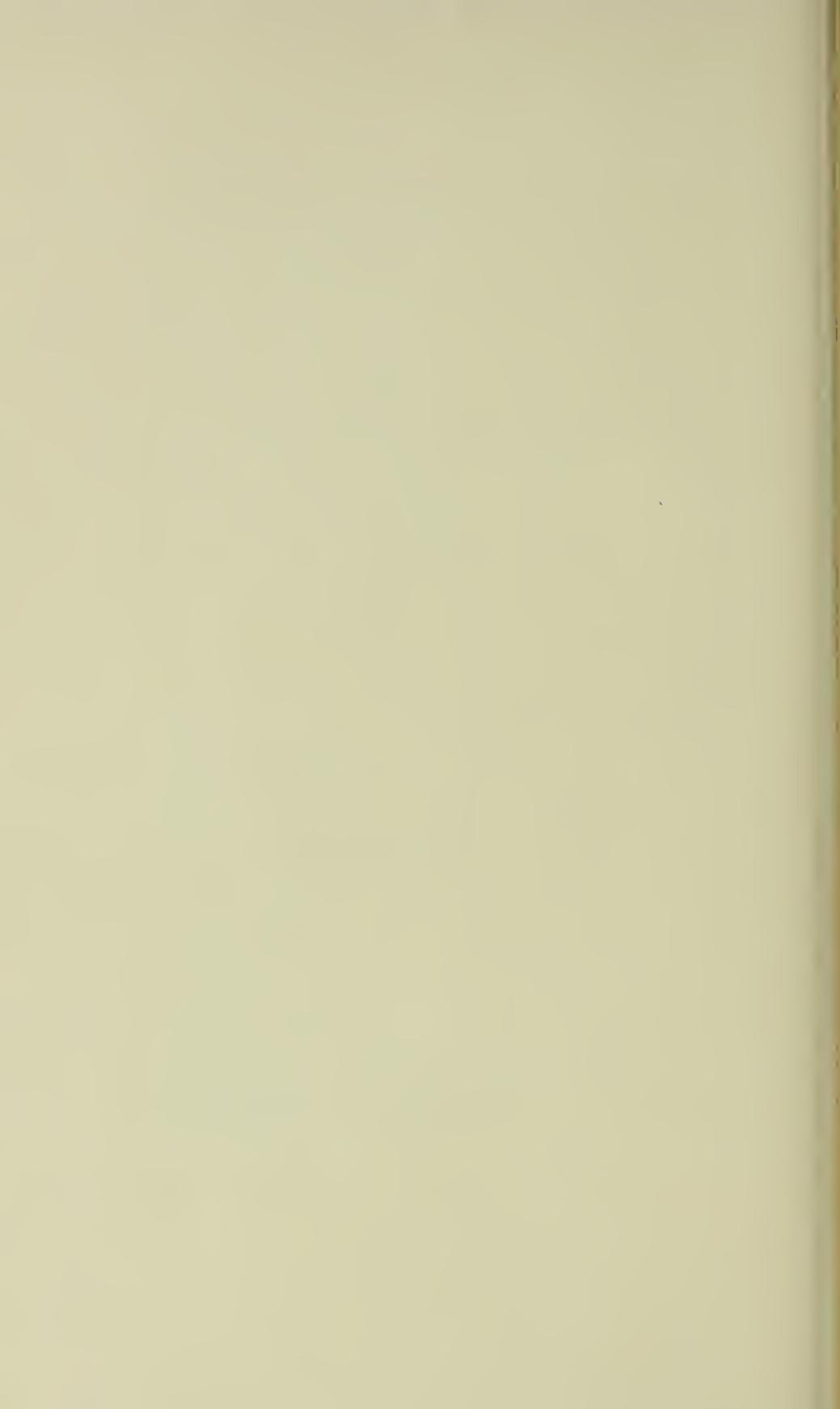
We determined to leave our carriage and heavy baggage here, and to go on to Interlaken this afternoon and stop again at Thun on our return. As Caroline and I decided that a small boat was decidedly more romantic than a steamboat we therefore arranged some small baggage to take with us to Interlaken, from which we intended making some excursions which would occupy 2 or 3 days.

At 12 o'clock we left Thun, where there are many beautiful houses and seats, and went on board of a small boat with an awning; this was the most complete little boat that I ever saw, the seats were well cushioned, there was a table in the centre on which was spread a collation consisting of bread and butter, cold veal and pigeon, etc. with three men to row the boat. The day was perfectly lovely and we glided along most charmingly on the tranquil and glassy lake; this lake is said to be one of the most beautiful in Switzerland; the high mountains of the Niesen, Stockhorn, and the Justis Gemmalp rose in majesty on each side of the lake, while the glaciers of the Eigers, the Jungfrau and the Blümlisalp.

The steamboat generally crosses the lake in 1 hour, but the little boat occupied $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This was acknowledged to be, by Caroline and myself as one of the most delightful rows we had ever taken; we amused ourselves by working some worsted work, in order to prevent the sail from being monotonous; altogether we had a very delightful excursion, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 arrived at the end of the lake, where we took a carriage to convey us to Interlaken about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. We had a lovely drive and arrived at the lovely village of Interlaken, situated in a charming valley, as the name indicates between two lakes. This village is filled with beautiful country seats



THUN



CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

and tasteful villas, almost all of which are owned by English gentry; we arrived at a very beautiful little cottage, the hotel where we at first determined to pass the night, but after consulting the guide we came to the conclusion that we had better proceed to the village of Lauterbrunnen, in order to shorten our next day's journey, which was to be on horseback, and we would then take a better view of Interlaken on our return from our excursion. We therefore took a carriage and drove through the valley of Interlaken, which is closed in by 2 high ranges of mountains, and beyond were again visible the glaciers of the Jungfrau and the Blümlisalp. We drove along for some distance by the side of a mountain torrent which even at this season of the year was very impetuous. I am particularly delighted with the glaciers which are decidedly the most striking feature in the scene; their white tops looked really awful, and their summits looked sometimes gilded, sometimes silvered by the rays of the setting sun; occasionally they would present a very red appearance, then a bluish colour, and all the different prismatic tints. We amused ourselves by endeavoring to measure with the eye, the heights of the different mountains.

We arrived at the beautiful village of Lauterbrunnen at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7, and immediately went to see the falls of the Staubbach, which is, you know, the most celebrated fall in Switzerland. As my expectations were very humble, they were realized; the celebrity of the fall arises, not from the quantity of water which falls, but from its immense height, which is 900 feet, though a considerable quantity of water commences from the top of the mountain, yet it is so very high that a great part of it is lost in mist and spray. We went directly under the fall, and were quite covered with the spray. There was also so strong a wind arising from the fall that it almost took away my breath. After remaining till dark viewing the waterfall, we returned to the very comfortable house where they gave us a very good supper. One can easily form an idea of the number of travellers which annually visit these parts from the very good and large hotels which we everywhere find.

There was a large family of English at table and a French gentleman and lady. After tea we spent the evening pleasantly and retired at 10.

LAUTERBRUNNEN, Wednesday, 29th, 1838

This morning at 8, after breakfast, Frederic ordered our horses, which we mounted, and set off to cross the Wengern Alps, and go to

LETTERS OF

the Valley of the Grindelwald, in all about 7 leagues. Many parties from the hotel where we spent the night prepared to take the same journey; one party of ladies started on foot an hour before us, and intend walking the whole distance. Frederic, who is quite in his element amid the mountains of Switzerland intends doing the same, but I should think it was rather too much of an undertaking for ladies.

We left Lauterbrunnen, the sun shining beautifully, the weather delightful and all of us in high spirits; I congratulate myself very much on having taken riding lessons, for I have such frequent opportunity for this mode of exercise that I find it a vast advantage. I render many thanks to papa and M^r. Roulstone.

We proceeded an hour on our journey, ascending the mountain of the Wengern Alp, the majestic mountains towering above us on all sides, and the gigantic glaciers presenting a most dazzling appearance from the reflection of the snow. We asked the guides how deep the snow and ice were upon these glaciers, and they both told us that in the highest parts they must be 1000 feet deep. Frederic thought that this must be very much exaggerated, but still you can form an idea of their immense height. The glacier of the Jungfrau is the highest and most celebrated; one of its peaks, the Silver Horn, is entirely covered with the smoothest ice, and takes its name from its unusually silvery tint.

As we ascended, we heard 5 times, the repeated sounds of a noise like thunder, which Frederic told us was the falling of avalanches. Caroline and I were very much distressed lest we should see none, but the guide promised us that we should. As we proceeded up the mountain, the temperature changed very much, it became much colder, and the clouds seemed to gather as if menacing a storm. We rode on however, going up a very steep mountain; I cannot describe to you the effect of all these immense and superb mountains covered with snow; it is the most sublime spectacle that I have ever seen, or that I can imagine.

When we were about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour from the summit, it commenced raining, and we were quite wet when we arrived; we were however very hospitably received at a primitive looking auberge, where they made a good fire and soon forgot our calamities. We were so fortunate here as to see a very fine avalanche of snow; Frederic happened to be standing at the window at the time, and seeing it come, he immediately called us. We flew out to see it, and saw an immense

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

mass of snow falling with a noise like the loudest thunder, and so large that they told us that the strongest fortress would have been destroyed by it; but it is not difficult to imagine when you hear the noise that it produces. We afterwards saw another one on our return down the mountain.

While we were eating dinner, the weather which had been very gloomy, cleared up delightfully, the sun illuminating with its cheerful rays this awful and sublime scene; truly this is Nature in all her majesty, and while surveying these wonders of the earth, the mind is led insensibly through Nature up to Nature's God!

During dinner we were several times called from table, in hopes that we might again see another fall, but these were but false alarms,

After dinner, as the weather had become so very delightful, we resolved to commence the descent. I have edited the greatest part of the descriptions of yesterday and today from this lofty eyrie, and hope that it will afford you some pleasure to know that whether I am exalted in the air, or humbled to the ordinary level of the ground I always am thinking of home and my beloved parents.

We commenced our descent at $\frac{1}{2}$ 1, and as the mountain is 6284 feet above the level of the sea, you may imagine that it was not a short journey; the first object of interest that attracted our attention was a very beautiful waterfall which in my opinion was almost prettier than the Staubbach; another small avalanche, and a most splendid view of the valley of the Grindelwald, which is filled with chalets and dotted with very pretty little cottages. The many peaks of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, resembling needles, towered over our heads as we descended. It has been said by some persons around here that one person has been to the summit of the Jungfrau; others deny that this enterprise has ever been undertaken for the mountain is more inaccessible even than Mont Blanc; but some venturesome person, doubtless a chamois hunter, has ascended a part of the mountain, and on the summit of a rock covered with snow has raised a large white standard which was just visible from below.

We proceeded on our route, having been obliged to descend from our horses on account of the steepness of the descent. The walking however was very muddy and slippery, on account of the rains which have fallen lately; after many little adventures in the way of slips we arrived at a place where a man fired a pistol and produced a fine echo.

LETTERS OF

We arrived at the lovely valley of the Grindelwald, at about 5 o'clock, and obtained very good accommodations for the night at the Hôtel de l'Ours; soon after our arrival, while I was sitting quietly writing my journal, Carry very busily occupied at her worsted work, we were very much startled by a noise like thunder which we concluded must be an avalanche; however as a bright flash of lightning soon followed convinced us that our suspicions were unfounded. We went down to tea, and while going through with this important ceremony, 4 young girls sang for our edification several Swiss songs; their voices however were not very melodious, and sounded better in the open air than in a room.

After tea, we sat for some time around a cheerful wood fire, for a storm had suddenly risen which made the air quite cold. We retired at 10.

GRINDELWALD, Thursday, August 30th, 1838

After breakfast, at 8, we left Grindelwald on horseback, and proceeded to ascend the mountain of the grand Scheidegg, which is however not quite so high as the one which we ascended yesterday. I was very much surprised to find that the Wengern Alp was covered with snow, from a fall last night, and I could not but congratulate myself that our journey today lay in a warmer sphere. Near the road which we took going up the mountain is seen the glacier Supérieur, which has been caused by masses of snow falling from the high mountains, completely pushing forward the former bed of rocks and stones. It is one immense sea of ice, and rises in the shape of needles jutting out from the main body; the sun shining upon this complete surface of ice produced a dazzling brilliancy.

We first descended into a cavity in the ice, and looking round on all sides it resembled the idea I had formed of the house built by Catherine of Russia of ice. It looked so beautifully blue and clear, the sun reflecting upon it, so beautifully transparent that I almost imagined it was a fairy scene. As this position was rather dangerous, Frederic soon called for me to return, as we could only go one at a time, and we then proceeded, each with a guide and armed with a baton with an iron point at the end, to take a short walk on the ice. We were obliged to mount by the assistance of little steps made by the guide in the ice; we mounted to the height of 50 feet, and were literally surrounded on all sides by seas of ice, but as Carry and I did not fancy our aerial position much, and as our pleasure was somewhat abated by the fears which we entertained of our safe re-



GRINDELWALD

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

turn down this slippery path, we soon turned back, and arrived on terra firma in safety. But Frederic was desirous to ascend still further; he, therefore accompanied by the guide ascended to the height of 150 feet, when they returned and joined us. The guide informed us, that some years ago, his father had fallen through one of the cavities the height of 350 feet, and what was almost miraculous, broke only his arm, but survived. It was with great difficulty, after arriving at the bottom, and recovering from the shock from the fall, that he crawled through the little openings on his hand and knees, and after much pain and fatigue, arrived in the open air. After leaving the glacier, we proceeded on our route, and in the course of 3 hours arrived at the summit from whence we enjoyed a very splendid view of the valley and mountains of the Grindelwald. The glaciers of the Wetterhorn, Wellhorn, and the Schwarzhorn rose majestically before us; it is impossible for me to describe to you the sublime appearance which these stupendous masses of rock present; Nature is here in all her glory. We only stopt at the summit to enjoy the view, as there was no house any nearer than an hour and a half further on, at the baths of Rosenlauri which are beautifully situated in a valley.

On arriving we were informed by many of the travellers that we ought to see a glacier near here far more beautiful than the one on which we were this morning; we therefore ordered dinner at the baths and while it was preparing, Caroline and myself seated ourselves in a porte chaise, and ascended the hill. On the way we were very much struck with the resemblance to a natural bridge in one of the glaciers; we could see distinctly the 2 poles of ice and the transverse bar forming the bridge, and the beautiful blue sky appearing through it; we have been remarkably fortunate in the weather, it has almost invariably been clear, and just warm enough to enable us to exercise with pleasure. After we had arrived half way up the mountain we arrived at a small bridge erected over a tremendous abyss, which appeared to be almost unfathomable; a man stationed on the bridge for the purpose, raised a large stone, and threw it down the chasm, but it struck the side of the rock, and dashed into a thousand pieces; we could still however hear it rumbling and rattling for some time and the sound gradually died on the ear; this is considered quite as deep a chasm as that of the Via Mala on the Simplon.

We soon arrived at the glacier, which in my opinion was superior

LETTERS OF

to the one we had already visited; for it appeared to me higher and more magnificent; and the ice was remarkably clear and transparent, and sparkled in the rays of the noonday sun. But the greatest curiosity was its very blue color; this was even discernible at some distance and presented a very dazzling appearance, when we ascended a flight of steps in the snow, and looked through a large hole which seemed indeed the work of fairy hands. We bought some crystals found here, and resealed ourselves in our porte chaises, greatly delighted that we had made this small deviation of an hour from our track. We returned to the house where we found dinner prepared for us; we enjoyed it extremely, and at 4 mounted our steeds to go down the mountain. We continued our journey on horseback for about an hour when we were forced to alight on account of the steepness of the descent; we also wished to visit the falls of the Reichenbach, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour's walk from the place where we alighted; we walked to the fall, constantly annoyed by the peasant children, some wishing to sell fruits, flowers, stones etc., or wishing to give you an arm to help you on your way; it is extremely annoying. We arrived however at a small house from whence we enjoyed a beautiful view of the falls of the Reichenbach. We sat some time by the window, contemplating this lovely fall; it is about 250 feet high, and quite a large quantity of water rushes down between two narrow rocks, casting spray to a great distance, and pursues its way still further dashing amid the rocks, and thus forming several other beautiful falls below. We lingered here for some time, very much delighted also with the wild and romantic scenery round the fall; we brought away some reminiscences of the place in the way of a basket and a chamois horn, and proceeded to visit the fall lower down. It is equally beautiful below, and is ranked among the most beautiful falls in Switzerland.

After visiting the falls, we soon after took our horses, and in the course of an hour arrived at the beautiful valley of Oberhash in which is situated the village of Meyringen. This village is constantly in danger of being destroyed by the very powerful mountain torrents which surround it on all sides; already in several places they have been obliged to raise high embankments to protect it in some measure; but even these precautions cannot long prove effectual. As we approached the village Carry and I set off on a full trot, and we entered the village in style; we found very good rooms which had been engaged for us by a party in front of us, and we had a very

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

good supper. We met while at tea the same school which I have already described to you as meeting at the Righi; they appear to be making the tour of Switzerland. After tea we amused ourselves in divers ways and retired.

MEYRINGEN, Friday, August 31st, 1838

This morning breakfasted at 8, immediately after which we took a carriage to return to Interlaken by the way of the lake of Brienz and the falls of the Giessbach. Our route lay through the lovely valley of the Oberhasli, which lies between 2 immense ranges of mountains, from whence rush innumerable torrents many from the height of 1000 feet, though there is very little water. We drove through this charming valley, the fields enlivened by the presence of the peasants in their very pretty Swiss costumes, very busily employed in the fields. We soon arrived within sight of the lake of Brienz, on the banks of which are situated the falls of the Giessbach. On arriving at the village of Brienz, we left the carriage, and took a small boat to go to the falls of the Giessbach. This town was formerly celebrated as being the residence of the beautiful Batelière de Brienz; in answer to our inquiry respecting her, we were informed that she was now 45 and had 10 children; she was in the habit of rowing a boat up and down the lake and every one employed her on account of her beauty. We were however rowed by two young men and their mother. After a delightful row across one of the most beautiful lakes of Switzerland, which I can describe no farther than by saying that on both banks rise high ranges of mountains which are very beautiful and picturesque, we arrived at the opposite shore and walked up the steep hill, till we arrived at the first fall, which is very romantic, and is quite a large mass of water. We saw no less than 6 falls at the same time all extremely wild and picturesque; these are decidedly far more beautiful than either the Reichenbach or the Staubbach, and produced a far greater impression upon me. They fall from an immense height and there is a great quantity of water, which precipitates itself rushing and foaming, through several narrow cavities and ravines, till it finally empties into the lake. But the scenery round is wild and romantic and at the same time beautiful and picturesque seats are arranged in every romantic place for visitors to linger and enjoy the scene; we went in one place quite behind the waterfall and we were told by the guide that frequently at night they lighted a fire behind here to show the magical effect which it produces. After visiting the falls we went to

LETTERS OF

the house of refreshment, where we saw many beautiful baskets, boxes, etc. in wood of the yew tree. In looking over the books, Frederic saw his own name, and M^r Pell's and Miss Duane's, written by them when here before. While here we were serenaded by the Regent Krehli, the master of the house, and his family, who sang together many Swiss songs and among others the Ranz des Vaches of the Canton of Berne, which is extremely pretty. After remaining here some time we descended to our boat and after a delightful row of 3 hours arrived at Interlaken at $\frac{1}{2}$ 1. We then spent some time looking at its beauties which are very numerous; and then went on toward the steamboat which was to carry us to Thun.

On board we met the same school I have before mentioned, and another one; the boys all drest in light colored blouses, straw hats, their knapsacks on their backs, and their staffs in their hands.

I have already given you one description of the lake of Thun, I will spare you any further trials. This lake however appeared to me much more beautiful than that of Brienz, and the sublime glaciers of the Jungfrau added an interest to the scenery which only a glacier can give.

At 5, we arrived at Thun, and obtained very fine accommodations at the delightful Hôtel de Bellevue. We soon after dined at the table d'hôte, and had scarcely finished dinner before we called to ascend a high hill near the house to see the sunset. I must confess that I was very averse to so much extra exertion so soon after dinner, but as we are here to see the sights, we mounted a very steep hill and arrived at the pavilion of St. Jacques, from whence we enjoyed one of the loveliest prospects imaginable. In the first place it was a most glorious sunset, the clouds were purple and gold; high mountains rose beyond us, and were reflected against the golden sky; the glaciers of the Jungfrau and the Eiger were also visible in the distance; while below us lay one of the most beautiful valleys we have seen; the lake of Thun on one side, and the river Aar winding circuitously through the valley below; it was indeed a scene of enchantment and we enjoyed it to its full extent. With reluctance we left the mountain after the shades of evening had already commenced falling around, and arrived at the hotel just as the moon was rising in all her glory. We stood by the window enjoying her company and letting loose a vein of romance, till the more commonplace subjects of packing up and journalizing called us from this delightful enjoy-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

ment. We spent the rest of the evening in writing, etc. and now good night for I am very, very tired of writing.

THUN, Saturday, September 1st, 1838

Rose at 7, and from our windows had a lovely view of the surrounding scenery; the morning was charming, and nature clothed in all her loveliness; we had a very delightful breakfast, and the best mountain cream; everything connected with our impressions of this place is delightful; the situation surpassingly beautiful, the rooms very airy, pleasant, and well furnished, and the table very excellent; nothing would be more delightful than to spend the whole season at this place.

After breakfast, we bade farewell to our kind host, and proceeded on our journey to Berne, which is only 5 leagues distant. We drove through a rich and lovely country, although for the greatest part of the way, the distant mountains were veiled from our sight, by trees, etc. still we enjoyed the scenery of the valley extremely. We could not but admire the singularity of the picturesque appearance of the Swiss with their pretty costumes; the cap of the Bernese peasants struck me as being the most singular.

After a lovely drive, we arrived at Berne, which is partly situated on a hill, but sloping down to the river; the banks of the river are ornamented with very beautiful terrace gardens; this town is, in my opinion far more beautiful than any other Swiss town which we have visited; we entered the city and drove through a very long and wide street, ornamented on either side with fine large houses built of light grey stone which is peculiar to the neighborhood of Berne; the houses are furnished with green blinds which give an air of comfort and neatness which delighted me extremely. The upper stories of the houses project over a sort of arcade, which forms a covered way for foot passengers; on one side the stores are situated, and the other opens on the street; we went to the Hôtel du Faucon, where lodgings had already been engaged for us; we found it very pleasantly situated, and after a short delay we prepared to go out. I was very much delighted indeed with the fine appearance of the houses, and the streets, which are very wide and handsomely paved. There are several fountains in different parts of the city which are rendered very ornamental by the figures of persons distinguished in their history, and which constantly afford good water.

We went to see a very remarkable clock, called the Tour de

LETTERS OF

l'Horloge. By the side of the clock, appears the figure of an old man, seated, with an hourglass in his hand, which he turns when the clock strikes. A cock on his right hand crows just before it strikes, and a lion on his left, shakes his head; below the old man appear a number of bears, which go round in a circle while the clock strikes; an automaton representing the duke of Laringue, in complete armor, seems to strike the hour; after leaving this Tour we took a walk through the city, until we arrived at the platform, which is situated so as to command a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country, and also of the distant glaciers. We sat for some time and enjoyed the lovely view; the beautiful valley below us, the Aar winding through it, the mountains of the Faulhorn, and the glaciers of Wetterhorn, Wellhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Jungfrau, the 2 Eigers, and the Blümlis Alps; these immense masses of ice reflecting the rays of the sun produced a dazzling and brilliant appearance. We staid here some time and then proceeded to a spot where there is an inscription, the purport of which is that in 1654, a horse had run away with his rider, had leapt over this wall and precipitated himself 108 feet; and both horse and rider escaped with their lives; this is supposed to be true. After staying for some time at the platform, we proceeded to take a walk out of the city on the ramparts called the promenade de Enghi; on our way we past many large and handsome buildings; among others, the Hôpital des Bourgeois, which is built of the same light grey stone in the form of a hollow square; there is a very pretty garden in the square in which the invalids walk when convalescent. We also saw the Orphan Asylum, and the Maison de force, or Penitentiary; all very handsome buildings. In $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, we arrived at the end of the promenade, where we seated ourselves, and enjoyed at our leisure the beautiful view of the City of Berne, and also of the glaciers; we were accompanied by an intelligent guide, who pointed out to us the different peaks of these gigantic mountains, and also gave us a great deal of information concerning the rest of Switzerland.

As our dinner hour approached, we returned home, and at 5 dined at the table d'hôte.

After dinner, we went up to the top of the hotel, where there is a sort of pavilion, from whence we had a beautiful view of the glaciers by the light of the setting sun; the rays of the sun shed at first a golden light upon the highest peaks of these immense masses of ice, and they looked like golden mountains; then as the sun set still

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

lower, a rosy hue was reflected upon the glaciers, and it was finally succeeded by the grey light of evening, till the moon shed her silvery rays upon the placid and sublime mountains.

We soon after put on our hats, and took a walk through the city to the platform; the moon was shining bright, and as we stood upon the Platform, though the glaciers were veiled in mist, still the moon shone brilliantly in the water, and we all became very much inspired with romance; just as we were indulging in the most beautiful sentiments our guide proposed that we should go and see a Diorama of the most beautiful parts of Switzerland. We accordingly went, and were ushered into a dark room, where soon a curtain rose and disclosed to our sight a picture illuminated from behind, representing several views of the glaciers, the Jungfrau, Wetterhorn, Wellhorn, etc.; a very pretty view of Interlaken, William Tell's Chapel, and many other beautiful views, together with all the costumes of Switzerland.

We then returned home, and wrote our journals for a short time.

BERNE, Sunday, September 2nd, 1838

After breakfast at 8, we left the lovely Berne, but before I proceed further on my route I must stop to describe the bears of Berne, which are kept in an open arena outside of the gate. There are several stories as to the origin of their being held so sacred here; it is said that the founder of the city, when he was about naming the city, went out to hunt and declared that the city should be named after the first animal that he killed; he killed a bear, and consequently named the city Berne; since that time they have always preserved bears in this place; there are present 4, the two old ones, and the 2 young ones; they are kept in a very fine spacious and deep arena, built of stone, with a fountain on one side, and a tree in the centre, up which they sometimes climb. The inhabitants amuse themselves by looking over the iron railing above into the open arena below, and throwing apples etc. down to them.

After passing the gates, we continued our route through a very lovely country, though the glaciers, the objects of most interest were not discernible from the road; we past however through a country richly cultivated, and very beautiful. In 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we arrived at Fribourg; from the hill above Fribourg, we had a lovely view of the city, its environs, its celebrated suspension bridges and the beautiful valley below us. The day was perfectly lovely, and nothing was

LETTERS OF

wanting to add to the loveliness of the scene. We past on our arrival immediately over the bridge, which I will take this opportunity to describe, as I am now sitting writing my journal on a sofa near a window which commands a fine view of the bridge which is just by us. Two large but simple porticoes terminate it, and form the extremities of an inverted arch, formed by 2 cables of thick iron wire, composed of 2000 threads of wire, which support the bridge. The beams supporting the bridge are themselves supported from above by iron wires attached to the 2 large cables above; this is decidedly the most beautiful model of a bridge on the continent, and looking at it from a little distance, it appears so perfectly light and airy that you can scarcely imagine it could support more than 2 or 3 persons at a time, much less a carriage; nevertheless, it is very substantial, and having been built 4 years ago has not as yet required any repairs; it is so light that at times when a violent wind rises, our guide told us, that it swings very much, and still they say it sustains no injury from this motion; a light balustrade on each side gives it a very beautiful appearance.

At the same time, in 1834, 15 large pieces of artillery drawn by 52 horses, and 300 persons were on this bridge at once, and afterwards on the day when the bridge was blest by the Archbishop, 2000 persons past it at the same time and no oscillation was perceived.

After leaving the bridge, we went to the Hôtel de Laringue, where we obtained very good rooms. Soon after our arrival we went out and took a walk to see the different curiosities of the place; in the environs of the city there are many convents; one of them is a Bernardine convent; strangers are not allowed to visit it, neither are the sisters allowed to go out or hold any communication with the world, except the elder sisters, who transact all the necessary business.

Fribourg is situated on the side of a mountain, at the foot of which flows the Sarine; we walked down to the lower city to see the extraordinary position of the houses of Court Chemin, to which the street of the Grande Fontaine serves as a roof; the apartments in these houses are consequently very damp and noisy, but are occupied only by the lower classes; we then took a walk to see the Moulin de la Motta, which is very romantically situated amid immense high rocks; this spot is called 'the End of the World'! The mill is worked by a stream of water which is brought from a spring a short distance off, and is carried through these immense rocks which have

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

been bored for the purpose, and comes out at the other end; after leaving the mill, we took a very pretty and romantic walk along the stream, and took a view of the bridge from below; it looks from below like a thing of air. Its airy beauty it is impossible for me to describe. We then returned to the hotel and wrote our journals till dinner.

At 5 we dined at the table d'hôte, and had an excellent dinner; after which we went to hear the celebrated Fribourg organ. In the course of our walk, we passed the celebrated linden tree, which is said to have grown from a little branch borne by a young man, who after the battle of Morat, came running into the city uttering the cry of Victory, and flourishing this branch of linden, which was immediately planted, and the tree has grown to this immense size, and lived through successive generations; it was planted in 1476. The organ is not by any means as large as that of Haarlem, nor can it be compared to the latter in any respect; it however is the finest, next to that in the world, and I was in perfect raptures when I first heard its melodious notes; at first it broke upon us with the greatest force, and almost stunned us, then falling into the most delicate and harmonious strains; it imitated perfectly the notes of the human voice, and we were again favored with artificial peals of thunder, which were not however as fine as the Haarlem thunder; still the instrument far surpassed our expectations, and is capable of producing the most diversified and the most harmonious strains; I was perfectly enchanted with a very beautiful air (not sacred). After having performed the air with the utmost sweetness and expression, the organist played the most brilliant and beautiful variations, and very difficult, occasionally the air would swell out from the rest, and then would be completely lost amid the delightful maze; each note was played with the utmost clearness and precision, and gave ample evidence that the player was fully master of this splendid instrument. There are no less than 7800 pipes to this organ, many of which are 32 feet long; as the evening was closing apace, we left the church together with a large number of auditors who all expressed by their gratified countenances, their satisfaction and delight.

We left the cathedral, which is handsome, though not otherwise remarkable, and after taking a short walk, we returned to the hotel after having tasted the ice-cream for which Fribourg is very celebrated; we were not however as much pleased with it as we expected:

LETTERS OF

we first however took a walk on the bridge by moonlight, which had a beautiful effect; the evening was lovely, the sky perfectly pure and serene, and the moon shining beautifully bright; we lingered for some time on this aerial bridge, and warned by the evening air, returned to the hotel; the rest of the evening we spent in enjoying the lovely view and in writing our journals.

BERNE, Monday, September 3rd, 1838

We rose this morning at 5, intending to start at 6, we did not however leave till $\frac{1}{2}$ after; we had a lovely drive through a very interesting country; the scenery however presented a very different appearance from that we had formerly past; no longer the lofty summits of the glaciers bounded the prospect, but richly cultivated hills and valleys, with neat and picturesque cottages, and as we past the fertile fields, we inhaled the delightful fragrance of the new mown hay; at 1, we arrived at Moudon, where we dined; before dinner, I amused myself by reading Cooper's Switzerland, and became extremely interested in his descriptions; Frederic wished very much to purchase it, but as it belonged to a gentleman who had left it here by accident, the landlord refused to sell it; just before dinner, while the horses were resting, our voiturier had some sort of difficulty with another man, and in the heat of the dispute the latter cut a hole in the forehead of our man, and wounded him severely. After binding up his wounds, the latter, who is a very good natured and peaceable man, went to the Justice of the Peace, to obtain redress, but rather than have any further difficulty, he told the justice that he would be satisfied if the man received a severe reprimand, and paid the costs; the matter was accordingly arranged to his satisfaction.

We continued our journey along the same delightful country, and when we had arrived within a short distance of Lausanne, we perceived the glaciers of the Dent du Midi, their icy summits glittering like diamonds in the sun. I never saw a more beautiful afternoon than that of today; it had been an extremely warm day, and we felt the heat more particularly after dinner; but it was now somewhat cooler, and the sun shone in all his splendor, shedding his radiant beams to enliven the surrounding scenery, and being reflected in the lovely and placid lake of Geneva, which lay like a sheet of glass before us; we uttered a shout on beholding this long wished for lake, and I almost fancied it was the finale of our journey, so long and

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

with so much earnestness had we looked forward to our arrival on its placid shores.

How far it surpasses my expectations! the mountains, almost obscured by the rosy light of a glorious sunset, and shedding such a mysterious influence around them as left full play for the imagination; nothing could equal my delight on beholding this enchanting spot.

We were conducted to the Hôtel of the Lion d'Or, which though situated on the main street is in rather a confined position; the rooms however are very pleasant and every thing very comfortable.

Soon after our arrival we walked to see Gibbon's house, which is delightfully situated on the lake, and is a fine though old fashioned looking house; it is quite large, and has not been at all altered since his death; it is however occupied by another family, the furniture is not the same and therefore strangers are not admitted; we were however conducted by an elderly woman to his garden, where is the terrace on which he used constantly to walk, and where, he mentions in his autobiography, he walked with such a light heart the evening that he wrote the last words to the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. There is in the garden which is quite large an old linden planted by himself; there was formerly near this tree a summer-house in which he used frequently to write, but Time has destroyed this relic; after plucking some flowers from his garden, and gazing enraptured at the enchanting view of the lake, we left the garden, and past the new 'Hôtel de Gibbon,' which they are erecting near his house; we then took a short walk on the open terrace or promenade, also commanding a lovely view of the lake; after finishing our walk, we returned to the hotel where we had a delicious supper of bread and butter, cream and honey; we are literally in a country flowing with milk and honey; after tea we wrote our journals and retired.

LAUSANNE, Tuesday, September 4th, 1838

After breakfast at 9, we left Lausanne, and continued our journey along a very beautiful country to a little village, name unknown, where we remained some time to refresh the horses; we were in full view of the lake of Geneva, and we sat by the window, amusing ourselves looking at the peasants, lake, and the other curiosities of the place; I read there Carlyle's *French Revolution* which interests me extremely.

LETTERS OF

We then drove on to Geneva, enjoying the most beautiful view of Geneva lake, which seems rather too large to be as beautiful as the lake of the Four Cantons; we arrived at Geneva, at 5, and stopt at the Hôtel des Becques, which is a new hotel and decidedly the finest in the city; it is very, very large, very neat and has a great deal of style about it. We had a very excellent dinner in the dining room, but by ourselves. After dinner we went out to take a short walk through the town; I was very agreeably surprised with the appearance of the town; there are many new and handsome buildings, and one part of the town is entirely new; Frederic says that it is vastly improved since he was last here; we walked through the principal street until we came to a very pretty little terrace where there are seats arranged for the public. It was a lovely night, the moon shining beautifully, and shedding such a beautiful light upon everything around that we all, particularly Caroline, began to feel remarkably romantic; after staying on the terrace for some time, looking at the lovely prospect, we then returned home, and after attending to some domestic arrangements retired.

GENEVA, Wednesday, September 5th, 1838

After a very good breakfast, Frederic sallied forth to his banker's for letters, while Caroline and I waited impatiently at home; he soon returned with the joyful intelligence that there was one for me from Mama, and one for him from Papa. I was very much delighted to hear that my beloved sister is in good health, and that my little favorite Adèle is recovering; how much am I flattered by the resemblance, and with what pleasure do I look forward to the time when I shall embrace the little treasure. Being very much elated with the good news which I there read about, Maria Louisa's being pleased with the flower table etc. we went out to go to the different watchmakers to buy a watch for Caroline and Mary Bronson*; we went to a number of stores where we saw a great variety of pretty things in the way of chains, breastpins etc.; we past the whole morning in looking over a great variety of these pretty things and returned in time for the table d'hôte at 5, where we met a large assemblage of persons, principally English. As you speak here with the greatest of freedom without introduction, I formed the acquaintance of an English lady and gentleman, whom I found extremely agreeable.

* Mary Bronson was sister to Frederic Bronson.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

After a very good dinner, we went out again, and spent the rest of the afternoon in going about the city, and admiring the different curiosities. After our walk, we returned to the hotel, and drank some Limonade zazende, which we liked very much, after which we retired.

GENEVA, Thursday, September 6th, 1838

This morning, as the weather was not very favorable, we determined to postpone our journey to Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, but towards 11 it cleared so beautifully that we determined to undertake it, particularly as we were advised so to do by our new courier Martin, whom we have been so fortunate as to enlist in our service, dismissing our old one John, as he did not altogether suit us. We were very much elated with this unexpected acquisition; Martin has been travelling for some time with M^r. Smith of Philadelphia, but as M^r. Smith intends passing the winter at Nice, he thinks he will not want a courier, therefore we were enabled to get him; we accordingly started at 11, and at 4 arrived at a small village where we dined. While at dinner, an English lady entertained us by giving an account of the ascent of Mont Blanc of a French lady; the second female who ever ascended the mountain; this lady represented her as being the daughter of a Count d'Augeville; her parents are both dead, and she has no near relations except a brother. She is about 42 and is travelling alone; thus you may judge of her ladyship; the English lady sustained she was neither crazy or eccentric; but as we have since heard from the guides who are all crazy about this adventure; we have since seen her and she looks old and ugly though quite light in her footsteps, and walks at an astonishing rate. She endured as you may imagine great hardships in her ascent, she was not at all intimidated though she suffered so much from the rarity of the air, that the guides were obliged to fasten her round the waist with a cord and draw her up. She was accompanied by 2 gentlemen, one a Pole, and the other a son of the hotel keeper, and she had 10 guides, the Pole 7, and the other man 3; all the guides except 2 bled very much at the lungs when they arrived at the top. They past 2 nights on the rocks of the grand Mulet, where she was obliged to spend the nights with nothing for a bed but a blanket; with much difficulty she was dragged up to the summit and on the 3d day she returned to Chamouny, where she had a long talk with the English lady who was relating to us her adventures.

LETTERS OF

After leaving Bonneville, we proceeded to Sallanches, though we had not a very pleasant drive, as it rained the whole way; we arrived at Sallanches at 9, and soon after retired.

SALLANCHES, Friday, September 7th, 1838

On awaking in the morning, we found that it had cleared in the night, and that the sun shone propitiously. We therefore commenced our journey, and made a short deviation from the high road to visit the Baths of St. Gervais. I must however first describe to you our curious equipage, generally known by the name of *char à bancs* which consists of three seats placed sideways and in a row, with a light top and leather curtains which are let down in case of rain. The peculiar advantage of these vehicles is that they are enabled to pass through roads where it would be impracticable for any other sort of vehicle to go. In this beautiful equipage, we took the road to St. Gervais, and arrived there at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7. They are prettily situated in a valley, and are celebrated for their waters, which are very much impregnated with sulphur and are very warm; there is a large and very good house there with every arrangement for the amusement of visitors; but it was entirely deserted. We were conducted by a guide to a cascade behind the house; it was quite a large fall, and surrounded by very romantic scenery; we took a view of it from a bridge constructed across the river just below the fall, and then returned to the hotel; we soon seated ourselves in our *char à bancs*, and then proceeded to the falls of Chede, about an hour's journey further. We arrived at the falls which are very pretty and romantic; we left our carriage and were conducted by 2 unromantic old women to the fall; the sun was shining beautifully, and they looked very large; we seated ourselves on a bench opposite the fall, which the old woman repeatedly told us was *her* bench. After having fully satisfied our curiosity, we left the fall, and ascended a hill near the fall, to meet the carriage; we were assailed as usual by the greatest variety of importunate beggars, as disgusting as possible in their appearance.

We arrived at Chamouny at 1, and after a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, we took mules to ascend to Montanvert, to see the Mer de Glace. The sun was shining brightly, and it was a very warm day; during the first $1 \frac{1}{2}$ hour of our journey, we were very much incommoded by the sun, but suddenly the clouds gathered and we were incommoded by slight sprinkling; we arrived at the house at Mon-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

tanvert, and were immediately obliged to take refuge in it, as the wind was blowing so violently that we could scarcely keep on our mules. We met in the house an American family who staid in the same house with us in England, M^r, M^{rs}, and Miss Willington from Philadelphia. We found them very pleasant acquaintances; M^{rs}. W. gave decidedly as her opinion that it would be extremely dangerous to go on the Mer de Glace on account of the violent wind; Frederic at first thought that it would be practicable for us to go, as we had come so far to see it, but upon consideration he changed his mind. I was very much disappointed at not being able to go, but still I listened to reason very willingly, and as it was very inconvenient and almost impracticable for us to stay up there all night, we all mounted our mules, and though it still rained we continued. Caroline and myself were so fortunate as to be provided with cloaks and umbrellas, but the gentlemen and M^{rs}. and Miss W. were without umbrellas; we were very much disappointed with our view of the Sea of Ice, which, consequently, I will not describe, as we determined to repeat our visit tomorrow if clear, but we made up our minds to stay here till our curiosity was gratified; as we took 2 hours ascending, we came down in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; exactly half way is a fountain near which Florian has laid the scene of one of his novels, Le Savoyard. We were importuned at every step, by peasants offering to us, milk, kirschwasser, flowers, fruits, minerals, etc.; these at first are quite interesting from their novelty, but soon become annoying. After a very wet ride we returned to Chamouny, where after a good supper we retired.

CHAMOUNY, Saturday, September 8th, 1838

Rose this morning, and found that it had cleared off beautifully. From our bedroom window we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc 'soaring snow-clad through its native sky in the wild pomp of mountain majesty'; its snow-white summit was gilded by the rays of the morning sun, and appeared to rise supreme above the lofty summits of the gigantic needles which form a continuous range with Mont Blanc. We ascended to the Belvedere, from whence the prospect on every side was superb. We saw distinctly the Aiguille of Gouter, the Dome of Gouter, the Grands Mulets, the back of the Camel, the Aiguilles du Midi, du Dru, etc., and the Col de Balme in the distance; opposite Mt. Blanc, and directly behind us, were the summits of Brevent, which Frederic ascended in days of yore, and La Croix Flégère. After imprinting this magnificent scene upon our memories

LETTERS OF

as firmly and ineffaceably as possible, we descended to the *salle à manger*, where we breakfasted, and then mounted our mules to pay a second visit to the *Mer de Glace*; we were very fortunate in the day, and were not at all inconvenienced by the sun during our ascent; from the path leading to *Montanvert*, we discerned the cave in the glacier below the *Mer de Glace*, from whence the source of the *Arviron* flows; the cave which appears at this distance 10 feet high, is in reality 100.

We arrived at the summit, and after descending from our mules, we each took our guide, and proceeded $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour down the mountain to the *mer* or valley of ice; I will merely in description quote the words of *Coxe*; "it is a raging sea suddenly frozen in the midst of a violent storm; some of the glaciers which form this sea are 350 feet high; the whole sea extends to the distance of 18 leagues, and is about a mile wide; nothing can be more sublime than the view of this sea; in approaching it, you are obliged to climb over immense rocks, which have been protruded forward by the immense force of the ice; in its course it overturns trees, and advances constantly though imperceptibly, notwithstanding the many crosses which have been erected and the religious processions made here by a superstitious people thus endeavoring to restrain the power of nature." *Caroline* and I each sustained by a guide, proceeded on the sea, as you cannot fully judge of its extent or sublimity without walking on it; the glaciers which we crost were perfectly smooth and quite slippery, but our guides were well accustomed to this, and supported us most heroically; we constantly past yawning chasms, which as you looked down appeared very frightful; but still we stept across them in safety; the ice looked in some places beautifully clear and blue, though in others very much soiled. Every spring a herd of cattle is led over this sea, to pasture on the opposite mountains, and return again in the autumn. Each animal was led by its owner, some person going first to cut a sort of path for them; occasionally however an animal is precipitated through these chasms from some false step.

After spending $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in examining this great curiosity, which surpasses anything we have seen or could have imagined, we returned to the house. On our way we past a large cave formed by the projection of a rock, in which tradition relates, that *Pococke* and *Windham*, the first discoverers of this valley, found shelter during the night in 1741; this valley was never known before these two ad-



DER MONT BLANC U. CHAMOUNY

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

venturous travellers penetrated into it, and discovered all the curiosities there, the Mer de Glace etc; on the stone their names are painted; we entered the cave, which was quite low, and after leaving it, returned to the house. We looked over the very pretty collections exhibited there of agates, crystals, horns of the chamois, etc; I forgot to mention that last evening we went to see a live chamois; it resembles very much the goat, with large black horns and of a light brown color, he gave us a few specimens of his activity; we entered the room in which he was jumping about without restraint, and he came up to us very mildly and peaceably, but they are very difficult to tame.

We descended to Chamouny, and after dinner took our seats in a char à banc to drive to the glacier des Bossons where we expected to meet our mules. We arrived there in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and mounted our mules to ascend to the glacier; this glacier is the whitest and most beautiful in Switzerland; we were very much delighted with the celebrated pyramids of this glacier, which rise to the height of 90 feet; they are formed by the falling of the snow in particular places, and the rays of the setting sun, falling softly upon them surpassed all my powers of description. Indeed in describing the whole of Switzerland, I find language too feeble to express the raptures which I feel.

On leaving the glacier, we returned to our char à bancs, and proceeded on our journey to St. Martin; on the way we past the Mont Blanc lady, but I have already described her to you. We arrived at St. Martin, after passing through a very beautiful country, at 7, and found that the lady was to stay at the same house as ourselves; we therefore ordered tea at the table d'hôte, and prepared for a very interesting conversation. At tea we found a large party of French ladies & gentlemen, and Frederic soon commenced a conversation with the Mont Blanc lady about the journey; this soon made the conversation very general, and we spent a very pleasant and noisy evening. She described to us the dangers she had past, being obliged to mount walls of ice almost perpendicular, the guides going in front to cut steps in the ice, and then returning to drag her up; but all these difficulties she represented as trivial in comparison with the excessive drowsiness which continually assailed her; every five minutes falling to sleep and almost refusing to awake; still she considered all these things unimportant in comparison with the glory and the satisfaction which she felt in having performed this exploit; she said it had been her ardent wish for 6 years, and now all

LETTERS OF

that remained for her to desire was to ascend in a balloon, which she intended one day to do.

After passing a very amusing evening listening to this extraordinary and enthusiastic woman, we returned to our rooms.

Sunday, September 9th, 1838

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we left St. Martin, and continued our journey, the heroine of Mont Blanc having left before us.

We stopt at 12 at Bonneville to rest our horses, and remained 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; we then continued our route to Geneva; on the way, we past the Langdon's house at Mornay, which is very prettily situated on the slope of a hill overlooking a lovely valley, but it is not near the lake.

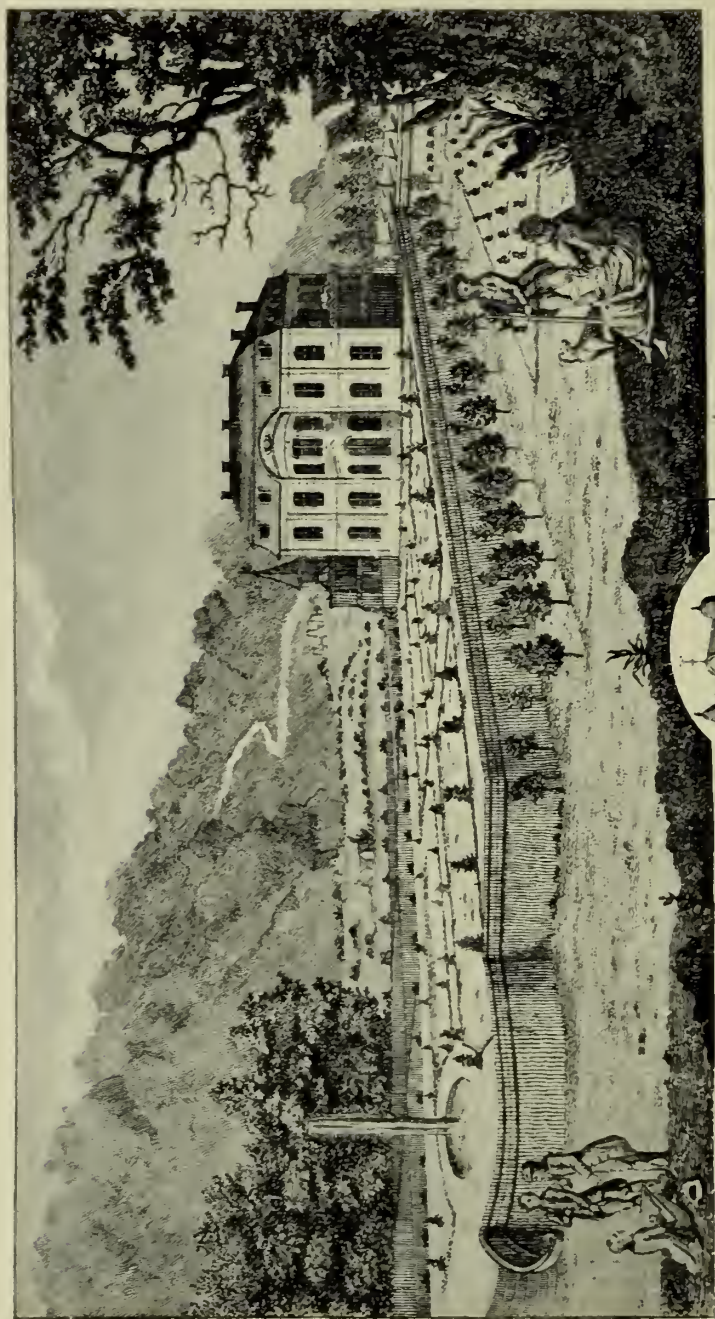
Today being Sunday all the peasants were in their best attire, and they all look as happy and full of mirth and glee as possible; we consequently saw the costumes in great perfection.

After going through the many ceremonies of examining the passports on entering the gates of Geneva, we arrived at our hotel (Des Berques) just in time to prepare for the table d'hôte at 5. We had as usual a very delightful dinner, but were disappointed in not receiving letters. We met at the dinner table M^r. & M^{rs}. Willington and in the course of conversation they surprised us very much by telling us that Charlotte Hamilton & her brother came out with them, and had spent some time in Paris for the benefit of Miss C.'s health, but I imagine that it is not much improved as she exerted herself too much in visiting the curiosities of that enchanting city.

After dinner we took a walk through the city, and past over a very pretty bridge, to go and see the junction of the Rhône and the Aar, but as it grew soon dark, we changed our course, and rambled through the city till 8, when we returned and spent the rest of the evening at home.

GENEVA, Monday, September 10th, 1838

Rose this morning and breakfasted at 9; they have not abroad as with us a table d'hôte for breakfast, but there are numbers of small tables in the *salle à manger*, each arranged for a separate party, and you go in at any hour that suits you and find breakfast all ready for you; this is far more delightful and less arbitrary than the system at our hotels, and would be a great improvement if they adopted this method. There are a great number of persons, particularly English at this house which is the newest, finest and most fashionable in



VOLTAIRE'S CHÂTEAU FERNEY

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the city, and at dinner, we generally form very agreeable acquaintances.

After breakfast we were very much delighted with receiving some letters; I was favored with 2, one from brother dated 5 August, and the other from Mama of the 13 August. I was very much delighted with the contents and cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your kind remembrance of me. After almost devouring these precious documents, we proceeded through a regular course of shopping; we again visited several of the watch stores and jewelry stores, which abound with the prettiest things imaginable. We were however a little incommoded by the rain, for the day proved showery; we however finished our business satisfactorily, and returned to the hotel; while in one of the Watch stores, we met the beautiful Miss Barker, who has been abroad 18 months; she expressed herself delighted beyond measure; we dined at 5, and I made the acquaintance of a very agreeable English lady whom I entertained with tales of our own country. After dinner, we amused ourselves with our *domestic arrangements* and frolicking. Thus ends today.

GENEVA, Tuesday, September 11th, 1838

When we rose this morning, we found it blowing a gale, very similar to the one that occurred last week; a party of 9, a lady and 2 gentlemen, 3 young ladies & 3 young gentlemen were out on the lake in a sailboat, a violent gust of wind upset the boat, and the whole party was lost; after breakfast, we determined to remain at home, on account of the unpleasant weather, and we spent the morning very delightfully at home, sewing, laughing, talking, and frolicking; the latter occupations particularly occupied a great portion of the day. In the course of the morning, Miss Barker called to see us, but we declared ourselves invisible. After dressing we left a card for Mrs. Iselin, and then dined; at dinner, I had again a very pleasant conversation with the English lady of yesterday, and after dinner, we spent the evening very gaily, as in the morning. Thus ends a quiet day in Geneva, and indeed, we were very happy to pass a day tranquilly at home, relieved from constant travelling.

GENEVA, Wednesday, September 12th, 1838

This morning we found the wind not quite abated; at breakfast, we took leave of the Willingtons with mutual wishes of again meeting; after breakfast, we took a carriage to go to Ferney, 2 leagues

LETTERS OF

distant; we found the drive very pleasant, and commanding a beautiful view of the Jura mountains. Voltaire's chateau is an antique looking building, surrounded by very extensive demesnes, formerly owned by him; we entered the house and were shown his 2 apartments; where the furniture remains as in his day. The parlor is hung with pictures, the most remarkable of which is a conceit of his own, in which he represents himself as being led by the Goddess of Poesy to Apollo, while various little gods are dragging his bust to the temple of Fame; in the foreground are represented all the different authors whom he has the vanity to think he has entirely crushed: they appear to be tormented by salamanders or monsters impossible to describe. The furniture in this room is very scanty and antique; it consists of a few chairs, tables, etc., of antique appearance; there is also a very old fashioned stove in the room; this is the salon in which he received all his guests; he never however allowed anyone to intrude upon his privacy except the most illustrious guests. We saw his bedroom, the curtains and chairs all threadbare. Round his apartment were hung the pictures of many great men of all countries; among those of our country were Washington and Franklin. In this room, in a niche, his descendants erected a mausoleum, in which they deposited his heart, with these words, "Son esprit est partout, mais son coeur est ici."

After leaving the house we were conducted by one of his old servants through his garden; which commands one of the most beautiful and celebrated views near Geneva. We were shown the tree which Voltaire planted with his own hands 75 years ago; under this tree, he sat with Franklin, and at his request, blest F's son. After viewing the garden, we entered the house of the old man who showed us many relics of his old master, his cane, cap, seal, book of seals, in which he pasted all the seals of his correspondents.

After despatching my letter very unceremoniously, I immediately sit down to resume the thread of my discourse; perhaps your memory may be treacherous and you may forget where I last left you; best let me inform you that you were looking over with me in the house of the old jardinier the interesting relics of Voltaire. We were shown a book of seals which Voltaire kept containing those of all his correspondents, so that when he saw by the seal that the letter came from a disagreeable quarter, he enveloped it, and sent it back; there are many very curious and interesting seals in this collection; he carried on a very extensive correspondence, and notwithstanding



MARIE FRANÇOIS AROUËT
DE VOLTAIRE de l'Académie Française
Historiographe du Roy et Gentilhomme ordinaire
de sa Chambre né à Paris en 1694

à Paris chez Petit rue St Jacques à la couronne d'épines

Des l'âge le plus tendre il se rendit fameux.
Admire dans cet âge il ouvre sa carrière.
Il laisse sans Honte ses rivaux à l'arrière.
Et n'employa jamais l'art de flatter comme eux.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

his own irreligious principles, many of the best and most moral men among his contemporaries rank themselves among the number; the Empress of Russia, the princes of d'Estaing and Condé, and hosts of the illustrious and literary of his day, also honored him with their correspondence. The old man related to us many very curious and interesting anecdotes of his master, but the strain of impiety which pervades his most witty speeches prevents me from inserting them here. One story however, I will venture to repeat, though I must first, in imitation of the old man, commence by a train of apologies for my prolixity. Voltaire and Gibbon had for some time, though not personally acquainted with each other, been in the habit of corresponding, until that correspondence was suspended in consequence of some offensive remarks contained in Voltaire's publications. Gibbon replied to this personal attack with much severity; Voltaire retorted by making insulting allusions as to Gibbon's personal appearance, and sent him at the same time a caricature of his person. All intercourse between them was suspended for some time, until Gibbon determined to make a visit to Voltaire to ascertain whether his rival whom he had never seen, had as much advantage over him in personal appearance, as his invective would seem to imply. Voltaire, having been previously informed of the object of Gibbon's visit, declined the interview, but gave directions to the ladies of his household, to receive and entertain this distinguished man, with marked politeness and hospitality. Gibbon arrived at the stated hour at the Château of Voltaire, and was very much incensed at Voltaire's non-appearance. He however told the ladies that he would not leave the house till he had seen him. Although they gave him to understand that his visit was inconvenient and ill timed, still he persisted; and notwithstanding Voltaire's anger he remained 3 days and 3 nights. At the end of that time Voltaire, who was very much annoyed at the length of his visit, sent him a billet, saying, "Sir, you are unlike Don Quixote; he took taverns for castles, but you take my castle for a tavern." Gibbon answered, "I came here to receive instruction from one of the most distinguished geniuses of the age; but I am allowed to eat and drink and lodge at your house, but the sight of you is denied to me," giving a point to his expression by a profane allusion which I neither wish to copy nor to remember. He then immediately left the château and returned to Geneva; though he declared that although foiled this time in his attempt, he would try his luck again. A few days afterwards he returned incog-

LETTERS OF

nito, and having bribed the coachman to allow Voltaire's favorite horse to run loose in the garden directly in front of the library where Voltaire was reading, he waited till Voltaire came to the window, being attracted by the noise, he himself being concealed among some bushes. Voltaire came out in déshabillé, much excited and ran after his horse. Gibbon selected this moment when his rival appeared under the most undignified circumstances to present himself before him, and after examining him minutely, and criticising his dress from his slippers to his night cap, he clapped his hands and in a tone of mockery said "You are not handsomer than I," then laughed heartily and left the château. Voltaire very much enraged at this trick returned to his library, sent for his valet, and said to him; "Run after this confounded Englishman, and tell him that since he has seen "the Beast" he must pay 12 sous for the sight." Gibbon replied; "Nothing can be more just; here are 12 sous for the sight which I have had, and 12 more for the second sitting." Gibbon had scarcely reached Geneva, before he received a formal invitation from Voltaire, to meet a choice circle of friends for the next day at dinner, and sent his state carriage to bring him to his house; the persons assembled were very much entertained by this reconciliation of these 2 great men, effected by such singular means.

The guide, who was very prolix and talkative, showed us the tree under which Voltaire blest Franklin's son at the request of the father; he said it was also here that M^r. Verren, the French clergyman now in New York had often sat; he spoke with the greatest affection of M^r. V——, said that he was one of the elders of the church, had been appointed by the congregation to render thanks to M^r. V—— for his uniform kindness to them, and he received the embrace which M^r. V—— gave to him for the whole congregation. He requested us particularly to remember him to M^r. V——.

After leaving Ferney, we returned to the hotel, and soon after went out to see Miss Barker, who called upon us yesterday, and to see the junction of the Rhône and the Arve; the junction is curious, as for some distance the Arve preserves its muddy color and the Rhône its blue.

After taking a long walk through the town, we returned to the hotel, where we dined. We spent the evening in *domestic arrangements*, packing, etc.



Engraved by Wallis from an Original Drawing by Leake

Edward Gibbon Esq.



CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

GENEVA, Thursday, September 13th, 1838

Left Geneva at 8, in the steamboat, sending our carriage to Vevey by land. The morning was rather misty, and consequently the view not as extensive as usual. As we sailed along the lake which is not as beautiful in this part as we expected, we arrived at Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël; it is an immense château, built in the form of a hollow square, and is now the residence of "War God Broglie." We then past the château of Louis Bonaparte of Lord Byron, which is beautifully situated and the house of Mr. *Rumphffs*.

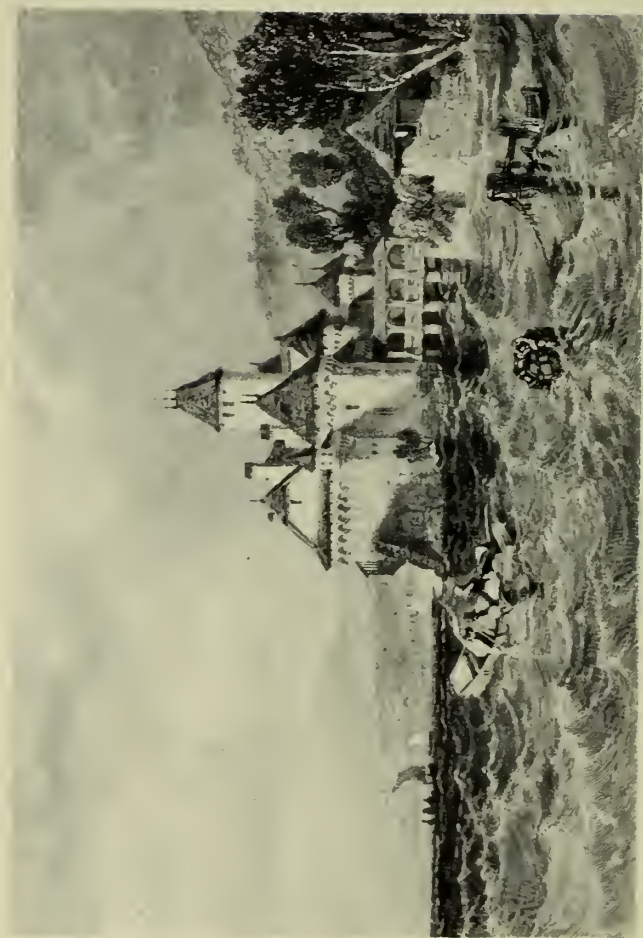
We arrived at Vevey at 1, and after an early but good dinner we took a walk to the Church of St. Martin, where we saw the tomb of the judge and the person who read the sentence of death to Charles I; the name of the judge was General Ludlow; about a year ago, on a rather cloudy day, in a steamboat, after arriving at our journey's end, we also visited the tombs of 3 other of the judges of Charles I; the coincidence was remarkable, and the resemblance between the two days very great, though the pleasure of today is a thousand times greater than the visit in America.

From the terrace before the Church of St. Martin, we had one of the loveliest views imaginable. The mountains of La Meillerie in front of us; on the left were the Little St. Bernard, and glaciers, on the right the Jura Mountains, and below us and extending to the foot of Jura lay the silent placid lake of Lemman. Nothing can equal the beauty of this view; every spot here rendered classical and interesting by the magic pen of Rousseau; who though he has said all that language could express has still not said enough of the enchanting and ravishing beauty of this scene; we stood gazing at this lovely view, till we were forced to think of our return; we leaned over the high terrace and perceived some lovely roses below; we wished to have some remembrance of this charming spot, we begged a man for some of them; he fastened them to the end of a long stick, and we took them and threw him down some money, but he absolutely refused it, and told us to keep it to give to the poor.

After leaving Vevey in our carriage, we proceeded along the lake to the Castle of Chillon, rendered so illustrious by the pen of Lord Byron. It is an old, strong looking château, situated on a little island, and connected with the land by a drawbridge. In the centre was a large tower, surrounded on all sides by smaller ones; it commands a lovely view of the lake, but unfortunately the prisoners who were confined there were debarred the delights of the view as they

LETTERS OF

were almost denied the light of day. As we past the bridge, a soldier came up to us and asked us if we wished to see the castle; on our answering in the affirmative, he called a woman who immediately led us down into the prisons. These consist of a long passage with arches and of good architecture only illuminated through a small opening; the rays of the setting sun however shone in through this little aperture, and the woman assured us that this was the only time that the sun ever penetrated during the day; how the prisoners must have greeted this hour, though they could only see the reflection of the sun on their ceilings. There were 7 large columns along the centre of this passage, which was formerly divided into separate cells. To one of the columns is still attached the ring which held the chain of Bonnivard, the hero who endeavored to deliver Geneva from the yoke of the Duke Amédée of Savoy; he was imprisoned here during 6 years, his bed the cold earth, and not being allowed to move except round one side of this column, the rock is worn smooth by the constant friction of his chain; the guide told us that he suffered much from sickness, but still the hardness of his lot was not softened. At the end of 6 years he was liberated, and though at first he was extremely impatient for his release, yet he became so resigned that he evinced no pleasure on being liberated. We were shown also another column to which a young Genevese, named Cottier, had also been chained; the family of this young man had received many favors from Bonnivard, in the time of his glory; and this young man, stimulated by generous feelings and gratitude, determined to go to Chillon and discover the fate of his ancient benefactor; he announced his intentions to his family, but they ridiculed it on account of his youth, but he started for Chillon and arrived at the gate in the costume of a servant, offering to come to the castle in that capacity. The duke, pleased with his appearance took him into his service, and he became an inmate of the castle; he then contracted a strong intimacy with the jailor and used frequently to go with him to the different cells with the food, but still he waited for an opportunity to disclose himself to Bonnivard; one day the jailor was absent on account of the illness of his mother, and this young man offered to take his place. He accordingly went to Bonnivard's cell and made himself known, announcing at the same time his intention to free his benefactor; Bonnivard dissuaded him strongly from this design, on account of risking the lives of his fellow citizens, but Cottier retired to his chamber and there wrote a letter to Ge-



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

neva, stating on which side of the castle it might be attacked, and giving an exact plan of it; his long visit in the cell had however excited suspicion, his letter was opened, his treason proved, and he was thrown into a dungeon, where he remained 2 years; at the end of which time he determined to make a bold effort to escape. With the spring of his watch, it is said, he sawed his chain, and with implements given to him probably by the jailor whom he must have bribed, he penetrated to the window, and there made a hole large enough to pass through, but unfortunately he knocked his head against the stone, which killed him, and his corpse fell into the lake; 2 months afterward the castle was taken, and all the prisoners liberated. Bonnivard is Byron's hero. Our guide regretted very much that Byron did not know the story of Cottier.

We were also shown the gibbet where so many persons were hung and the hole through which they were thrown into the lake. We were next shown the *oubliettes* a dark cell, where a prisoner was taken, and where he was obliged to kneel in front of the chapel of the Virgin, and kiss her hand; while kissing it, the trap door, on which the prisoner knelt dropt, and he was precipitated to some depth, upon sharp knives, which was sometimes instant death, but frequently their painful lives were prolonged 3 days. Our guide told us that several gentlemen and 1 lady, (an American) had been let down with cords, into the dungeon, which is very deep, and at the bottom of which one ray of light penetrates but so feeble that we could distinguish nothing looking down into it.

We were then shown the room of the Duke of Savoy, which is very gloomy, with only one window commanding no view except that of a yard, but this situation was preferred by him as it offered several means of escape in case he was attacked by his enemies. The room bears marks of very splendid decorations in silver, etc. The room of the duchess is near by, but quite small; we were next shown the Salle de justice from the windows of which we enjoyed the loveliest and most glorious sunset I had ever beheld. The chain of the Jura Mountains were enveloped in a rich purple cloud; the lake thus appearing to be of immeasurable extent; the lofty mountains rising to the north and south, and the sun shedding the most brilliant colors around, and the reflection in the water more splendid than I can describe; a rich flood of golden light blazed so in the placid lake that the eye was totally dazzled. If anything could ever fill me with what Lord Byron calls 'touzy mousy' it would be such a scene.

LETTERS OF

The castle is extremely strong, the walls immensely thick, the windows grated; it is now converted into a sort of arsenal and powder magazine.

We left the castle, delighted with our most interesting visit, and continued our route through Villeneuve to St. Maurice, where we arrived at 9.

ST. MAURICE, Friday, September 14th, 1838

We left St. Maurice at 8, on our way to Martigny; the first part of our ride was not very interesting; the principal object of our curiosity was a mountain torrent which had rushed from the mountain and entirely destroying the lovely valley of the Rhône; half way to Martigny is the celebrated fall of the Pissevache, which is formed by the waters of the Sallanches, rushing down a perpendicular descent of 100 feet; it is not however as beautiful as either the Giessbach or the Reichenbach.

We then proceeded to Martigny where we saw the wrecks of the celebrated inundation which occurred there in 1818, which destroyed almost all the houses, many persons, and a great number of cattle; on the sides of some of the houses which remain we could see the height of the waters.

After leaving Martigny, we rode till 2, and arrived at Sion, where we met the Willingtons; after some conversation, we resumed our journey, and proceeded to Leuker, where we intend spending the night, to cross the Gemmi tomorrow. We expected to have met the Willingtons here, but by some accident they have not arrived. I have taken a great fancy to M^{rs}. Willington because I think she resembles very much in her manners my beloved mama, and I always feel so delighted to see and talk with her. She resembles slightly in her figure M^{rs}. James Hamilton.

We find here a very nice house; we had a very good dinner, among other things, the chamois, which is rather nice and resembles beef a little, venison a little; imagine a mixture of the two. At dinner we ordered some corn to be boiled which Frederic had procured on the road; this is a dish entirely unknown here, and the landlady, who is extremely obliging was very anxious that we should have our singular dish to suit us; she was constantly coming in with an ear to know if it was enough boiled; we ate it with great goût, and after dinner the landlord told us that he had tasted it and found it very good. After dinner we occupied ourselves writing our journals and retired at 10.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

LEUKER, Saturday, September 15th, 1838

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, we breakfasted, after which while waiting for the horses, we went to a neighboring church, one part of which was filled with skulls and bones piled against the walls; the burying ground too by the side of the church was piled with bones and fragments; in the church, mass was performing.

We then took our horses, each of them led by a guide, one of which was a young girl in the costume of this canton, which is not at all pretty; it consisted of a black stuff dress, with a black worsted jacket, a coarse white apron, and a flat straw hat, trimmed with blue calico; had she not been very much tanned by the sun, she would have been very pretty; I thought that I could fancy her pretty even now; unfortunately none of our guides could speak French; therefore we did not anticipate much pleasure from their conversation; we ascended a very steep mountain on our road to the baths of Leuker on the way to the Gemmi; all the ride was remarkable for the number of enchanting views, sometimes also wild and frightful. On the opposite mountain was a pass which consisted merely of a wooden platform but which was made so secure that even horses can pass. The sun shone out with all his vigor, and quite incommoded us with his rays. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, we arrived at the baths; which have no other means of access than this one. Still the waters are so celebrated for their extraordinary effects in rheumatism, cutaneous disease, etc., that in the months of July and August, it is always crowded; there are 3 very large and neat looking hotels; we went to the hotel de Bellevue, where we remained during an hour, waiting for the porte chaises. When they arrived, we found that for each of us, it required 4 men, as the ascent is so steep that they are obliged to change frequently. We started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, having in full view before us, the gigantic rocks of the Gemmi (Gemini, Twins). We endeavored in vain to discover the path by which we were to ascend the mountain, but having made many reckless *guesses*, we gave up in despair. After being carried up a very circuitous route over rocks and fragments of stones, we came to an immense mass of steep rocks at the top of which was the end of our journey. In this steep wall of rock the road has been cut out, and is formed into rude steps which are accessible even to mules. This road was formed by the Tyrolese, in 1744, in order that they might have communication with Thun and the adjacent country, without going round by Vevey, a journey of several days; this journey can be

LETTERS OF

made in one. The road ascends zigzag, and the whole distance up frightful precipices yawn on one side, while on the other no prospect offers itself, except that of high rocks inaccessible to all but the chamois. The height of the mountain is 6,985 feet; in the most dangerous part of the pass, you perceive a ladder leading to a sort of box, where in former times a guard was stationed to prevent robbers from molesting passengers. Near this spot in former times a young bride was lost; after having arrived at the top she was seized with a dizziness and was precipitated down the precipice.

We abandoned the porte chaises halfway up the mountain, and performed the rest of the journey on foot. We arrived at about a few rods from the summit having past all the wonders of this curious road; the view was however very much obscured by some very provoking clouds which though the sun shone below, obstinately persisted in hanging over the tops of the mountains; as we saw no further object in our stay, we descended performing a short part of the journey on foot; I tried the porte chaise for a time but thought it so dangerous, that I walked the rest of the way, and we only resumed our seats at the foot. Our carriers were a very noisy set of men, hallooing and rousing the silent echoes with their boisterous mirth but they were very strong, and that was their virtue.

We arrived at the hotel of Leuker, where we expected to dine; we returned very much delighted with this curious work of art; while waiting for dinner, we went to the bathing house, where we saw 2 large baths, in the centre of which was a table fixed in the floor. The baths were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, and the water quite warm, in the water while we were there were 2 gentlemen and three ladies; they were conversing and amusing themselves in talking over their maladies, etc. They told us that they were frequently in the habit of coming at 6 in the morning, and staying till 10, taking their breakfast on the table, while in the bath. On the table were the ladies' work baskets; this is decidedly one of the most curious and singular things that I have ever seen, and you may imagine our surprise.

After dinner, which was partly composed of chamois, which is rather nice, we took our horses and prepared to return; we had the same series of interesting views as in coming. After a ride of 3 hours we arrived at Leuker, where we arrived at 6, very much fatigued. Martin with his usual care and attention had prepared every thing comfortable for us; boiled corn had not been forgotten by him,

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

which we found delightful and after writing our journals and embroidery for some time we retired.

LEUKER, Sunday, September 16th, 1838

Breakfast at Leuker at 7, and drove to Brigue, where we arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11; as we were informed that all the horses were engaged to go up the Simplon, we took a little luncheon while waiting but unfortunately we were detained $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; as the day was very fine we regretted very much being detained so long, but there was no remedy. After the 3 hours had expired we resumed our seats in the carriage, and were drawn by 6 horses up the hill. We arrived soon at the foot of the Simplon; and then commenced the ascent of the mountain. The road is very wide and is bordered on each side by short columns of granite 2 feet high. From the deep and narrow valley, the road winds up the wooded slopes, until you reach the beautiful bridge across the Saltine; the next object which attracted our attention was a little chapel erected to Santa Maria, on the top of a hill, with small oratories up the slope leading to it. After riding for some distance, we came to one of those long galleries, so celebrated from the art with which they are contrived and their great extent. But indeed I cannot describe the road better than by saying that for almost the whole distance, it resembles a gallery round a building being suspended round the mountain; the ascent is very gradual indeed, but there is so much travelling at this moment, that the horses are all fagged out, and the postillions do not feel in spirits to urge them on. In consequence of our long delay at Brigue, we were not able to go but half the way up the Simplon; we therefore stopt halfway at Bérisal, where, though there was not a very good inn, still Martin contrived with his magical talents to make it so comfortable that when we (sat) down to a souper à la fourchette, by candlelight and before a cheerful wood fire, we all declared it was perfectly delightful; we can't be sufficiently thankful for having had such extraordinary good luck as to have met Martin whom we had entirely given up; he is a jewel of rare price. After supper, we sat round the fire, talking over the delights of travelling; we then retired.

BÉRISAL, Monday, September 17th, 1838

After breakfast at 7, we fortunately procured horses to take us on our journey. The day was delightful, perfectly clear, not a cloud visible, all Nature smiled; we rode for some time *in* the carriage, but

LETTERS OF

as Martin was walking we took our seats on the outside, but I soon got out of patience with the slowness of the horses, who reminded me of Mr. Berrian in his reading; their movements were so imperceptible as to oblige one to look up to see if they were still going. I therefore determined to walk; we past several places where the road became very curious; in many places it overhangs a deep ravine, the sides of it being covered with firs, pines, etc. which look withered and crushed by the falling avalanches of rocks; these trees add much to the grandeur and wildness of the scene.

The road ascends the whole way by a zigzag path, and it furnished us much amusement to trace the route that we had come, and the one which we were to pursue, but this is almost impossible as the sinuosities are so numerous, and in many places concealed by the overhanging rocks. We enjoyed a lovely view of the valley beneath, which was highly cultivated, the villages and villas dotting its bosom, while gigantic mountains surrounded us on all sides; towering above these rose the summits of the majestic glaciers, which give such a peculiar interest to every prospect which they bound. We traversed many galleries and past through many grottoes; the road being cut completely through the solid rock, and in many places large walls of mason work are formed on the side of the road under the mountain, to prevent the avalanches of snow or rock from injuring the road and endangering the passengers; many of the grottoes are of great length; one was 140 feet long, others 90, 30, etc. We soon arrived at the summit of the mountain, 6562 feet high, where all cultivation had ceased; the view from there is very fine; surrounded on 3 sides by the snow white glaciers and on the third, the lovely valley of the Rhône is again visible. We arrived at the barrier, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, where all persons are obliged to pay a heavy toll for keeping this road in repair; there is also a custom house here, but Martin arranged matters so that they did not open our trunks. We then proceeded along a very easy descent to the village of Simplon, where we arrived in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours after. We then changed horses, and procured a wooden sabot, or drag, and commenced the descent; we had scarcely proceeded further than 2 miles, when the postillion wished to put on the wooden shoe, which is nothing more than a log of wood, flattened, and a gutter for the wheel to fit in; as the rope which was attached to the shoe was very dry, he wished to wet it and looked about for some time for something to bring the water from the spring to the carriage; finally, very much to our amusement, he

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

took off his boot, filled it, and this accomplished his object. We proceeded down the hill on a trot, and past through decidedly the most thrilling and most curious part of the road; the mountains close in on all sides, the difficulties to be surmounted are much greater, and the obstacles to be removed much more numerous, consequently the Italian side of this most interesting; every thing tends to render this side the most sublime and attractive; high mountains closed in on each side, gigantic rocks hurled into the abyss in dire confusion, innumerable forests, beautiful waterfalls; all increase the charm; the road too is much more steep here than any other part, and when at the top of the mountain you are shown below you the road, with its numerous windings, it seems totally incredible, and you seem almost to despair of ever getting out of this maze of mountains.

We then past through the Glacier Gallery which is partly cut through the rock and the rest is formed with mason work, 600 feet long; at the end of this gallery is a very beautiful waterfall which is signified in the guide books as a 'magnificent cascade'; it is very beautiful however and we descended from the carriage to obtain a better view.

We arrived at Isella, where there was another custom house, but we had no difficulty. We continued our descent through the most lovely country; for some distance the scenery preserved its grand and majestic character, but after leaving Domo d'Ossola, the extreme beauty and softness of the landscape, the rich fertility of the plain, the softness and mellowness of the sky, all announced to us that we were entering Italy.

I can scarcely realize that we are in Italy, the country that is connected in my mind with so many historical associations; the country that for so many ages ruled over the whole known world, and now sinking into obscurity and ruin, but still, in all its changes, beautiful.

I was at once very much struck with the immediate change of appearance, both in the face of the country, and the appearance and costume of the inhabitants. I suppose you think me very imaginative, but really every thing appeared to me more beautiful than elsewhere; the softness and purity of the air, the beauty of the mountains covered with innumerable villages and villas with their steeples dotting the sides.

Whilst changing horses at Domo d'Ossola, numbers of beggars flocked around the carriage, narrating their sufferings in the most

LETTERS OF

musical of all languages; it was in vain to steel one's heart, for surrounded with so many beauties of nature, the heart becomes very much softened; we amused ourselves also by reading the signs over the doors and windows, which of course are all in our favorite language.

On our way to Baveno, the road was extremely beautiful; we were very much impressed with the extreme beauty of the grape vines, which on the Rhine and in Switzerland add no beauty to the landscape, as they grow upon straight sticks; here they are trained in fanciful shapes, growing round trees and increasing very much the beauty of the scene; the vines too at present are loaded with a dark blue grape, which is absolutely delicious; entirely different from our Isabella Grape which is detestable; every one passing on the road is at liberty to pick the grapes, and if the master of the vineyard happens to see a carriage and any person picking the grapes, he directs their attention to the finest bunches and begs them to help themselves. Not so in Switzerland, if any one is detected picking grapes, they are fined 60 francs, or imprisoned if not able to pay.

We continued our route to Vogogna, where we changed horses; we then proceeded to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore; it was about 8, and though starlight we had not a very clear view of the lake; we however consoled ourselves with the assurance that the view from the hotel at Baveno is splendid.

After a very delightful dinner or supper, we retired.

BAVENO, Tuesday, September 18th, 1838

As soon as I awoke this morning I went to the window, and found to my great delight that the day was splendid; the sun was shining brilliantly and its dazzling rays were reflected with redoubled lustre in the waters of the placid and glassy lake; nothing could equal the magic of this scene; the mountains rising high on both sides of the lake, and continuing for some distance, then gradually declining into the beautiful plains of Lombardy, assuming an aspect more quiet and softened but not less beautiful. On the sides of the mountains, picturesque villages and castles stretch along the water's edge; vines and woods also fringe the shore; the beautiful and romantic islands of Isola Bella, Isola Madre, Isola dei Pescatori, and Isola San Giovanni; these are the celebrated Borromean islands, and are situated in the bay of the same name.

After breakfast, we took another view of the lake from the ver-



LAGO MAGGIORE E ISOLA SUPERIORE

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

andah of the house, while the boat was preparing to take us across the lake; this delightful house is composed of one centre building and two wings; there is a verandah all round, with flowers and greenhouse plants dispersed in numbers around; its delightful situation and the very excellent manner in which it is kept, render it a delightful place to spend the summer months.

We took our boat, which Martin had fitted up in the most luxurious style with cushions and carpet from the carriage, and we embarked on the delightful waters of this enchanting lake; the day was all that we could have wished, the air pure and serene, the sun shining delightfully and its rays sparkling in the water like diamonds; Caroline and I were delighted beyond measure, and we all confessed that though the Swiss lakes were very delightful, still Lago Maggiore exceeds them all in beauty; we were rowed by 2 Italian boatmen, and we brushed up all our Italian to inquire about some of the curiosities on the lake; the soft and musical tones of the Italian came from their lips, and it appeared to me that even the boatmen were more romantic and poetical than those of any other nation; we literally glided along the stream, so gentle was the motion of their oars.

We arrived at the Isola Madre in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, and as we neared the shore, we saw that the sides of the island were covered with terraces and hanging gardens, and against the walls were trained the lemon and orange trees trained so as to conceal entirely the wall; these trees were loaded down with ripe lemons, oranges, and in the greatest profusion; it is impossible for me to describe to you the beautiful effect that these trees and fruit produced as we landed, and when we ascended the steps which led us into the gardens we were literally lost amid groves of lemons and oranges which hung down across our path in endless profusion. There were also numbers of shaddocks, and Adam's apple, and the forbidden fruit, which differ a little from each other. We looked over the terrace and found the sides of it by the water, filled with aloes of the largest size, and many plants of the tropics. Really this seemed to me a place of enchantment; we wandered through its mazes, losing ourselves amid forests of pines, cedars, acacias, magnolias, cypresses, in the greatest profusion; these are planted and arranged with the utmost taste; from one point, in the centre of the island, you see through the trees, 5 very beautiful vistas; but how can I describe this lovely island; in the centre of the island is a castle which is now rapidly falling into decay. We past

LETTERS OF

through the large but desolate rooms of this old mansion where Borromeo its founder came to spend some time when sated with the beauties of Isola Bella; nothing now remains in these apartments but family pictures and some very old furniture; from the windows, however we enjoyed some magnificent views of the lake; on leaving the castle we descended the stone steps, and while in a labyrinth of forest trees, we were accosted by a little boy, who offered some very fine peaches, and the most magnificent purple plums that we had ever seen; the flavor was perfectly delicious; we all confest we had never tasted their equals; indeed we have enjoyed the most delicious fruits throughout the whole summer; never have I tasted better or larger. After regaling ourselves with this delicious fruit, we were conducted by our old guide, who talked to us principally in Italian, to the greenhouse where we saw the greatest variety and profusion of rare plants; *Camelia Japonicas* three times as large as Mr Cushing's, abounded there; and not only their great size but their infinite numbers and great beauty delighted me; there were no less than 500 different kinds of geraniums, but I only mention these to give you a small idea of the extent of the collection; all the rare and curious plants from the Indies are collected here, and great care is taken of them; as the plants were almost all new to me and their botanical names have entirely slipt my memory, I must leave you in darkness concerning them; on issuing from the garden, a pretty little girl came up to us and made us her offering of flowers; we then returned to the boat delighted beyond measure with the innumerable beauties of this enchanting island; we rowed across the lake to Isola Bella; which was originally nothing but a rock of bare slate, but Count Vitaliano Borromeo determined to immortalize himself by converting this into a terrestrial paradise; we landed at the castle, which is still the summer residence of the Borromean family; indeed they are now fitting it up in preparation for the count. The exterior of the castle is not remarkable, and indeed it is not entirely finished; as it has remained in this state for years, it will probably never be completed. There are however some very handsome and spacious apartments in this palace; we were shown many fine things among others 2 beautiful bedrooms with blue silk embroidered with gold and gold fringe on the curtains; with the motto, 'Humilitas' of Carlo Borromeo; it is hardly consistent with so much splendor to have so very unpretending a motto; we were shown into long suites of rooms very handsomely furnished and commanding most en-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

chanting views of the lake; the objects of greatest curiosity here are the bed in which Napoleon slept while here, which is of crimson and gold, and a table of mosaic presented by Leo XII to Borromeo. The ground floor apartments are mosaic all over, ceilings, walls, floors, not of glass or stone mosaic, but colored pebbles; the effect is very novel, singular and pretty; these apartments are on a level with the lake; of course they are not inhabited, but are merely grottoes; they are adorned with numbers of statues; after leaving the castle we went into the garden, where we saw also a very fine collection of forest trees, plants of the rarest kind, and terraces and hanging gardens, covered with lemons, oranges and citrons. There is a mount, the sides of which are terraced, covered with fruit, at the top of it is a statue supporting the motto 'Humilitas'; this parterre is filled with flowers, statues and fountains; the rest of the garden is laid out in alleys, parterres, flower gardens, fountains, statues, and platforms from which you enjoy most beautiful and varied views of the lake. The pyramidal mound which I have just described is supported by arches, over which are terraces where orange trees grow as large as on their native soil; in the stone arches which support some parts of the island are planted flowers and greens which produce a beautiful effect from the lake. We again wandered amid the forests of trees, and took a piece of bark from the tree on which Napoleon is said to have written the word *Battaglia*, just after the battle of Marengo; we left the island and after sailing completely round it, returned to Baveno, enchanted with our visit; we took a luncheon at Baveno, and then took our carriage and drove to Arona; I must confess that I have seldom past so pleasant a day, luxuriating amid flowers, which I could not admire without thinking of my beloved sister, and wishing that she were with me to enjoy so many pleasures; and whenever a beautiful prospect broke upon my ravished sight, thoughts of my beloved father and mother stole gently across my soul, and I earnestly wished for their society to render still more sweet the pleasures of the enchanting scene; but as these are the only pleasures which are denied me, I should be ungrateful were I not one of the happiest of mortals, and I cannot sufficiently thank kind Providence for having made my lot so fair.

We drove along the delightful Lago Maggiore, entranced with its many beauties, and exhausting all the epithets of admiration which language could invent.

LETTERS OF

In 2 hours we arrived at Arona where is the celebrated statue of Carlo Borromeo; it is situated on a hill and is so large as to be seen at a great distance. We ascended a very steep hill on foot, and arrived at the foot of the statue; it is 66 feet high and stands on a granite pedestal 46 feet high; the head, hands, feet are bronze, and the drapery of sheets of copper, but so ingeniously wrought that it seems to be one piece; the attitude is that of benediction, the right hand is extended, the left holds a book of copper; seen from the road below, he looks as if he were walking in the fields, in the act of blessing his people; he was an archbishop, though in his early youth he was quite dissipated; he was excessively cruel in his persecutions of the Protestants, and in many instances shed the blood of innocent persons; notwithstanding these cruelties, he was very much beloved, and the people of Milan erected this statue at their own expense 13 years after his death. Thirteen persons can stand in the head, 1 in the nose, and 4 in the book; you can thus judge of the immense size, as you can only mount by a ladder on the outside we determined not to ascend.

We went to the post house where our carriage was waiting, and unfortunately learnt that as there were no post horses we should be obliged to wait $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; these constant delays are occasioned by the great demand for horses for the coronation, and the emperor too, has taken a great number off of the road for the use of his suite. As there was no alternative, we determined to amuse ourselves as much as possible, and we accordingly seated ourselves in a verandah in the second story, from whence we enjoyed a splendid view of the lake up and down; nothing could equal the loveliness of the scene; the weather was charming, and the rays of the setting sun reflected in the lake produced innumerable mellow tints; the clouds, also colored by the setting sun, looked like distant glaciers, and they were also reflected in the placid and glassy waters; up the lake, we discerned mountains, covered with vines, villages and villas, down the lake, the mountains disappeared, and gave place to the softer beauties of the plains of Lombardy; while opposite to us were the mountains of Switzerland, one of which is said to resemble extremely in its form the Crater of Vesuvius; directly opposite to us stood the majestic castle of Carlo Borromeo, and above the village, the ruins of another castle; as the shades of evening descended, nothing could be more lovely than this scene; the lake so very transparent, while innumerable row boats were gliding on its bosom; I could have

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

gazed on these beauties for hours, but evening concealed them from our sight; soon after, Martin came to us, announcing the joyful intelligence that the horses were ready, and we seated ourselves in the carriage, and soon arrived at Sesto Calende, where there is another custom house; we here changed horses, and though 9, Martin advised us to proceed, as there were carriages coming on in the morning that would take away all the horses; we were driven by Austrian postillions, in a costume of yellow with black trimmings; we arrived at Gallarate at 12, and soon retired.

GALLARATE, Wednesday, September 19th, 1838

We left at 7, and soon after our departure, we were overtaken by a severe shower, which however did not last long; it soon cleared and we had a very pleasant drive through the plains of Lombardy, in the centre of which Milan is situated.

We arrived at Milan at 12, and were very much struck on entering the city by the triumphal arch which is at the gates of the city. This arch was commenced by Napoleon, and intended as a termination to the great Simplon road on one side, and a decoration to the Forum, on the other, but Napoleon's fall stopt the progress of this work; it has lately however been resumed, and was just finished for the entrance of the emperor into Milan for his coronation. Four immense columns of white and grey marble support its 2 façades; the bases are adorned with beautiful figures in basso relievo, representing France, Clio, Calliope and Italy, Hercules, Mars, Minerva and Apollo. The bas reliefs representing the battle of Marengo, and other of Napoleon's achievements are left out, and are now consigned to pent houses. The façades of the entablature are both ornamented with figures beautifully sculptured in marble; one of them on one side is the figure of a sea-god, and the other, Pan, or the god of Fruits & flowers; on the top of the entablature is a figure of Peace, in a chariot, drawn by 6 horses abreast. The ceiling of the arch is also beautifully ornamented with bas reliefs and carvings, and the whole in my opinion surpasses the celebrated Brandenburg gate at Berlin. In front of this arch is a large place in which stands the arsenal. This is the public parade ground; in the centre of this place were the wrecks of a temporary temple which had been erected for the illumination; we drove to the Hôtel de Bretagne, where we obtained very nice rooms; a parlor, with bed rooms adjoining; as it was quite warm, we did not go out till after dinner,

LETTERS OF

when we walked to the cathedral; this famous cathedral is next to St. Peter's, the handsomest in Europe; the material is white marble; it is rich in all the ornaments of Gothic architecture, covered with statues, niches, pinnacles & sculpture. But I cannot describe the building better than in the words of Lady Morgan: "As I first saw it, in the radiance of the midday sun, its masses of white and polished marble, wrought into such elegant filigree as is traced on Indian ivory by Hindoo fingers, its slim and delicate pinnacles tipped with sculptured saints, it looked, all gigantic as it is, like some fairy fabric of virgin silver, and left the eye dazzled, and the imagination fascinated. Its exterior lustre was strikingly contrasted with its interior solemnity, and as we drew back the folds of the heavy drapery which shades the entrance of this as well as all Italian Churches, nothing could be more impressive than that long solemn sweep of nave whose deep perspective fades and mellows as it recedes from the eye, and is finally almost lost in the distance and obscurity." Before the high altar stands the shrine of San Borromeo with its circle of burning lamps; the spacious choir rises behind it; the lateral aisles with their columns of massive granite and votive chapels, the porphyry baptismal font, the marble pavement, were tinged with the hues which fell through the high arched and richly painted windows. The length of the cathedral is 493 feet, its width, 177 feet; in the interior of the cathedral there are large pillars which support the ceiling and the capitals and ceiling are ornamented with rich fret work; we could not however obtain a very good idea of the interior as the whole was hung with draperies of crimson and gold, blue and gold, suns of gold, all in celebration of the coronation which was held here on the 10th. There are numerous scaffoldings still erected here and the whole is arranged with more taste and splendor than anything I had before ever seen. The pillars were hung with crimson with leaves of gold & gold fringe, and between the pillars over the scaffolding were arches covered with crimson velvet and ermine; this had a very magnificent effect when hanging, and Caroline and I were speculating whether this were real fur or not; at last we decided that the whole was not fur, but that the tips were; we afterwards saw them take it down, and found that the beautiful fur tips were nothing but white wool lamp blacked. There was a magnificent canopy erected with gold pillars, under which the Emperor was crowned; there were on each side of the canopy magnificent seats, in one of which sat the Empress. But notwithstanding all these

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

beautiful things I regretted very much that we could not see the church in its native simplicity.

We then descended to the tomb of Carlo Borromeo, which is in a small chapel under the body of the cathedral; the whole room is lined with silver, and divided into panels of silver representing the great actions of the saint; the walls are also hung in crimson and gold tissue very splendid indeed. In the sarcophagus there are 4000 ounces of silver, in the room 49,000; the body is in a shrine of rock crystal presented by a king of Spain; the body is stretched at full length, the saint drest in his pontifical robes, which are extremely splendid; his body is embalmed, and his face is seen, perfectly black with time; over his head hangs a small crown ornamented with jewels, the work of *Benvenuto Cellini*. The crosier and mitre are also extremely splendid ornamented with the largest and richest jewels; in one corner of the shrine was a gold Child presented by the princess of . . . The splendor of the vestments and the dazzling lustre of the jewels contrasted painfully with the object which they ornamented, and rendered by their splendor still more loathsome and hideous the remains of the saint; over his body, in the case, hung the most splendid emerald cross set in diamonds; it was what I most craved of all that I saw; there were 7 emeralds, and as large or larger than a shilling, according to my old notions of shillings, for I have almost forgotten how they look; the splendid carvings in silver, the mitre and crosier, were the work of all the goldsmiths in Milan, and were presented by them to the tomb.

We were conducted through the chapel by a priest, who did not disdain the sum of 5 francs for his trouble; how very undignified in a priest; I could not but contrast this with the behavior of our clergymen, but all is different here.

On leaving the saint's tomb, we past a chapel where the congregation assembles in cold weather; there are several large columns of red granite which support in part the nave of the building.

We then reascended and went into the church again, where we saw the canopy of gold tissue which was carried over the cardinal during the procession; we then mounted the steps leading to the top of the building; we stopt at the first terrace; the roof is all paved with marble in steps, and we rambled about among a wilderness of pinnacles, spires, galleries and statues, entirely bewildered with the sight; this surpasses all that imagination can fancy of the beauties of Gothic architecture; such delicate tracery work, such excessive

LETTERS OF

gracefulness and beauty; we spent an hour on the roof looking at the rays of the setting sun which illuminated the whole city with its glorious light, and shedding its mellow tints on the wilderness of spires of the cathedral; there are *now* 4400 statues already on the exterior of the building, and not more than half of them are here; they add very much to the beauty; we had a splendid view of the city from the terrace; we did not ascend to the spire, as they told us that as it was rather foggy the view would be misty; we lingered on the top till hurried away by the man who closes the cathedral at this hour, and we returned home.

I must take this occasion of remarking upon the delightful arrangement which they have here in the streets, to prevent noise: there are 2 lines of paving stones upon which the wheels run, while in the centre are round stones for the horses; this is a charming plan; we returned home, and thought of driving to the Corso, but did not as Martin told us we would be too late to see the fashionables.

I must not forget to tell you of the black figured veils which the ladies wear here in the streets; they look very pretty indeed; are attached to their hair behind and are drawn over their shoulders; we past several ladies in their carriages, some without hats and some with veils; a few also wear white veils, but this is more uncommon.

We returned to the house, and refreshed ourselves with some ice cream, after which we wrote our journals and talked; we retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10.

MILAN, Thursday, September 20th, 1838

Rose this morning at 7, and found that it was raining very hard; breakfasted and prepared for a quiet day at home. Soon after breakfast I sent for the *femme de chambre* to put my room in order, when lo! in came 2 men with their brushes and pails; I stared in wild astonishment, when I was informed that such was the custom of the country; I was extremely unwilling to consent to this arrangement, but finding that there were no women to come to the rescue, was obliged to submit. In Italy, throughout the whole country, the *femmes de chambre* are all men; dear mama, could you ever become accustomed to such manners and customs? I suspect not, therefore rejoice that you are not travelling here. After our able *femmes* had finished their work, Caroline and I resumed our journals, worsted work, books, etc., and kindly entertained by Frederic spent a very pleasant day.

In the afternoon, as it cleared up, we went out in a carriage to see

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the Amphitheatre or arena, erected by Napoleon, for Naumachia, or Sea Fights; it is a large arena, the centre of which is intended to be filled with water to the height of 5 feet; it is now however dry; all round this arena are seats cut in the turf capable of containing 36-000 spectators; four grand portes of entrance, one of which was exclusively reserved for the royal family; the steps or seats in front of these portes are made of solid blocks of granite; the breadth of the arena is 50 feet and a double row of trees encircles it; its form is oval; since the time of Napoleon it has no longer been used for Naumachia or sea fights, as few would be willing to get them up on account of the great expense; it is however kept in good order, and is exhibited as a monument of his greatness; on great occasions fire works and illuminations take place here; on the day of the coronation, they had made preparation for magnificent fireworks, but the rain destroyed all. There are several entrances for the spectators, and so arranged that all of them are very accessible, and in case of a crowd, there can be no difficulty or bustle.

After leaving the amphitheatre, we went to the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie, which formerly belonged to the Convent of Dominicans; in the refectory of this convent is the celebrated Cenacolo or Last Supper of Leonardo Da Vinci; this picture is in such a bad condition that very little more than the general outline is discernible; Da Vinci, instead of adopting the usual mode of painting in fresco, has tried some unknown material, which has not proved durable and the consequence is that which still remains is of a dark, dingy black, owing to the damp; the level of the floor is so low that frequently there are 3 feet of water in the room. Some persons assert that it at one time served as a target for the French soldiers, indeed there are several bullet marks still discernible; the picture has suffered very much from the hands of the monks, who at one time whitewashed it, and have since cut a door directly through the feet of our Saviour. As this painting has been several times retouched and restored, it is difficult to say whether any of the original painting remains; three heads of the apostles are however shown as genuine. Napoleon ordered a balcony to be erected round it to preserve it from further damage; it is very provoking that several pictures painted before this one in fresco are in very good preservation but are of minor value, whilst this gem is forever lost to the world.

After leaving the Cenacolo, we went to take a drive on the Corso, where there are some times 500 or 600 carriages; this is a very beau-

LETTERS OF

tiful drive, a short distance from the city, and commands a very beautiful view of the city, the Bonaparte villa, the cathedral, and the other beautiful features of the city. It is lined with an avenue of trees, and Frederic says that when he was here before he saw a handsomer display of equipages than in any other part of Europe; as it was not a very pleasant afternoon, there were very few driving out, so we returned by the way of the Corsia, the principal street, which is very handsome and lined with handsome shops. We stopt at one or two of the stores and then drove to the hotel where we regaled ourselves with some ice cream and sponge cake; we spent the remainder of the evening embroidering our worsted work while Frederic read Byron to us.

MILAN, Friday, September 21st, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, M^r. Willington paid us a visit, his wife and daughter having left their cards for us yesterday.

After he left, we went in the carriage to see the Brera, or Museum, where there is a celebrated collection of paintings. We entered the building by a very handsome portico, ascended a flight of marble steps, and a magnificent gallery; we first entered the library which is very large and contains many valuable works; there were also a number of busts of celebrated men; we then entered the gallery of paintings, where there was a very great crowd of persons; there was a large number of paintings by modern artists which were remarkably fine; among the ancient paintings the most celebrated are the Marriage of the Virgin, and Abraham dismissing Hagar; the first is by Raffaello, and the last by Guercino.

After leaving the Museum we went to the Ambrosian library which contains upwards of 35000 volumes; we saw there several very curious illuminated manuscripts; among them is a manuscript of Virgil, with marginal annotations in Petrarch's handwriting. We were then conducted to a room filled with articles of bronze, gilded. They consisted of vases, columns, ornaments of every description, and were very handsome; there were also many old and rare paintings in this room; all these articles had been presented by a gentleman of Milan to the Museum; they are immensely valuable. We were shown here a number of paintings said to be originals of Leonardo da Vinci; and also a cartoon, of the School of Athens, in crayon, by Raphael, and also a number of other paintings by Albert Dürer, Bernardino, Michael Angelo, etc.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

After leaving the Ambrosian library, we returned to the hotel, and dined at 3.

After dinner, we again took a carriage and went to see the Church of St. Ambrose; this church is very ancient, and is said to have been the one which that saint closed against Theodosius, after the massacre at Thessalonica, in 390. The court is a parallelogram, surrounded with arcades, having 3 arches at each end, and six on each side; the cloisters are very old but still handsome; the walls were formerly covered with stucco and fresco paintings, but no traces remain of them. The interior of the chapel contains nothing remarkable except the stone tomb of St. Ambrosius; it is very much carved and ornamented; we were conducted to the head of the altar, where we saw the stone chair of St. Ambrose; it was in this chair that the kings of Lombardy were crowned with the iron crown; the ceiling is covered with mosaic work; the church is more remarkable for its antiquity and its appearance of great solemnity than for any objects of curiosity.

After leaving the church, we drove around the environs of Milan, which are not on this side very beautiful and finished the day by driving for an hour on the Corso, where there were more carriages than yesterday; many of the ladies were without hats; what a charming fashion this is, for you can go out and take a drive without any trouble; we again drove through the Corsia, and spent the evening as last night, eating ice, working and reading; we retired at 11.

MILAN, Saturday, September 22nd, 1838

After breakfast, as the Italian sky was again cloudy, and it rained, we amused ourselves writing our journals, reading and working. At 1, we went to M^{rs}. Willington's rooms to pay her a visit, and spent 1½ hours there, very agreeably; they entertained us with their travels and adventures, and we told them ours in return. At 3, we dined, and after dinner, as it still continued raining, we took a carriage and drove to see La Scala, the celebrated opera house; it is said to be the finest in Europe; of course it was not lighted, and we saw it to a great disadvantage by the light which our guide held; however we could form some idea of its magnificence when brilliantly illuminated, and filled with a gay and brilliant audience; there are 6 tiers of boxes, all of them being handsomely hung with blue silk and gold trimmings; the Emperor of Austria's box is extremely magnificent, but no one is allowed to enter it; the house is

LETTERS OF

extremely large, and they say that during the performance the audience talk so loud that it is almost impossible to hear. They also play cards during the performance, and amuse themselves in various ways, as it is the maxim here, "Il ne faut pas se gêner!"

After leaving the Scala, we returned home, and amused ourselves during the evening in chatting, sewing, reading, etc; having given up our favorite ices, as M^{rs}. W. informed us that she had been several times warned against eating them, as they are very unhealthy. We retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ 10.

MILAN, Sunday, September 23rd, 1838

This morning when I rose, I was delighted to find it a cloudless day, the sun was shining with dazzling brightness, and everything appeared to promise a continuation of this delightful weather. Immediately after breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ 9, we prepared ourselves to go to the top of the cathedral to enjoy the view of the Alps. We ascended 400 steps, and arrived at the balcony where we had a most splendid view of the Alps and mountains of the Oberland. On one side extended as far as the eye could reach the rich and fertile plains of Lombardy, on the other in the distance, appeared the mountains of Italia, while on the third side rose a continuous chain of glaciers; Monte Rosa, the next highest peak to Mont Blanc, was clearly visible, and even Mont Blanc was discernible, though at a great distance; next rose the summits of the Fletschhorn, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, which looked like a tall spire of snow, and the three glaciers near the lake of Como. Nothing could equal the clearness and purity of the atmosphere, not a cloud was visible; there was a man stationed on one of the balconies with a telescope and a panorama of the mountains; we looked through the glass and obtained a very accurate idea of the situation of the glaciers; after remaining $1 \frac{1}{2}$ hours on the top, we redescended and returned to the hotel, where our landlord showed us some pictures which he called fine, but which we called daubs; we then wrote our journals and read.

After despatching our letters, we dined, and after a very good dinner, we took a carriage to take a drive on the Corso; when we first arrived at the Corso, there were not many carriages there, but after having driven on the Corsia, the street leading to the Corso, for some time, the Corso soon became filled with very handsome equipages; of marquises, counts, noblemen of distinction, and many rich and noble Austrians who had been attracted to Milan by the coronation. There were 5 of the viceroy's car-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

riages there, and in them his 5 sons and their tutors, and several ladies of the court, very gaily drest; the viceroy is the uncle of the present emperor Ferdinand I; his 5 sons are quite young varying from 9 to 16 years of age; the equipages though quite handsome were plain; the liveries, drab with silver, and cocked hats with silver trimmings; there was a continual succession of handsome equipages rolling constantly up one side, and down the other side of the Corso, the carriages proceeding in a continual line for a quarter of a mile, soldiers being stationed in the centre of the road, to prevent any carriage from breaking the line; we were very much amused with a little adventure that happened to us; our coachman was very anxious to turn in the Corso without going down the long street of the Corsia, and just as he had made his turn, a soldier on horseback came up, and ordered him out of the line; we were consequently obliged to drive down the long street of the Corsia, until we had passed the line of soldiers, when we were allowed to return to the Corso; the street of the Corsia is very handsome; both sides are lined with handsome houses, palaces of the nobility with verandahs, with flowers ornamenting them; the windows of almost all the houses were filled with persons looking down into the street, and the numbers of handsome carriages filled with gaily drest ladies presented a very brilliant appearance. We drove up and down this gay place until it became quite dark, and we left it with numbers of other carriages. We then returned home and spent the rest of the evening in reading and talking till 10; we then retired to make our preparations for departing in the morning at 7.

MILAN, Monday, September 24th, 1838

Martin informed us at 6, this morning that as he should not be able to obtain post horses till $\frac{1}{2}$ 9, we need not get up very early; we therefore took advantage of his kindness and did not rise till 8; we found the morning very lovely, not a cloud overhead, and after breakfast at 9, procured post horses, and proceeded on our journey; we first however stopt at the post office, where Caroline and Frederic both received letters by the packet of the 24th. I alone received none, but consoled myself by thinking that I should probably receive some at Munich our next post of destination, as we are now on our way to Vienna. We proceeded on our journey through a very level and rather uninteresting country to Monza, where we arrived at 11. This is the place where is kept the celebrated Iron Crown,

LETTERS OF

which has been used for ages to crown the kings of Lombardy; Napoleon also was crowned with this.

We descended from our carriage, and after having past through a number of dirty little streets arrived at the Cathedral; service appeared to be just over, for we saw a number of persons followed by priests clothed in white, and holding candles in their hands, come from a subterranean chapel; we had much difficulty in getting rid of innumerable guides or persons annoying us with importunities to go hither and thither to look at this and that; after waiting a short time, in the midst of persons kneeling, praying, and staring about, we were shown by a priest into a room where he opened to our view the treasures of the church, which consisted of a silver ornament used in the sacrament, resembling the rays of the sun on a stand, and ornamented with precious jewels and diamonds; we were also shown a cross ornamented with jewels worn by the kings at their coronation; we also saw a beautiful blue glass cup ornamented with gold filigree work, which belonged to the queen Theodolinde, in the twelfth century. We were also shown a copy of the original Iron Crown; this is the only one shown to strangers, unless they come provided with a permission from the Austrian governor; the object which excited our admiration most, was the magnificent robe in which the Emperor Ferdinand II was crowned on the 10th, and which he afterwards presented to this church; it is a velvet robe of very rich mazarine blue, embroidered most splendidly all over with flowers of gold, and a very deep embroidery round the bottom, and lined throughout with white ermine; it was a very splendid affair; the sword and the belt were of velvet embroidered with gold; it is generally acknowledged that the coronation at Milan was more splendid than that at London. After leaving the treasure room, Frederic tried to persuade the old priest to let us see the iron crown without a permit, but he stood firm, and an Austrian officer came up and requested admission, saying that he was of the emperor's suite, but they told him he must apply to the governor for admission; he therefore went, and we awaited his return; during his absence, the priests commenced making their preparations for taking down the crown, which was concealed in the grand altar. They commenced by bringing a ladder, making a stage, and steps leading up to it; they then took a large instrument, and commenced opening the numerous doors which concealed the treasure; the Austrian meanwhile returned with the permission, and a dwarf priest commenced

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

burning some incense which he swung the moment the crown was exposed to the view; after unlocking and unbolting an infinity of doors, they at length came to a curtain, which they raised, and this displayed to a view a golden cross, in which was inserted the iron crown. As soon as the cross was taken down, as I was standing nearest to the door of the chancel, the officiating priest told me to come in, but when he perceived that I entered without making the usual salutation before the altar; he touched my arm, saying to me in a low tone; "Signora, salute, salute." I immediately did as he wished me to, endeavoring to conform to the customs, but Frederic and Caroline were afterwards very much surprised, and said that they did not do so. The iron crown is made of gold ornamented with emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, and is not remarkable for its beauty, but only for its antiquity. Round the interior of the crown is a piece of iron said to have been formed from one of the nails from the Cross of our Saviour, and the truth of this tale is here universally believed. In different parts of this cross, which was 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, were several curiosities which the priest declared to be authentic; there was a part of the sponge dipped in the vinegar and presented to our Saviour when on the cross; there was only a piece of flesh said to be *his*, and 2 thorns from the crown of thorns, and a cross made from a piece of the true cross. I could not but be struck with what appeared to me the extreme profanity of these relics, but the common class of people here appear to believe implicitly in them. During the whole time that the cross remained open, one of the priests swung the incense, and enveloped us for a short time in a cloud of smoke. After our curiosity was satisfied the crown was restored to its position with all the former ceremony, and having seen all that was to be seen, we returned to the coach, and soon proceeded on our way.

On our way from Monza to Como, nothing of interest attracted our attention, and we did not arrive at the latter place till 5. We drove through the streets of Como, which are extremely dirty, and arrived at the hotel, just in time to take the last rooms, very fortunately, as several ladies arrived who were obliged to take up their quarters in the dining room. We immediately seated ourselves in a charming little boat, with an awning and lined with red cushions, and 2 Italian boatmen rowed us around the lake; the afternoon was lovely and the time of day just calculated for us to see the scenery to the greatest advantage; the mountains rose on both sides and in

LETTERS OF

front, and the rays of the setting sun added additional beauty to the enchanting prospects of the lake; the boatmen entertained us almost the whole time with a description of the illuminations which took place on the lake in honor of the visit of the Emperor, who stopt here for 2 or 3 days on his way to Milan for the coronation; all Como was illuminated, brilliantly, on the summits of all the mountains fires were lighted, which reflected in the rippling waters, were multiplied many times, together with the many lights which came from the shore presented a most brilliant appearance. As the inhabitants of Como had sent orders to all the inhabitants of the lake, to illuminate their houses brilliantly even the most insignificant cottages had united, and each village looked like an infinity of stars united; the villas and terraces too of the nobles were illuminated brilliantly and with great taste, and we could even discern wrecks of temples, grottoes, etc. on the borders of the lake, which had been brilliantly illuminated. Independent of the multitudes of lights proceeding from the shores and mountains, and reflected an infinity of times in the pellucid lake, all the boats on the lake were brilliantly lighted, and from many of them fireworks of every possible shape, device, & color; three boats united, and so illuminated as to appear like a shining mass of fire, appeared directly before the Emperor's villa; the lake covered with boats of fire, and the multitude of stars must have produced a most brilliant effect. The Emperor's boat was magnificently illuminated, and when he was about entering it to make the tour of the lake, his guards were following him to enter the boat, Prince Metternich waved them back, fearing lest this might wound the feelings of the Italians. Nothing could equal the warmth with which the Emperor was received here, as well as in the other parts of Italy, and he was so surprised with these unexpected marks of affection, that nothing could equal his pleasure, and he was consequently very much delighted.

We rowed along this lovely lake; the sides of the mountains studied with beautiful villas, and covered with grape vines, which were loaded down with rich clusters of grapes. We rowed to the villa d'Este, which was formerly the residence of Caroline, princess of Wales. We landed at the stone steps which led up directly to the house which was quite large, having 11 windows in front, and 7 windows in each wing; probably in her day it was very pleasant, but now it looked cheerless and comfortless, and though we took the trouble of walking through all the apartments, we found nothing to



COMO

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

reward us for our pains; we left the house, and were conducted by an Italian girl through the gardens, which are quite prettily laid out; from several pretty parts of the garden, we enjoyed lovely views of the lake; we were led by her to a cascade which was quite pretty; there were remains of very brilliant illuminations here. After having paid a rather unsatisfactory visit, we returned to the boat and had a lovely row home by moonlight, although the mist and vapor were rather unpleasant. We arrived at Como and found the hotel in some excitement on account of the arrival of the Duke of Wellington's sister; her name Martin did not recollect, although he had formerly travelled with her. After a very good dinner, we wrote our journals, and retired, having a delightful little serenade under our windows.

Como, Tuesday, September 25th, 1838

We rose this morning at 6, breakfasted and left Como in a small boat intending to spend the whole day on its bosom; we sent the carriage on in the steamboat to Colico, where we were to join it after having seen all the curiosities of the lake; the day was lovely, the sun shining most brightly, but we were shaded from its burning rays by an awning which effectively sheltered us; we were rowed by 4 men, all of them very intelligent and communicative, and though they spoke only Italian, still we obtained a great deal of information from them particularly on the subject of the illumination of which they were very much delighted to talk; we perceived the lofty summit of Monte Rosa covered with snow, and looking dazzlingly bright by the reflection of the sun's rays. We were very much delighted indeed with the scenery, which though much more grand and sublime, did not appear to me as lovely as that of Lago Maggiore, and my recollections of that lovely sheet of water with its enchanting islands were still too fresh in my memory for me to prefer the more grand scenery of Lago di Como.

We rowed on for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and after making a beautiful turn in the lake, arrived at Pliniana, after having past the beautiful villas of Madame Pasta, the singer; the villa of Pliniana was formerly handsome, but now it is in bad repair and going to ruin; the situation, however is beautiful, directly on the lake, one of the balconies of the house overhanging the lake; it was from this balcony, an assassin precipitated the duke Louis Farnese into the lake; this assassin was Count Jean Anguissola, who erected the house. The house is so deserted that nothing arrested our attention except two tablets con-

LETTERS OF

taining the opinions of the Two Plinys who entered into profound researches concerning the phenomenon of a fall which every 3 hours ceases entirely, and the next 3 hours boils up with great impetuosity and forms a fall of great power and size. Many have been the suggestions concerning the phenomenon, but the opinion at present entertained by the most enlightened and scientific men of the day, is that there is a great quantity of water coming from various quarters of the mountain which collect in a reservoir, and when this reservoir is filled its overflow is caused by an additional mass of water coming from above, and as this volume of water descending from the mountains is almost always of the same size, this accounts for its periodical overflow. This place is called Pliniana, because they were occupied in explaining the cause of this phenomenon, and not because they ever inhabited it. After tasting the water which is quite agreeable, we visited the rest of the grounds, but they are not at all remarkable; we then returned to our little boat, and found on the table a very pretty little bouquet of flowers which one of the boatmen had collected for us; we then resumed our row and past many beautiful little villages; we then visited the falls of Fugaseria, to see which we were rowed under a pretty little bridge to the foot of the fall; this was considered formerly as having miraculous powers; the cascade is pretty and romantic; it is here called magnificent. The peasants residing on the lake of Como are a very enterprising people, and very fond of seeing the world; almost all the men go as pedlars to different countries, and return having made considerable sums; they consequently speak all sorts of languages here; those from the East, as well as the European. Maroncelli, our boatman told us, was from the lake of Como; he is very generally known here, and they spoke of him with much interest.

After leaving Pliniana, we renewed our voyage up the lake; the most enchanting views broke upon us on all sides; high mountains studded with forests, and vineyards, cottages, castles, towers, and chapels, all rose in continued succession, the lake was perfectly calm, and its waters so glassy that all these enchanting images were mirrored in its bosom; nothing could be more lovely than this row; its monotony (if such could be) was varied by our numerous visits to the delightful villas on its shores.

We arrived at Sommariva, which is situated on the left bank, and is decidedly the greatest lion and the most interesting villa on the lake. The only access to this magnificent villa is by water; there is a

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

flight of very handsome white marble steps with a very handsome large iron gate, through which you have a fine view of the magnificent mansion and its extensive and tasteful grounds. After waiting for some time at the gate for admission, it was opened by a man sadly afflicted with the goitre; what a pity that the Count of Sommariva had not selected some less disgusting object to show us so many fairy like scenes; in front of the mansion was a small statue from which issued a fine jet d'eau, a beautiful rainbow played round its waters. He conducted us through the most enchanting forests, adorned with grottoes, caverns and fountains; one of the curiosities which struck me as being particularly beautiful, were rose bushes of immense size trained up forest trees, to the very top, and in full bloom almost to the top; this was extremely beautiful; among other pretty things was a parterre enclosed with wicker basket-work; round this wicker were trained rose bushes, so that the whole looks formed of roses; among the plants were oleanders 18 feet high; japonicas of immense size; and in the greenhouse were bushes of heliotrope 12 feet high and 8 wide, but the flowers lose somewhat of their perfume when so large; the terraces were completely covered with oranges, lemons, citrons, etc. growing in the most luxuriant profusion, and vines filled with the choicest grapes; but grapes are so frequent here as scarcely to deserve mentioning. This is decidedly the most charming and delightful abode that I have seen; the view of the lake is surprisingly beautiful, and everything is laid out, in the grounds, with so much taste, and preserved in such perfect order that I was perfectly delighted; after having wandered for some time through the grounds, which are very extensive, we entered the splendid mansion; the Count Sommariva died last year and there has been ever since a law suit between his widow and his other relations; it was decided in favor of the widow, who retains this enchanting spot. We entered the mansion, and after passing through a vestibule, we arrived in the large room where are the celebrated bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen; these exquisite specimens are in imitation of the Elgin marbles, and are placed round the walls over the doors; they represent the triumphs of Alexander entering Babylon. First is Alexander in his chariot, next Bucephalus, then his generals, his cavalry, infantry, and next appear offerings from the different nations whom he had conquered. These sculptures are most exquisite, and are very justly celebrated. In this room is also a famous statue of Canova's; the subject is Palamedes; there are also several other

LETTERS OF

very fine statues, several by modern artists. The late count was a great patron of the fine arts, and he has assembled in this mansion many beautiful specimens of the arts; throughout the rooms, which are all furnished handsomely and with the greatest taste as well as with a great regard to comfort, you see very fine pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Dürer; but the one which struck us all was the one by Leonardo da Vinci; it was a female in black; her face was exquisitely beautiful, and the coloring was very rich and soft, notwithstanding its age; there is so much beauty, softness and grace about this picture that I was almost unwilling to tear myself away from it. The view of the lake is beautiful beyond description and extremely grand, and it has so much gained upon my affections since this morning, that I now even allow it to surpass Lago Maggiore, than which I could not before imagine anything more beautiful. We left Sommariva absolutely enchanted with its beauties, and I longed to remain here for a summer to enjoy its lovely attractions for a longer season.

We walked along a beautiful shady walk to the boat where we again seated ourselves, and continued our voyage to the Villa Melzi; on landing, we were conducted to this villa, its owner not being here at present; we were first shown a small chapel ornamented throughout with marble; we then proceeded to the house by a most beautiful shady avenue directly on the lake; from this walk, we enjoyed one of the loveliest views of the lake that we had yet had. We entered the house, and were conducted through a magnificent suite of apartments, commanding lovely views of the lake; the furniture of these rooms is very handsome and rich; there are also many specimens of art; among the most interesting objects here, is a likeness of Napoleon when first consul; the likeness is admirable, and his costume very rich; his dress is embroidered with gold; this picture is by Appiani; there are many very beautiful pieces of sculpture, but I am aware that my extreme prolixity wearies you, therefore I will hold in the reins of my horse.

Though this is a very beautiful villa, and the grounds are very handsomely laid out, still nothing arrested our attention so much as the delightful walk on the banks of the lake.

We rejoined our boat, and proceeded to Bellagio, where there is the most splendid view of the lake. The villa of Serbelloni is situated on a most beautiful point, the house itself presents no objects of interest; the view from the wood on the hill behind the house. . . . On

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

our way up the mountain our guide showed us the hole where in days of yore, persons had been precipitated down upon blades of knives; it is said to have been the seat of an ancient castle in the time of the Romans, and has since been the stronghold of robbers; we then ascended a very fatiguing path till we arrived at the summit, but we were amply repaid for all our fatigue by the splendid view which broke upon our sight; the three branches of the lake of Como were all visible from this point, and we could see up each branch to the distance of many miles. We could see on one branch the lake as far as Domaso, and the other to Lecco, while the most beautiful branch was that on which we had been sailing; this view is the most magnificent imaginable. I feel my powers of description completely fail beneath the task, and I perfectly agree with M^{rs}. Trollope who says in her "Vienna and the Austrians," that nothing is more impossible, absurd or ridiculous than to attempt a description of a view; what shall I do in this emergency? lay down my pen in despair? I feel this would be doing the lake of Como injustice, yet what course to take I know not. But here I am still broiling in the sun, and if I do not soon descend I shall soon be overcome. Well, to my task; the most beautiful mountains rose on the sides of the lake, their craggy cliffs tipped with castles, and beautifully interspersed with villages, chapels, and vineyards coming down to the edge of the lake; on the pitch of the lake from Como, its beauty was indescribable; the mountains with their irregular outlines against a brilliant sky, surpassed description; their sides covered with villas descended to the lake, and were reflected in the lovely lake; small chapels situated on the very summits of the mountains, and to which the peasants make weekly pilgrimages appeared to watch from their lofty summits over the safety of the inhabitants of these lovely cottages. Highly transported with a view which it pains me to have so inadequately described, we took a farewell look of this enchanting spot; nothing could equal the unparalleled beauty of this delightful view; the soft lustre of the evening sun added additional charms to a scene far too lovely to describe; on our return, we past a precipice which is rendered interesting by the many tales which are told of the dark deeds committed there; there are vague rumors of persons having been thrown over this precipice, but our Italian guide could but ill gratify our curiosity which always seeks tales of the marvellous and mysterious.

We returned to the boat very much delighted with our visit, in-

LETTERS OF

deed I cannot recollect when I have spent so charming a day; everything was so delightful, so new and surprising, that every hour was winged with enjoyment; but we have past many such days and Caroline and I often say that we do not think a party ever travelled in Europe under such agreeable circumstances, and being as much delighted as we. However to return to my subject: — after leaving Bellagio, we rowed to Varenna, and arrived there in an $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. We were obliged to wait there for some time to obtain a conveyance to conduct us to Colico where we were to meet our carriage. After waiting in a very delightful room opening on the lake, and refreshing ourselves with cake and wine, we seated ourselves in a sort of calèche, not very smart-looking, but the only one that we could obtain. We had one of the most charming drives that I can recollect on the banks of the lake; we past through many galleries cut through the solid rock to the extent of several hundred feet; this is the commencement of the Stelvio road of which perhaps you have never heard, but it is now considered the grandest and most curious pass in Europe; it has been lately finished by the Austrian government who have spared no expense in making it; we arrived at Colico at 7, and though it was dark, we determined to go on a post farther, as this is a notoriously unhealthy place, and all travellers are particularly warned not to sleep in this place. We hesitated a long time which road to take, the Splugen or the Stelvio, but we were finally decided by the postmaster who told us that the Stelvio was by far the most marvellous; we therefore directed Martin to get horses for Morbegno, where we arrived at 9, where we had the satisfaction of hearing that we were in the hands of a landlord who was the greatest extortioner in the country. Martin wished us to proceed a post further, but we were so tired that we concluded to put up with his extortions; after a pretty good supper we retired and enjoyed a very good night's rest after the fatigues of the day.

MORBEGNO, Wednesday, September 26th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we set out on our journey. Our whole day's journey lay through the valley of the Adda, a valley which had been devastated by a mountain torrent, and few traces of vegetation remained; some enterprising spirit had sown some grass some distance up the mountain, but the trouble appeared to be much greater than the benefit derived therefrom. The mountains were wild, steep and craggy, and the day offered nothing remark-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

able. In the afternoon we watched the immense logs of timber which the peasants precipitated in the stream to be carried down by the torrent to the other end of the valley; we were very much amused, watching them dancing on the waters, and chasing each other down the stream; the torrent, though now quite small is so violent as to take these immense logs so swiftly down that they look like little sticks. After a pretty long day's journey we arrived at Bormio, at the foot of the Stelvio, where after a very good supper, we wrote our journals for a short time and retired.

BORMIO, Thursday, September 27th, 1838

Rose this morning at 4, so that we might accomplish the pass of the Stelvio without being overtaken by the night. This road was made by the Austrian government to open a communication between Vienna and Lombardy; it is the highest carriage pass in Europe, being 2300 feet above the Simplon, and 1000 higher in a perpendicular line than the St. Bernard; it was finished in 1834. The boldness of the design, the difficulties of its execution from the constant avalanches of rocks and stones, and sublimity of the scenery make this decidedly the most remarkable pass in Europe. The road is cut on the side of a perpendicular mountain and is in the form of zigzags; the ascent is so gradual that when we walked we could scarcely observe it; in the carriage it is more perceptible; the road itself is very fine, but instead of being ornamented like the Simplon with small blocks of granite like mile stones, it has a substantial fence made of heavy timber, in order to protect passengers, and prevent horses and carriages from running off the precipice; the beautiful pillars of the Simplon would here be of little use, as it would be madness to have left such a high and dangerous road without any guard at the side. The day was lovely and warm, and enabled us to see clearly the immense glaciers and mountains covered with snow which surrounded us on all sides. The highest part of the road is 800 feet above the line of perpetual snows, and had not the day been unusually warm, we would have suffered very much, but our shawls and cloaks kept us comfortable. After passing through many galleries cut through the solid rock, we arrived at one where there was an obelisk of rock left standing; we arrived in 2 hours at the first refuge, soon after passing which we past a very remarkable waterfall which issues from a rock, 100 feet from its summit, falls over the rock for 600 feet and then re-enters the rock, 300 feet from its base.

LETTERS OF

Such extraordinary curiosities we constantly past, but nothing quite so remarkable as this; at 12 we arrived at the second refuge Santa Maria, where we dined; this is still 1000 feet from the summit. The woman of the house ushered us into a forlorn looking apartment, where our dinner was prepared, but it was very unprepossessing in its appearance; we however contrived to make a pretty good dinner, Martin having done his utmost to improve the cooking. We were assured by the woman that the Emperor dined at this house when passing the Stelvio, therefore we dared not complain.

After dinner we reseated ourselves in the carriage to finish the ascent of the mountain still 1000 feet higher; Frederic walked on in front, and as he walked much faster than we rode, we saw him at the top of a high hill which he had ascended to obtain a beautiful view. It was the highest point of the Stelvio; we soon past the limits of vegetation, and arrived among the regions of eternal snows. When we arrived at the summit we found Frederic seated on the top of a granite column 12 feet high which marked the confines of Tyrol and Austria; the Austrians were very anxious to buy a part of a mountain, belonging to the Grisons, but as they refused to sell, the road was made 1000 feet higher; we here found ourselves surrounded on all sides by glaciers, the rays of the setting sun gilding their summits, and presenting a beautiful appearance; what can equal in sublimity a view composed entirely of glaciers?

We soon commenced the descent of the mountain, and nothing can equal in my opinion the singularity of the zigzag road seen from this summit. In many places the road was covered with wooden sheds to prevent the road from being injured by avalanches of rocks or stones. It was absolutely beyond all my powers of imagination to conceive how any one should have undertaken to make a road here, but still such is the case, and it is in my opinion far more astonishing than the Simplon though that has the merit of originality.

From the summit of the mountain we saw the Ortler Spitz, the third highest glacier in Europe; on the descent, we saw a very singular rock, called the Madatsch Spitz; it is a singular pointed black rock rising out of a sea of solid ice. On our descent we saw the spot where a post house had formerly stood, but an avalanche had destroyed it and the post master was found dead with a rock on his breast that 10 men could not move, two hostlers escaped miraculously; during the winter much damage is done to the road and 10,000 florins are spent annually in keeping it in repair; we arrived at

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the fourth refuge where we were to have changed horses, but unfortunately there were none and we were obliged to descend with the same horses that we had started with in the morning. They gave the 3 horses 10 loaves of bread which they cut in small pieces. Caroline and I amused ourselves by helping to cut the bread and throw it to them. Frederic also gave them some wine to refresh them; are these not singular refreshments for horses? I tasted the bread and found it very good.

The scenery of the whole of this valley is very grand and sublime, and is not surpassed in any part of the Alpine chain.

We arrived at Prad, just as the vesper bells commenced ringing; the peasants who were standing round the carriage, so soon as they heard the bells, all fell on their knees, where they remained until the bells had finished ringing; we took our horses, and proceeded to Mals, where we spent the night. After tea, when we were writing our journals, the landlord's daughter came in, and after using a multitude of signs, made us understand that she wanted some English needles and thread; we gave her some, and very much to our amusement, she offered to pay us for them; after carrying on for some time a conversation by signs she departed. We then retired.

PRAD, Friday, September 28th, 1838

Rose this morning, breakfasted and started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and past for some time through a very uninteresting valley, with bare rugged cliffs on each side; we however soon arrived at a very remarkable pass, that of the Finstermünz; the river Inn is here literally jammed between lofty precipices, and the force of this torrent appears to have rent the rocks here, and formed a crack in the mountains 2800 feet above the sea. After passing a dilapidated tower and gateway, the rocks meet almost overhead; this is the narrowest part of the gorge; in one spot there is a wooden gallery to protect the road from falling rocks. The Finstermünz is said to be the most curious pass in Tyrol, and yields a grandeur to the Via Mala alone of all the defiles of the Alps. We soon came in sight of the glaciers of the Oetzthal, and arrived at Reid, where we had an excellent dinner; in the room was hung a crucifix with our Saviour in wood, and a tin vase for holy water at the door; the Tyrolese are remarkable for their great piety; they attend church very early in the morning, as we were this morning aroused by the sound of the bells.

We then continued the journey to Landeck where after riding

LETTERS OF

a long time after dark, and dozing in the carriage, we arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 at Landeck. I am now writing to you by the light of 2 tallow candles, but as I am very tired and sleepy, and my eyes ache, I must bid you good night wishing you pleasant dreams.

LANDECK, Saturday, September 29th, 1838

As I am up and drest before the other members of the party are ready, I will endeavor to amuse myself and you with a slight sketch of the inhabitants of Tyrol; I have just witnessed quite a singular ceremony; a priest clothed in his white robes, and with his rosary in his hands, has just past, muttering his prayers, preceded by a number of nice little boys, and followed by a train of women and men very respectable looking; the women were all drest in their stuff dresses, aprons, and peculiar purple cap of the country; this cap is a high, purple, woolly cap, rising to a point; on the point some have small crosses, embroidered in gold, green or red. When they had arrived opposite my window they all knelt down in the road, where they remained a minute or two, possibly during the blessing of the priest, and then returned to their daily avocations. They are a very industrious, thriving people, very neat, their houses pretty and clean. The peculiarity of their dances it is said astonishes strangers very much; they dance as all country people do with a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm; the partners often seize each other by the shoulders in an attitude not unlike hugging; they do not always follow the same monotonous revolutions, but at one time, the man steps round his partner, and lifting her arm up the air, he twirls her round on her heel with a rapidity that makes her spin; and then they resume their circular evolutions with an agility & perseverance truly marvellous. Their exertions are unwearied in the cultivation of their land, and in the mountains, they frequently are obliged to put crampons on their feet to reach their little crops of rye, buck-wheat or oats.

The return of the cattle from the mountains takes place on Michaelmas; wreaths of flowers and ribands decorate the animals who walk in procession; at the end marches the pride of the herd, who always seems to be aware of his dignity; he has proved his right as leader, having been the victor in their combats; he is entitled to wear the largest wreath, and to bear the most sonorous bell; if any of the herd falls out of the line, he is reminded of his fault by a poke in the side from the leader; the noise is extremely great and the scene

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

very exciting; behind the cattle walk the herdsmen, decorated with flowers and ribands, and then comes the proprietor in a neat cart laden with butter and cheese.

Immediately after breakfast at 8 o'clock we left Landeck, and proceeded on the road to Innsbruck; from thence to Munich and Vienna. The only remarkable object that we saw on our road was the castle of Kronburg, rising on the top of a conical rock; many have compared it to the Drachenfels; we past the spot where the Tyroleans during the late war with the French, awaited their enemy from above, and overwhelmed them with trunks of trees and rocks.

Changed horses at Imst, and arrived at Ober Miemingen at 3 where we had a very excellent dinner in the bow window of a very neat and comfortable hotel. After dinner proceeded to Innsbruck, and arrived at Liel, 10 miles this side of Innsbruck at 7. It was now dark, and my companions, Frederic and Caroline, soon fell fast asleep; but the moon shone so beautifully and sweetly that I thought it almost sacrilege to sleep. I therefore gazed upon her lovely face, and communed with my own thoughts, which I must confess, left Tyrol, and flew across the ocean to my own dear home, and my beloved father & mother & sisters & friends. Diverted by some trifle from my thoughts, I watched with much attention our progress, our postillion with scarlet and silver band on his hat, and a cock's feather in his hat, looked very picturesque by the light of the moon; occasionally he would crack his whip, which reverberated like a pistol, and finally announced our arrival at Innsbruck by the sweet and mellow notes of his horn. The hour was 9, and the inhabitants not having yet retired, their lights were many and brilliant; as soon as our passports had been examined, we crost the picturesque bridge across the Inn, and drove in style at a glorious rate through the principal street of Innsbruck to the "Golden Sun." All the inhabitants appeared to be in the streets, and none of them appeared ever before to have seen a carriage, for multitudes thronged around us, and peered into the carriage to get a look at the strangers. Martin soon returned in great despair, saying that there were no rooms; we however drove to the "Golden Adler" where we were so fortunate as to obtain good rooms though in the third story. We amused ourselves with looking at the numerous pictures and engravings round the room, while they were preparing the beds and then retired.

LETTERS OF

INNSBRUCK, Sunday, September 30th, 1838

Rose this morning at 7, breakfasted, and at 9 went out to see the Hof Kirche and to hear the music there, as there is no protestant church in Innsbruck. We endeavored to gain admittance at the door, but the church was so very much crowded that we could not enter the porch. Martin therefore made interest with the sexton, and he conducted us to a back door where we mounted a flight of marble steps, and were ushered into the gallery, where we found a number of very genteel looking persons; the gallery is the part of the church devoted to the higher classes while the peasants enter the ground floor. We obtained a very good view of the whole congregation from a grated window in the gallery which projected over the body of the church, and I could not help being struck with the semblance of devotion among all classes. Around the small chapels and in every part of the church, the seats of which were all crowded, were persons kneeling; old women and young children, all apparently absorbed in their devotions. The peculiarity of the costume, the extreme age of many of the congregation, the very fine and delightful music, all produced an effect upon me which I cannot describe but extremely imposing. We remained till service was over and then proceeded to the () where is the celebrated monument erected to the Emperor Maximilian. On arriving at the church, we found that service was not yet over, and though the guide wished to commence his descriptions immediately we would not consent to hear them until the congregation had left; we therefore went into a chapel at the side, called the Silver Chapel, intended by the Archduke Ferdinand as a mausoleum for himself and his wife Philippina, the most beautiful woman of her time; she was of humble origin, and it was not till 8 years after their marriage that her father-in-law would acknowledge her as his daughter. The altar is said to be of solid silver; there is a figure of the Virgin and many devices on the sides, scriptural illustrations and all in the same metal. The Archduke Ferdinand is buried by the side of the altar in a small niche, which is ornamented with bas-reliefs illustrating different great actions; first the capture of the Elector of Saxony by Charles V, 2, Charles V resigning the empire to Ferdinand, 3, the assault of Siegel by Charles V, 4, the fortress of Grau yielded to Charles V by the Turks. On the slab is a statue reclining of Ferdinand, and over the tomb of Philippina a statue also of her. On leaving the chapel, we saw 24 small bronze figures of saints admirably executed; among

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

others was Richard, Coeur de Lion. We then returned to the church, where the service was over; in the centre of the church is a sarcophagus commenced by Maximilian I, as a mausoleum for himself. Over the sarcophagus is the figure of Maximilian kneeling; it is considered one of the most splendid monuments in Europe, and is perfectly unique of its kind. The sides of the sarcophagus are ornamented with bas-reliefs carved in Carrara marble; these tablets are 2 feet 4 inches by 1 foot, 8; they represent the celebrated actions in the life of Maximilian, his battles, sieges, marriages, etc; these carvings are executed in the most exquisite style, and with the most elaborate workmanship; throughout the whole series of carvings, the rules of perspective are carefully observed, each likeness is preserved among several hundred, all the faces, drapery and the other minutiae all carefully executed; it is impossible sufficiently to admire the exquisite and elaborate finish of these carvings. On each side of the aisles stand a row of bronze figures 28 in number, representing some of the most distinguished men in Europe; among others are Clovis of France, Philip of Spain, Rudolph, founder of the Austrian dynasty, Charles the Bold, Godfrey of Bouillon; they are of colossal size, and the faces and draperies admirably executed; they are moreover interesting as they are perfect types of the costume of the 16th century; the appearance of these bronze statues, some male, some female, some in regal attire, others in armor, is extremely impressive. As M^{rs}. Trollope aptly remarks, "they look like a procession of mourners who will never cease, while earth endures, to gaze on and protect the relics of him who was the glory of their glorious race on earth!"

After leaving the church, we took a walk through the Neustadt, the principal street of Innsbruck; it is impossible for me to convey to you in words an idea of the extreme beauty of the situation of Innsbruck. Surrounded on all sides by the most grand and beautiful mountains, and also having eternal glaciers within sight, the waters of lovely Inn winding through the city, and moreover the very singular and beautiful appearance of the houses. They are all of stucco neatly washed in different light colors, but so fresh looking that we almost supposed that the ceremony of whitewashing etc. had just been completed. Every house has an oriel window projecting into the street, and this uniformity renders the street unique and very pretty. At the head of the Neustadt is an arch of stone erected by Maria Theresa; though not very beautiful it is an ornament to the

LETTERS OF

street. We past several large fine buildings of stucco painted beautiful colours; all the houses have blinds which open in the style of the curtains of a verandah; the singular beauty of the houses, the very picturesque costumes, make this one of the most interesting places we have visited; it appears to me as if I was looking at the performance at a theatre. We past the palace, which is a large white building in the form of a hollow square in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Leopold V duke of Austria. We then went to the gardens on the river which are very shady and pretty; we then crost the river in a ferry boat propelled by a rope attached across the river; by this rope and the current the boat is propelled in about 3 minutes; we then recrost; from this boat there is a beautiful view of the mountains up and down the river, and had it been less cloudy we should have enjoyed it more.

We then returned to dinner; after a very good dinner, we seated ourselves in a carriage driven by a Tyrolese in white stockings, small clothes, pointed hat with gold tassels, with a bunch of flowers in the side. We went to the village of Prad, and stopt to see the representation of a scripture tragedy or comedy, I know not which. The performance was in the open air, the peasants being seated on benches, before a stage on which was a female talking with a great deal of pathos to a male; her actions were very amusing. We could make nothing of it as it was all in German, we therefore staid only 5 minutes and returned to our carriages; these plays are all arranged by Tyrolese peasants, and also performed by them; persons generally visit these performances as curiosities and characteristic of the manners of the peasants.

We then drove to the top of a mountain on which the summer palace is situated; it is now the barracks of the soldiers; from this eminence we obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding country, but some provoking clouds constantly veiled from our sight the summits of the mountains; we descended the hill, and drove round the city through all its sinuosities and side streets, and having seen all that was to be seen in the exterior of the houses, we returned to our hotel; among other things, I was very much struck with a velvet band embroidered with silver letters which some of the men wore upon their breasts; Martin inquired, and found it was their name. After leaving the carriage, we went out to take a walk through the Neustadt; the variety and beauty of the costumes are an endless source of amusement; we walked through the gardens, went again

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

across the ferry, lingered on the banks of the Inn, looking at the scenery, and watching the peasants and then returned to the central part of the town; we went again to visit the bronze statues which looked still more solemn and majestic by the dim and mysterious light of evening; in one part of the church was a small chapel hung round with votive offerings; there were also models in wax of feet, hands and eyes supposed to have been cured by the virgin, and these were accordingly suspended in token of acknowledgment. Among other curious things here in the streets is an oriel window, the remains of the front of the old ducal palace; the roof is gilded; this roof is said to have been gilded by Frederic the Empty purse; Frederic, in order to show how misplaced was this nickname expended 30,000 ducats in gilding this roof. After finishing our walk, we returned home, and I spent the greatest part of the evening in thus recounting to you the adventures of the day, fearing however that I often weary you with my extreme prolixity and very lengthy letters. But now good night.

INNSBRUCK, Monday, October 1st, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, we went out to see the museum; on the way we went into a Catholic Church where they were performing high mass. We were ushered into the gallery, which after hearing some pretty good music, we left and proceeded to the museum; we saw there many paintings, many by Tyrolese artists, but nothing remarkable; we also saw several statues and relics, among others of the celebrated Andreas Hofer, his hat, sword, etc; as there was a Russian prince at the museum visiting it also, our visit was not as satisfactory as we expected; we left the museum and took a walk through the Neustadt, visiting one or two stores which were however very poor; at 12 we left Innsbruck to proceed to Munich. The only object of interest which we past was the Martinswand, a gigantic mountain principally interesting for Maximilian I's adventure here; one day, when with his courtiers, he was hunting the chamois, he was led by the chamois in the heat of the chase to the top of a precipice where he missed his footing and rolled headlong to the verge of it; when on the brink of destruction, he was just able to arrest himself by clinging with his head downwards to a ledge of rock where he could not move either up or down; while in this perilous situation, his strength became almost exhausted, and he recommended his soul to God, while his companions and a priest below, thinking his escape impossible offered up prayers for him; while he

LETTERS OF

was still clinging to the rock, a chamois hunter saw him and with much difficulty saved his life; this hunter had formerly been a poacher, and had flown to the mountains to escape imprisonment. The Emperor rewarded him with the title of Count Hollwer von Hohenfelsen, and gave him a pension for life; this spot is now hollowed out into a cave, & a crucifix erected on the spot.

We arrived at Mittenwald at 7, supped and retired. In our room was a piano and a *guitar*, the image of sister's; it quite reminded me of home; I arranged the candles on the piano as formerly, and with the aid of the guitar and Frederic, tried to fancy I was at home; by the bye, how does the guitar come on? I suppose by this time Adèle plays on it, & sings like a nightingale; does she not? After a supper which was almost everlasting in its different courses, we retired.

MITTENWALD, Tuesday, October 2nd, 1838

On rising this morning the first object that attracted my attention was the house opposite painted in gay colors, the Virgin and the Twelve apostles; on the exterior of many of the houses are painted these scriptural illustrations.

We left Mittenwald at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and in the course of the morning past through a very lovely country, but rendered tedious by the numerous long and steep hills; steeper than any we have before met in Europe. The lake of the Walchensee which we past is very beautiful, reminding me of the Hudson lake near Lebanon; the road runs along the margin of the lake; we also past the lake of Rochel, about 3 miles long, shaped like a horse shoe, and said to resemble Loch Katrine very much; it was enchantingly beautiful and its banks very picturesque.

On arriving at Benediktbeuern, we stopt to visit an ancient convent, now a manufactory of stained glass; we anticipated a very interesting visit, as the glass made here is said to equal that of the XV century; we were however very much disappointed as we saw no colored glass, which the proprietor said they did not make here; we however saw the process of blowing shades which interested us very much; on returning to the inn, we dined, and proceeded to Munich; the country round Munich is not very interesting, as it is quite flat, but we arrived there after having rode for 2 hours by the light of a splendid moon; the sky was unclouded, and the moon so bright, that we could have almost read by her light; but we became romantic and communed with our own thoughts; I, flattering myself that I

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

should the next day receive letters as I had not heard from home since the 13 of August. But oh! sweet delusion; the morrow was to blast all my hopes.

We arrived at Munich at 10, and having been unsuccessful in obtaining rooms at the Schwarzer Adler, went to Goldenes Kreutz, but were not at all pleased with our accommodations; we however spent the night there, determining to leave it in the morning.

MUNICH, Wednesday, October 3rd, 1838

I was awakened this morning by the light of the sun, which was shining with dazzling brightness into the room; the day was splendid; immediately after breakfast, Martin sallied forth in search of lodgings, and returned bearing us tidings of success; we accordingly packed up our goods, and repaired to the Goldener Hirsch or Golden Stag, where I am now writing in a very charming little salon, with bedroom adjoining; immediately after our arrival, Frederic went to our bankers, and returned with the distressing intelligence that there were no letters; my surprise & disappointment were inexpressible, and my first impulse was to think that my beloved correspondents had forgotten me, but immediately recollecting your previous punctuality and kindness, I repelled the ungrateful suggestion, and attributed it to the right cause, (I presume and hope) the mistake of the post; I cannot however recover from my disappointment, or rally my spirits; as this is the second packet that I have missed the letters.

We dined at the table d'hôte, where there were several ladies & many gentlemen; had a very good dinner, after which we went to several shops to purchase a dress; as all the storekeepers were German we were obliged to take Martin with us as interpreter; I assure you that shopping in this way is by no means a pleasant operation; after spending the whole afternoon I at length succeeded, at the store of a very talkative German woman, who confused us very much by her extreme volubility.

We then went to the manufactory of telescopes, for which Munich is celebrated throughout the world. Baron Humboldt says that there is no glass equal to a Munich glass, and the lady who ascended Mont Blanc says that she could discern objects with a Munich glass which were imperceptible with any other; we found them very good, and Frederic has since purchased one; Martin having spent 3 years in Munich in the service of the Russian Am-

LETTERS OF

bassador knows consequently all the curiosities of the place, and took us to see the burying ground; this is prettily laid out, and is filled with monuments, crosses, beds of flowers, etc. We visited it just after the sun had set, and nothing could be more impressive than this scene by such a light; after leaving the burying ground, we returned home, after stopping at a library and confectioner's. We spent the evening in domestic amusements and retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10.

MUNICH, Thursday, October 4th, 1838

This morning, immediately after breakfast, we were conducted by our valet de place, who is a very intelligent man to the New Palace which is just building; this palace is attached to the Palace where the king resides, which is built in the Florentine style and resembles the Pitti palace somewhat; but the New Palace is not yet finished; we were however conducted into some of the rooms; in one of them, the antechamber is ornamented in paintings in fresco illustrating different scenes in Schiller's works; the ceiling was very handsomely ornamented; the Throne Room is magnificent; it is composed of brick stuccoed, and polished like marble; the room is very large, and is supported by pillars also of stucco, of the Corinthian order; the capitals are gilded; the balconies of the galleries are also openwork and gilded; the effect is magnificent and not gaudy as my description would lead you to suppose; there are on the wall 4 statues in basso relievo of Peace; the figures are females holding olive branches; their crowns and olive branches are also gilded; one of the statues intended to ornament the interior of the room is already finished; it is a statue of Maximilian, is of bronze gilded, is colossal, and is extremely handsome; it is placed between the pillars; there are to be 12 in all.

After leaving this magnificent room, we went to the Church of All Saints, which is but lately finished, and is the Church of the Court; it is in the Byzantine style of architecture and is very elegant; the carvings of the doorway, as well as those of a circular window over the door are admirably executed; the interior is entirely painted in fresco on a gold ground; they are by a celebrated painter Hess; the ceiling is divided by a very beautiful arch into 2 parts, on one of which are illustrations from the Old Testament, and on the other from the New. The altar, the Father, the Son & the Holy Ghost, are represented, surrounded by many angels, the colors of whose wings were exquisite; the walls are mosaic work of artificial

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

marble; but there are 8 columns, and the pulpit which are of pure marble. This church is very handsome; there is also a small marble altar piece, which is white; in the centre it is gold, with a gold crucifix; there are 2 other altars also very handsome; the middle aisle is not encumbered with benches or pews; it looks very airy and beautiful.

After leaving this church, we went to see a gallery of paintings belonging to Prince Leuchtenberg; there are here many fine pictures, some by Raffaello, Correggio, Carlo Dolci; and many by Dutch artists; the rooms were extremely crowded; among others, were the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark; they looked like any other lady and gentleman; she wore a chip hat with a bird of paradise but was not very remarkable in her appearance; there were several statues here, one of a Magdalen, by Canova; I begin to admire statuary very much we have seen such lovely specimens. Among other curiosities were porphyry tables, colored marble tables with gilt supports, vases of porphyry, alabaster, obelisks of the same and many antiques; there was also a table composed of Florentine Mosaic; after spending a couple of hours in this gallery, we returned home, and prepared for dinner, after which we went to the Cathedral, where they were at vespers; notwithstanding we were taken round the church, and into the choir by one of the priests; the only object of interest in the church, is a monument, erected by Maximilian to Louis of Bavaria. It is entirely of bronze, and is very large; under the canopy, on the sarcophagus, lies a statue of the king, and also those of his whole family; at the 4 corners, are 4 bronze figures, size of life, 2 are dukes, the 3d a herald-at-arms, the 4th a knight; we had anticipated seeing a christening here, but it was just over; we then went to the Jesuit's Church, which is considered the handsomest church in Munich; in it is a very handsome monument erected to Eugène Beauharnais, King of Bavaria, by his wife; it is the work of Thorwaldsen, and represents Eugène with a crown of laurels in his hand; on his right, sits a muse recording his deeds in a book, while on his left, stand 2 figures, the genii of life and death. The church is of the Italian architecture, and is composed of one large and beautiful arch, while there are smaller ones at the sides; in each of the niches under the side arches, are small altars & chapels; along the middle aisle are placed rows of orange trees, which extend from the grand entrance up to the great altar; the altar, too, which is very much gilded is ornamented with numbers of

LETTERS OF

greenhouse plants in bloom. This church is remarkable for its wide roof, unsupported by pillars; we were very much struck by the beauty of its architecture and lingered some time gazing at its beauty and dimensions. When this arch was building, as soon as the supports were taken away from beneath it, a great noise & cracking were heard; the workmen all left the edifice in haste, and the architect was in such despair that he disappeared and has never since been heard of; it, however, proved strong and bears to this day every mark of extreme durability.

We left the church and proceeded to the English Garden, passing through the Hofgarten, which is a square enclosure planted with rows of trees, and is surrounded by an open arcade, lined with fresco paintings illustrative of the national history. These arcades are intended to serve as promenades for the fashionables in rainy weather.

The English garden is laid out with groves and shrubberies, interspersed with temples, pagodas, etc. It is laid out in walks and drives; a branch of the Isar runs through it and there is a lake at the other end. The Isar forms a waterfall here, it is indeed a very enchanting little spot and is two leagues in circumference. It was planned by Count Rumford, of chimney memory.

We returned home and spent the evening pleasantly.

MUNICH, Friday, October 5th, 1838

After despatching our letters after breakfast, we took a carriage, and placing ourselves entirely at the mercy of our valet de place, we commenced our day's campaign. Munich is one of the handsomest capitals of Europe; its buildings are very large and handsome, and are principally of modern date. In the last century it was a second rate capital, but under the auspices of the present king who has been on the throne 13 years, it has risen to its present state of magnificence. Among the many improvements of the king, he has erected a very fine building called the Pinacothek and is devoted to the paintings of the ancients exclusively; it is built of stucco & painted a pretty color; it is built in the Italian style and ornamented with 24 stone trees which are placed on the top of the façade. It received its name from repository and painting, 2 Greek words; we did not however obtain admission, as they were cleaning. We then drove to the Glyptothek, which is built after the Grecian style, but unfortunately the prince royal of Russia was visiting it and no one else was admitted. Almost in despair, we drove to the Bronze foundry where

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

we saw many casts and moulds of statues about to be finished. There was another large bronze statue gilded like that which we saw yesterday; we also saw several bronze statues quite small for the Emperor of Russia, and also a bronze statue after the model of one of Rauch's statues, purchased by Lord Powerscourt; we saw the process of moulding the statues, and then proceeded to the Cabinet of Ivory; this, as its name indicates, was filled with specimens in Ivory, but nothing particularly attracted my attention except a small work by Cellini which was admirably executed.

We then returned home, and having learnt that there were letters for us at the banker's we went there, and Frederic received one from his brother, and I one from mine; but my surprise and grief were very great on hearing of his horrid accident; I presume however, from the gayety of his letter that he was not in much pain; I therefore hope & trust that his beauty will not be much impaired; he has my sincere wishes for his safe recovery; how alarmed you must have been on seeing him return! However, by this time I suppose he is almost well.

After reading our letters, we drove to the parade ground to witness some manoeuvres to be performed by the artillery in honor of the prince hereditary of Russia; we arrived there before his royal highness, and consequently had a fine opportunity to see all the great people as they arrived. The parade ground is immensely large, and was filled with officers on horseback, and cavalry; the uniform is deep sky blue and white, with white plumes. At length the prince of Russia came in one of the carriages of the king, lake blue, with the coronet, 4 horses, 2 postillions in blue and white, and 2 chasseurs in the same livery; the prince was accompanied by his aides de camp, and followed by a numerous suite; all the horses of the king are at the disposal of the prince. Prince Charles, the king's brother received the Prince, as the king is not at present at Munich; the Prince mounted his horse, was introduced to the generals, and then galloped off attended by a numerous suite; Prince Leuchtenberg and Prince Max were also on the ground; it had a very fine effect to see all the different uniforms; the officers galloping in every direction, the plumes waving, trumpets sounding; the scene was a very gay and exciting one, and together with the fine equipages of the king, and the spectators in their carriages, produced a very fine effect. The manoeuvres of the day consisted of the rapid evolutions of the artillery, the horses would gallop from one end of the plain, dragging

LETTERS OF

the artillery, would rapidly wheel round, and gallop to the other end; they would then detach the cannon, go through the ceremony of loading, firing, etc, would reattach them and gallop off again; but the beauty of these manoeuvres consisted in their extreme rapidity; we left the carriage, and approached nearer to the scene of action where we had a fine view of the movements and the prince; he is quite a young man, wore a dark green uniform with scarlet waistcoat, and a black plume; thus he was easily distinguished from the numerous white plumes. The manoeuvres lasted an hour, and we all returned to our hotels, where we arrived just in time for dinner.

After dinner, we drove out to see the studio of Schwanthaler, the sculptor. Here we saw many models and statues, some of which were destined to ornament the palace, the Académie des Arts. We also saw several intended to be placed in the Walhalla, the celebrated building at Ratisbon, where are to be placed statues of all the celebrated men of Germany; I was not as much pleased with his productions as with those of the Berlin artist Rauch; neither the designs nor the execution were comparable in my opinion. We also saw here the model of a statue of a female figure, representing 'Bavaria'; the model was $\frac{1}{3}$ of its destined height, which is to be about 50 or 60 feet high; it is to be in bronze.

After leaving the studio, we drove round the environs of the town and went to see the place where the grand annual October Agricultural fête is to take place; it commences next Sunday; on that day all the productions of agriculture are presented and prizes awarded by the king; there is generally a very great display of cattle. I shall be better able to describe it when I have seen it; the place in which it is held is a large plain surrounded by a natural elevation which is formed into seats; formerly scaffoldings were erected for the public, and the proceeds given to the poor. The king's tent was already arranged, & covered with a canopy of blue & white. The riflemen from the mountains come here, and shoot at wooden birds placed on the tops of high poles for prizes, there is also a stag made of wood, which is made to run on a rail road for about 2 yards out of a thicket into another; the lucky one who shoots this stag in the heart obtains the prize; each person pays 20 florins for his chance. There are many little wooden houses erected, where refreshments will be sold; it will no doubt be a very gay scene; it is to last for 8 days, but on Sunday the principal amusements take place. Upwards of 50,000 persons, it is said will be present on Sunday.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

After witnessing a very singular and glorious sunset, we took a drive round the city & saw an obelisk, erected by the present king Louis to the 30,000 men who died in the Russian campaign under Napoleon; it is of solid bronze, part of which is formed out of cannon taken by the Bavarians during the war; it is 100 feet high, & is very handsome.

We also saw opposite the New Palace, the monument of King Max Joseph, modelled by Rauch of Berlin; it is also in bronze; he is represented in a sitting posture, and on the sides of the pedestal are represented his good deeds and great actions. We also saw the New Gate erected by the present king; it is built in the Byzantine style, and is ornamented with a very beautiful fresco painting. On the towers of the gate are painted the arms of all the cities between Munich and the limits of Bavaria, through which this road passes.

We then returned to the hotel and amused ourselves for some time looking at some of the king's carriages, which arrived on the opposite side of the way, where the Prince of Denmark stays; he receives company this evening, and the street is consequently very gay. We spent the evening in writing our journals, reading & talking.

MUNICH, Saturday, October 6th, 1838

After breakfast, we took our seats in the carriage, and were conducted by our valet de place to the Pinacothek; the exterior of this splendid edifice I have before described, I will therefore enter it without delay. Nothing can equal the magnificence of this gallery; there are 9 large rooms splendidly finished with white gilded ceilings the rooms are all lighted by sky lights; the effect is of course very fine; the German school is in the first room, and contains specimens of the earliest style to the present day; the chefs d'oeuvre from the other picture galleries of Düsseldorf etc. have all been brought here; the Florence gallery stands first, the Dresden gallery next, and the Pinacothek is the third in Europe; this is saying a great deal. One of the rooms is devoted to the pictures of the Emperors who have assisted in collecting this gallery. From the German school we gradually approached the Italian; there are many fine specimens of this school, Raffael, Carlo Dolci, Tintoretto, & Domenichino & many others; there are also a great number of Rubens', Gerard Dou, Rembrandt, Murillo. But knowing Mama's extreme aversion to hearing a detail of pictures, I will only add that we were very much delighted with the collection, and as the rooms were too

LETTERS OF

crowded for us to enjoy our visit perfectly, we intend repeating it; we then went to the Old Palace, where we were conducted through a suite of apartments which were extremely rich & splendid; they were gilded in the style of Louis XIV, and many of the rooms are hung in crimson velvet and gold, others in velvet and gold tissue; these rooms are only used when strangers of distinction come to the palace on a visit, when the king presents them with these accommodations. Among the other numerous objects of curiosity and splendor was a room, with a bed, both of which were hung with velvet embroidered with gold; there were 24 quintals of gold in the ornaments of the bed, and the drapery was so heavy that I could scarcely raise it. The covering, bolster and canopy were all of velvet embroidered with the same and ornamented with a gold fringe. When Napoleon was at Munich, he would not sleep in this bed, but had another placed beside it. The rest of these magnificent apartments I will leave undescribed, as I am sure by this time you must be heartily tired of palaces.

We then went to the Porcelain factory where we saw very exquisite paintings on porcelain; all the celebrated paintings of the Pinacothek were painted on plates, and it is difficult to imagine more exquisite painting; these plates are intended to be placed in a cabinet of the Pinacothek where they are to be kept as specimens of the art; we also saw a number of plates intended for the king's use, representing the statues of the Glyptothek.

We left the Porcelain factory and went to the Institut des Arts, where we saw a number of modern paintings many of them very fine; this institution is founded by a society each member of which pays so much annually, and they purchase the best modern paintings, in this way encouraging and bringing forward young artists; we saw here a very beautiful painting on glass; they have here discovered the long lost art of painting on glass, and from the specimens which we have seen today, I think the moderns will soon rival the ancients in the beauty of their coloring.

We then went to a store where we saw several specimens of painting on glass, and also many modern paintings; we then visited the Church of St. Louis, which is just being built; we however mounted the scaffolding, and saw the progress of several fresco paintings part of which were finished, and the rest unfinished.

We then returned to dinner, and after a very protracted sitting, again took our seats in the carriage and drove to an engraving store

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

where we saw many paintings of the Pinacothek beautifully engraved. You are probably aware that lithography was invented here, and they have brought the art to a surprising degree of perfection, such softness, such beauty as you could scarcely expect from stone; we then went to the Church of the Faubourgs An, which is building in the Gothic style, & extremely beautiful; the edifice itself is of brick but the tower and turrets were of stone; the exterior is very beautiful, and when finished will produce a very fine effect, the interior is in the true pointed Gothic style, but its greatest ornament will be 19 large painted windows which are now in progress. There is no end to the very great improvements which are going on in all directions; buildings have risen like magic within the last few years, and there are many now commenced which from their extent and intended magnificence will not be finished in 10 years; the king is very enterprising and spends immense sums from his own private purse in beautifying this city.

After a cold drive through the English garden, for the evenings here are getting chilly we returned home where we spent the evening as usual pleasantly.

MUNICH, Sunday, October 7th, 1838

Rose, breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and read Wilberforce's Practical View of the prevailing religious system of professed Christians, a book which I recommend to your perusal, as I have no doubt that you will be very much pleased with it; I beg that you will mention it to Aunt Louisa, as I think it ought to find a place in the 'Library' she was forming and in which Hannah More holds so distinguished a place.

We drest for church, and arrived at 11, at a small church fitted up by a private gentleman in one end of his house; it is a very pretty church, the ceiling ornamented with fresco paintings, and the windows with painted glass, which threw a soft and mellow light throughout the room; what an improvement it would be to introduce this glass in our churches, where the glare of light which always poured in them, would be superseded by a dim religious light; we heard a very excellent sermon from a stranger; coming out of church, Lord Erskine, the English Ambassador was pointed out to us; he is a man of about 50, and his appearance is very plain.

After church, we returned home & at 1, seated ourselves in the carriage to go and see the October agricultural fête, at which the king distributes the prizes; as he is, however, absent, his brother,

LETTERS OF

Prince Charles does the honors in his place. We arrived there a few minutes after 1, and found an immense crowd already assembled; a large number of persons were seated on the turf seats round the amphitheatre but many thousands were obliged to stand; the carriages arranged in files, enabled those in them to see perfectly; after the Prince and Princess of Denmark and the Russian Ambassador had arrived, they commenced distributing the prizes from the royal tent, but very few unfortunately could witness the ceremony; the horses and cattle were however past in review before us; the horses were very fine and spirited, and there were 20 prize horses; some of the cattle were so immense that they could scarcely stand; having thus been disappointed in seeing this ceremony, we would have found it very stupid had we not amused ourselves looking at upwards of 60,000 persons, in all sorts of costumes, soldiers with their brass helmets glittering in the sun, and their white plumes waving in the breeze; it was the largest and most brilliant assemblage that we had ever seen; at 4 we left the fête and returned to dinner; after which we took a walk in the English garden by starlight, and returned home & spent the evening, reading, talking etc.

MUNICH, Monday, October 8th, 1838

After breakfast, we went out in the carriage, intending to go to the Glyptothek; but we stopt to see a procession of riflemen, going to fire at a target for prizes during the fête; they were dressed in a very singular costume, some in the most grotesque style, with blue & white coats and turkish trousers ending at the knee, with colored stockings, green, red, blue, etc. Some were drest in yellow, red, and indeed in all the different colors of the rainbow, with feathers and flowers in their hats; they all wore blue and white flags, some beautifully painted; when the procession had past, we went to the Glyptothek, which is a very classical building of the Ionic style; these rooms are very splendidly fitted up, with ceilings beautifully gilded, pavements of different colored marbles exquisitely polished, walls of polished scagliola, yellow, deep green; the effect is magnificent, and as we paced up and down these magnificent rooms, so splendidly ornamented, we could not but pay a just tribute of admiration to the beneficence of the present king, who has erected and completed this building from his own private purse. In these splendid rooms there are 300 objects of art of indisputable merit so arranged as to exhibit successively the different periods of sculpture,

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

from the sepulchral urns of the ancient Egyptians to the graceful and lovely statues from the chisels of Canova and Thorwaldsen. In no other country has such a building been erected for the sole object of assembling within it the remains of sculptural art. There are many masterpieces here; the principal are: an Apollo said to have been executed by the master of Phidias; a Bacchus, said to be the work of Praxiteles, Canova's Venus, Thorwaldsen's Adonis; several halls also are appropriated to Roman Remains, and sculpture; at the threshold of one of the doors we were arrested by a beautiful vista which presented itself; a beautiful room, 124 ft. long, has been artfully sunk below the level of the other rooms, in order to heighten the effect; it contains 122 objects of undoubted merit, tastefully arranged, and producing a wonderful effect; in this room there are several marble candelabras, exquisitely sculptured; they are Roman antiques; but I must not linger here too long, but will proceed to the Pinacothek to see the different cabinets which were closed when we visited the gallery before. In these cabinets are many gems, particularly of the old German School, painted on gold grounds; among other singular paintings is a complete history of our Saviour in one picture; in it are represented all the remarkable events of his life from his birth to his resurrection; it would however take me too long to describe it; there were many gems also of the Italian school, but one which I particularly admired was a Carlo Dolci; his paintings generally I much admire, such exquisite softness, such elaborate finish, that I never can see one without wishing ardently that I might be the possessor of it. The gallery was again very much crowded today, and as we had made an appointment at $\frac{1}{2}$ 12, we were obliged to leave; this appointment was to see the collection of painted glass, belonging to a private gentleman; a select few only were admitted, and we were ushered into a suite of apartments, very prettily ornamented with precious little articles, and also ornamented with bas reliefs by Schwarthaler; the owner, M^r. Boisserée is the discoverer of this painting, though not a professional artist; we were conducted into a small room where we took our seats and all light was excluded; when all was ready, he removed a dark shade, and the most brilliant light burst upon our view, the Madonna and the Infant Saviour, and a beautiful landscape in the distance; the brilliancy of the colors I cannot of course describe, but never have I seen anything more rich and splendid; the murmured and repeated expressions of splendid, magnificent, went round the room; the

LETTERS OF

effect was like magic; this picture was then removed, and the Madonna & the Child again appeared in a different attitude and drapery. This appeared to me still more beautiful; the next was St. Christopher; this was admirably done, but the subject did not please me quite as much as the other; we were then taken into another room, where were 2 complete windows, entirely painted, the apostles, these figures though about $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet long were admirable, the expression of the faces astonishing; we were next shown another small window, and 2 side windows, the adoration of the Magi, the appearance of an angel to the Virgin; finally, we were taken into another room, where the *gem* appeared, a copy of Guido's Ascension of the Virgin; but how can words express the enthusiasm and admiration which I felt! the Virgin ascending into Heaven, sustained by 4 beautiful angels, who were also rising into Heaven; the beauty of their faces, their light, aetherial forms, the purity, loveliness & expression of the Virgin's face, as she throws her eyes up, seeming already to breathe the divine atmosphere of Heaven; we gazed in mute admiration, not a word was spoken, and my imagination aided my eyes so much that I almost saw her figure ascend still higher through the sky; I turned my eyes away, and I thought it was a dream.

After leaving these beautiful specimens of art, we returned to our carriage, having thanked again and again our kind host for his civilities; having staid there nearly 2 hours, we returned to dinner.

At dinner, we had a very interesting conversation with an English gentleman, who afterwards sent us Granville's Travels through Austria to read.

After dinner, we went to the Church of St. Louis, to see a window beautifully painted, intended to be placed in that Church; the subject of the lower part of the window was the angel appearing to the Virgin Mary, most admirably executed; the upper part of the window was painted in different patterns, and the most splendid colors; there are to be 12 of these windows in the church, and the effect will far surpass that produced by the ancients; the figures are not in small pieces as the ancient ones, but in large panes; the effect you can readily imagine will be magnificent. We then drove to the fête, where there were many targets, at which many riflemen were firing; the stag also appeared from his thicket; many shots struck him while on the wing, but none touched the vital part the heart; the concourse of spectators was very great, every one amusing them-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

selves in different ways; in some parts, there were different exhibitions; there were many booths, in one corner of which was a fire, where 2 women were employed in cooking sausages, meat, etc; on the benches around sate men, women and children, all eating bread, drinking beer, etc; many were dancing and waltzing, by the music of 2 violins, and every one was occupied amusing themselves. Among other amusements was a lottery, the different prizes being hung around to attract buyers. We bought several tickets, I, with the usual Brinckerhoff luck, drew 3 blanks, or as the tickets expressed from the pictures on them, 3 fools; Frederic however obtained a prize, which consisted of a fork and spoon made of box-wood, Caroline drew 2 blanks, but she insisted on Frederic's drawing for her also; he drew 2 other tickets, one of which was another prize, consisting of a green silk purse. After such unprecedented success, we took our departure, and after going round to see all the curiosities, returned to the carriage, and after driving round the city, past the church with the first fresco painting painted in Munich since the restoration of that art; we then returned home, and spent the evening delightfully, working, while Frederic read Dr. Granville to us.

MUNICH, Tuesday, October 9th, 1838

After breakfast, we went out to take a walk; our valet directed our steps to the Royal stables, where we saw a vast number of horses, very well kept, and in fine order; although the King has 400 horses for himself & suite, we only saw 200 as the King & Queen are at Berchtesgaden with their equipages, and the Prince Royal with his also. We saw in the riding school, 2 men in uniform breaking 2 horses; the riding school is about 3 times as large as our friend M^r. Roulstone's, built of stone, and at the 2 entrances has columns of stone; this school is appropriated to the king's horses alone; in my opinion it is a great shame that the king's *horses* should have a school so far superior to the *ladies* of New York; but so it is.

After leaving the stable, we went into the coach houses, where we saw the equipages of the king; his state carriages are blue (lake) with white hammer cloth with a coronet embroidered in gold; they are very handsome but plain; he has upwards of 200, but of course some are not very handsome as they are for the daily use of his suite; we saw 2 carriages built in the time of the Emperor Maximilian; they are of some material which I do not know, but they resemble gold stone sparkling; the box and wheels are all gilded; they look more

LETTERS OF

like fairy chariots than for mortals; they are lined with scarlet and gold, the ceilings also. We saw also a carriage presented by Louis XIV to a Bavarian king; it resembled that used by Queen Victoria at her coronation. There were also many remarkable sleighs, built in very fanciful styles, with cupids on the front part; these were very ancient; those used in winter at present are extremely pretty; we left the carriage depository, and having exhausted almost all the sights of Munich returned home, to wait for Frederic to take us to the New Palace, the residence of the King. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, we went to the New Palace, but were not able to enter at that hour, we then returned to dinner. After dinner, spent the afternoon in packing, and the evening sewing, talking, etc.

MUNICH, Wednesday, October 10th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we went to the palace of the king; it is his own property, and at his death will belong to his wife; it is said to be very handsome; the exterior is after the Italian style, and resembles the Pitti Palace at Florence; though it is the residence of the king he allows it to be thrown open to the public at certain hours; the interior is not fitted up with hangings, but all the walls and ceilings are decorated with fresco paintings; the subjects of these paintings are all taken from German authors, and executed by German artists; the walls in the apartments of the king are ornamented with frescoes, the subjects taken from Homer, Anacreon, Sophocles, etc., and those of the queen from Goethe, Schiller; these paintings are surrounded by beautiful arabesque borders, copied from Pompeii, enriched with marble bas reliefs, and raised patterns in stucco and gold; the floors are of satin wood and ebony inlaid, in the form of mosaics; there are no draperies except very scant curtains to the windows of red velvet, blue satin, etc; the throne room is very handsome; the drapery of the throne is crimson velvet, embroidered with gold with gold fringe, and lined with white satin with gold stars embroidered on it; the ball room is handsome, but not large; two large canopies of scarlet and gold are intended for the royal guests to repose upon. Leading from the ball room is an orangery, filled with orange trees in blow, the fragrance was delightful; this is used as a supper room; the apartments of the queen are very handsome; her library is particularly so, the furniture is all white and gold, as is her state carriage; having, I presume by this time tired you with my descriptions I will bring them to a close, merely

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

remarking that this palace though considered by some the handsomest in Europe, is not, in my opinion, equal to that of the Prince of Orange; having left the palace we returned home and made preparations for our departure from Munich.

We started at 1; it was a very lovely day, and we all enjoyed the drive extremely; we arrived at Peiss, at 5, and proceeded on our journey to Aibling where we spent the night; during the whole drive, we enjoyed the loveliest view imaginable of the distant Alps; the rays of the setting sun, shed a thousand glorious tints upon the landscape, and the continuous range of the Alps, were shaded with tints of lilac. We had a most magnificent October sunset, whose splendour only surpassed by the one at Chillon; we arrived at Aibling at 8, and after a very good supper retired.

AIBLING, Thursday, October 11th, 1838

We started this morning after breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7, and drove to Rosenheim, in 2 hours; we were there obliged to wait $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour for horses; we then drove to Weishar, where we met 2 handsome carriages belonging to Lord Powerscourt, who travelled in America; he was travelling with his wife, a very pretty woman, and his child 2 years old; they had a very handsome chariot, and a britska, with 4 servants; we were obliged to wait $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in our carriages for horses, and then went to Trauenstein, where we dined on trout, etc.; after dining we resumed our journey, and arrived at 10 at Reichenhall, very tired and sleepy; during the course of our drive, we past a very lovely lake, called the Chiemsee, 12 miles long and 4 broad; it is famed for its fish; the road skirts the northern margin of the lake, and is extremely beautiful; we past one of the carriages of the king, in which were 2 ladies; we changed horses with them; we immediately retired on arriving at Reichenhall.

REICHENHALL, Friday, October 12th, 1838

Left this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ 8, and drove along a delightful country to Berchtesgaden; though we found travelling in the summer season perfectly delightful, still we give the preference to the autumn; the yellow tints of the leaves, and the clear sky remind me of Claude Lorraine's landscapes; nothing can be more enchanting than travelling at this season.

We arrived at Berchtesgaden at 12, and having secured good rooms for the night, and ordered dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ 4, we took our seats in a

LETTERS OF

miserable post carriage, the best to be obtained, and drove to the Lake of Königssee, so celebrated for its beauty; nothing can be more beautiful than this drive; on each side of us arose mountains piled on mountains, glaciers and snow clad hills rise majestically on all sides, and give a savage grandeur to the scene, in happy contrast with the fertile fields and mossy turf on each side the road; on both sides of the road here, as well as in all Catholic counties, are erected crucifixes and small chapels to the Virgin and the different Saints on spots where some accident has happened; sometimes you see the picture of a carriage upset, sometimes a man tumbling down the mountains, and sometimes a boat upset according to the nature of the accident.

On the way we met several cattle decorated with ribands & flowers, and led by a boy also ornamented with flowers.

We arrived at the lake in $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and took a small boat rowed by 2 men and 1 woman to cross to the other end of the lake, which is 5 miles long; the day was perfectly lovely and the scenery beautiful; the marble mountains rise in gigantic majesty on each side of the lake, and the snow white glaciers add greatly to the beautiful wildness of the lake; the water is as clear as crystal, and appeared in the sun of an emerald hue, while in the shade of the mountains, it seemed of an inky blackness.

We first stopt at a small landing, where there was a beautiful lawn with rustic seats scattered around and tables; near by is a stone oven which serves as a kitchen when picnic parties stop here which I believe is frequently the case; near by is a beautiful waterfall with an easy path formed by steps leading to it; it is a very wild spot; the mountains appear to separate in the same way as at the *Flume*, and indeed this excursion reminded us not a little of that day, as we had observed that the drive from Berchtesgaden reminded us very much of that to Franconia, but the resemblance did not continue to the walk, as here was a delightful and accessible path; the water falls from very high mountains of rock, and though there is a very inconsiderable quantity of water, still the beauty of the scenery amply repaid us for our walk; we then resumed our seats and arrived in a short time in sight of the Ice Chapel; this, as its name indicates is a peculiar formation of the ice of a glacier in the form of a chapel; it is a very singular formation; as the ascent is said to be rather fatiguing, we did not undertake it but continued as far as the Schloss or Castle where the king sometimes remains a day

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

when hunting the chamois; his manner of sporting amuses us very much; the peasants catch a number of these animals and drive them down to the borders of the lake, the royal sportsmen then shoot them from their boats. The Schloss is a white wooden mansion with little pretension to style; we entered the house, and saw hanging up in the entry a number of pictures of salmon trout of gigantic size caught in this lake; we endeavored to purchase some trout but were not able to procure any. This house is also an inn, and we called for some bread; they brought us some rye bread, but it was so sour that we could not touch it; poor Martin sympathized very much with us in our distress. Says he, "they have only sour bread, detestable cheese, and bitter beer." The inhabitants of Germany are great beer drinkers; they have large cut glass mugs with silver or pewter covers and handles. We had a lovely view of the lake from here, and enjoyed extremely the wildness and majestic grandness of the mountains around us; we remained here a short time and then returned to the boat and prepared for rather a cool voyage home, as the sun could not warm us, being concealed from us by the high mountains. We were 1 hour in returning, though Frederic endeavored to hasten our progress by taking a fourth oar; we were reminded of our Alpine trips by hearing the woodland songs of the Alpine shepherdesses, and the tinklings of the cow bell quite carried us back to the scenes of the summer. We arrived at the end of the lake, and resumed our seats in our splendid equipage; we were offered a bunch of white flowers that looked as if they were made of soft white flannel, by an old blind woman, and as we had never seen such a curious looking flower, and could not give it its name, we christened it the flower of the blindwoman of Berchtesgaden; we hastened our drive home, thinking that we would still have time to visit the Salt mines, but misled by the advice of the landlord, we stopt first to dine, and were then informed by him that it was too late, as they were closed at 6; having obtained the permission which is necessary for obtaining admittance, we were very much disappointed, but as it could not be helped, we were obliged to remain at home, writing our journals reading, talking etc.; we are to visit them in the morning; we saw this afternoon a hydraulic machine by which the brine from the salt mines is raised to the height of 1218 feet; the aqueducts conducting the brine are along the sides of the road; I neglected to mention to you that on entering the boat to cross the Königssee, a very savage looking man, with dark hair, dark eyes, black mustachios, and a

LETTERS OF

long black beard, came up to the boat as if with the intention of entering it; his costume also was quite picturesque; a white shirt with different colored straps, velvet trousers ending at the knee, so as to expose it, and long black worsted stockings; a black cap stuck on one side completed the dress of this singular personage; but the object which first attracted & then riveted my attention, was a large pistol which he carried in his hand; this warlike weapon added to his very ferocious appearance; he called to my fancy the idea of an Italian bandit; my surprise and consternation rapidly increased when I saw him enter the boat and take an oar; I was however gradually reassured when I was informed that he wore the pistol with the pacific intention of awaking a neighboring echo; accordingly when we had arrived half way across the lake, the boat was stopt, our bandit fired his pistol, and as it went off I could not refrain starting though I had promised to bear the explosion manfully. The sound was repeated for several seconds, among the neighboring mountains; we listened with mute attention till the reverberation gradually died away; thus ended our adventure with the bandit. . . .

Before retiring this evening the house was somewhat disturbed by the arrival of Lord Powerscourt and family, who are now on their way to Italy; at $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 we retired.

BERCHTESGADEN, Saturday, October 13th, 1838

After breakfast, we determined to undertake the descent of the salt mines; though it rained very hard when we first arose, after breakfast the rain turned into snow and immense flakes fell round us in all directions. We accordingly breakfasted, and soon afterwards, we entered a rather forlorn looking post carriage, to go to the mines; Berchtesgaden is beautifully situated in a valley surrounded on all sides by grand and beautiful mountains; had the day been pleasant, we should have had a lovely drive, but as it was, we were shut in by leather curtains which were only opened when we arrived at a house where we were shown the machines which pump the water up, after which they are conveyed by pipes to the boiling houses, where the water is boiled; the salt then sinks, and the fresh water rises; from 100 pounds of water, 27 of salt are produced. The machines were very handsome, made of polished copper; we tasted the water, and it was extremely salt. We then took our seats again into the carriage, and drove to the salt mine; I must confess that I felt some misgivings as we approached on account of the extreme

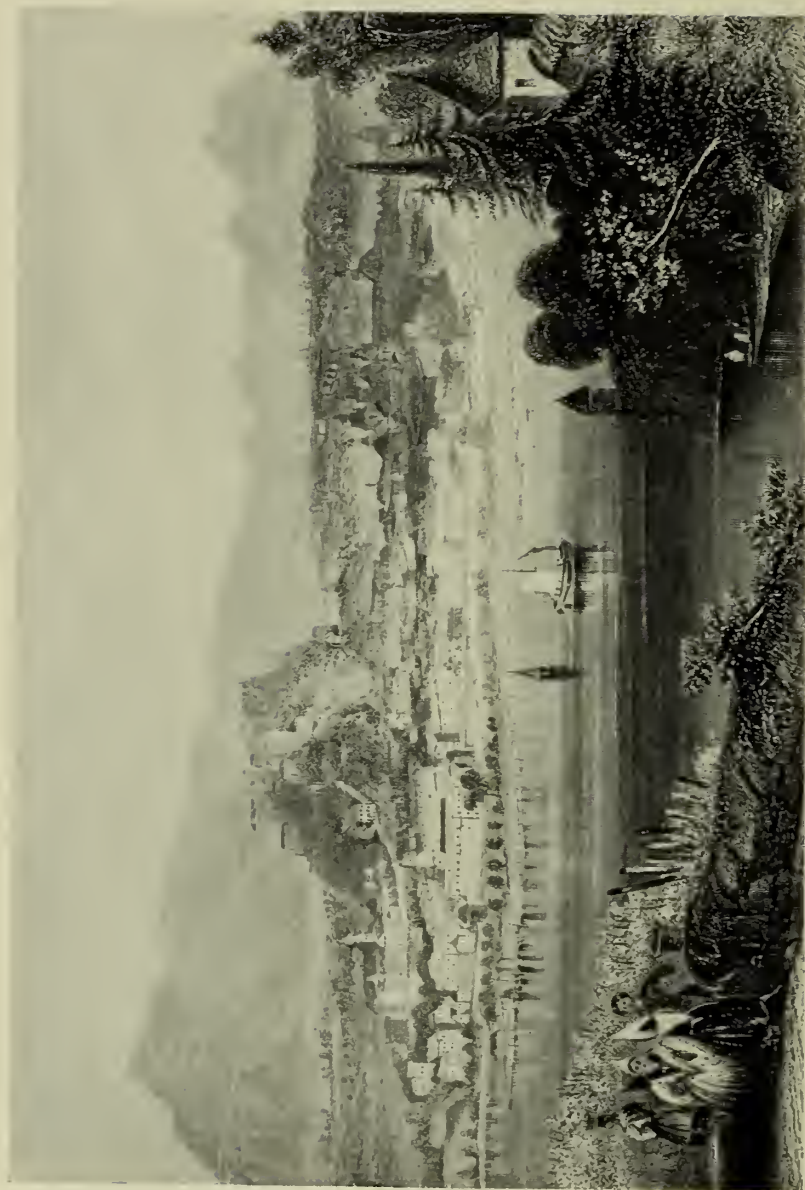
CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

novelty of the enterprise. M^{rs}. Trollope gives a very alarming account of her descent into the mines at Hallein, but as every one acknowledges that she exaggerates everything, and colors it so much that it appears quite different from the reality.

Having gone through the process of obtaining formal permission we entered a small wooden house, and were conducted into a small room, where having inscribed our names, we were told to take off our hats, shawls and cloaks, and put on white linen blouses, cloth caps with blue borders and a little silver cockade; we were at first told to put on Turkish trousers if we wished to slide into the mountain, but determining not to try this latter experiment, we were allowed to forego that part of the dress. Over the blouse we were obliged to strap a short leather apron buckled in front; before I proceed any further, lest you may think us crazy, I will inform you that the Queen of Bavaria put on the complete costume, when she descended 2 weeks ago in company with the Prince and Princess of Denmark; besides these great personages, a great number of ladies have at different times descended, but almost all wear the complete dress. In this elegant and bizarre costume, accompanied by Frederic and Martin in the same costume, we descended a flight of steps leading into a large vault, where we were all armed with lanterns with candles in them; we then commenced our walk through a gallery which continued for the distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; this gallery is a passage cut through the solid salt rock, and is so narrow as to oblige us to walk single file; on all sides we could discern through the darker rock the sparkling crystal salt of red and white; after walking in this way for some time, we came to a tablet of marble inserted in the rock, and erected to the honor of some honorable personage who had visited the mine; we met in the course of our walk with several, one of which had the Austrian eagle on it, and was in honor of the Emperor of Austria, though I could not learn if he had visited it. We at length arrived into a large open space which appeared at first view to resemble a theatre; there were two galleries round which were placed at intervals torches to illuminate somewhat the scene; still it was so dark that we could distinguish only a few steps on each side of us, but we could measure the size of it from the torches around. The diameter of this chamber was 200 feet; we walked round the passage or gallery which had been cut in the side of the rock and saw beautiful specimens as we proceeded of the crystal of salt. Having made the circuit of this gallery, we returned to our starting place which

LETTERS OF

was at the top of a flight of steps. At the side of these steps is the slide which I have mentioned as being the place where the other part of the dress was necessary. Caroline and I however preferred going down the slower but surer way, by the steps; Frederic however determined to try the slide, which consists of 2 round polished pieces of timber, about 1 foot apart, which go from the top to the descent, on these cylinders; the person sits astride, passing one foot under the rope to regulate the rapidity; there is a rope which serves as a banister, and you sit down resting against the miner in front of you, impelled in this way, with the rapidity of lightning you arrive at the foot; we then landed on the ground floor which was also dimly illuminated by lights arranged round the circular chamber. There are in this mine 36 chambers; this one, 200 feet in diameter is the smallest; these chambers are formed by the water which had been let in from springs into the small chamber which had been previously excavated to a small extent; the water soon attacks the sides & roof; dissolving the salt which it imbibes, and so loosening the clay that it falls to the bottom; every 6 weeks, the water is drawn off by pipes and the chamber is found to have enlarged 2 feet at the sides and 2 at the roof; the ceilings of these chambers are about 100 feet high, are perfectly flat, and of a dark red color somewhat resembling colored marble; we saw here many remains of the brilliant illumination when the queen made her visit; the initials of the Prince of Denmark were brilliantly illuminated; the gallery and passages must have produced a very fine and brilliant effect. We were 2400 feet under ground, having that immense height of mountain above us; they then ordered us to ascend the steps as they were going to blow these rocks for our express benefit; with some fatigue we mounted the steep flight of steps and found ourselves in the upper gallery; the man from below, then set fire to the train of gunpowder by a slow match, and when the explosion came, it was so loud, and tremendous a shock that it startled me beyond description. I had at first apprehended some danger from the explosion, but being reassured by Frederic, we had consented to hear it, but when the redoubled peals as of crashing thunder broke upon my ears, I confess that my nerves were very much shocked, but regardless of my nerves, the man below lit the other match which went off with a reverberation if possible more tremendous than the last; it seemed to me as if the rocks must give way and crush us to atoms; having penetrated into all the recesses with our lights, we bent our steps toward the exit. During



SALZBURG

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

our walk out we met several miners in their working costumes with their implements on their shoulders; I could not help thinking how much we looked like ghosts or spectres in this singular costume. After walking in all 1 mile we returned to the open air, returned our lamps to the guide, & ascended the flight of steps into the room where we had formerly dismantled; we arrived there with fine colors, as the air of the mines was rather fresh; during our walk, we saw many beautiful specimens of the rock salt, some brilliantly red, the others perfectly pure, others of a brilliant yellow. I also met, as usual, with a slight adventure; as we were walking along the dark and narrow passage, forgetting to watch my steps, my foot sunk between the boards into some water, which I immediately fancied must be one of the excavated chambers filled with water; I was not however able to ascertain that fact, as I did not go entirely in, but only a small portion of my foot; almost in despair at not being able to relate something more of an adventure, we arrived at the top where we soon put on our hats and cloaks, and having bought some specimens of the salt, resumed our seats in the carriage, stopping on our way home to see some specimens of curiosities made in wood, but these were so coarse and badly made that they were not worth the trouble of looking at; we then returned to the house, and Martin soon informed us that the posthorses were there and every thing ready for us to continue our journey to Salzburg; as the day was so rainy, we were prevented from seeing all the beautiful scenery which lay on our road; a short distance from Salzburg, we were stopt at the Austrian custom house; they made us get out to search the carriage, but after a short examination found little besides a lb. of English tea, for which they must pay as much as it was worth. After this foolish delay, we continued to Salzburg, and arrived there at 3. It is situated on the Salzach at the foot of 2 high mountains; its celebrated castle is the most prominent feature of the landscape; Salzburg is considered the loveliest spot in Germany. Many travellers say the scenery is superior to that of Switzerland, but though it is very beautiful it seems almost a sacrilege to compare it to Switzerland; we stopt at the Golden Schiff, where Martin obtained very good rooms; while waiting for dinner, we amused ourselves with looking out upon the Grande Place; in the centre of which is a large jet d'eau; from the lower part of the fountain the water comes from the nostrils of 4 horses.

While waiting for dinner, Frederic went to the reading room, but

LETTERS OF

unfortunately there were no fresh papers; on his return, he witnessed the burial of a Catholic priest; the procession consisted of a number of priests in their robes, bearing torches and chaunting psalms; the corpse was borne by 4 persons, and surrounded by others bearing torches; the coffin was covered with green velvet & a Bible covered with green velvet and gold clasps, was lying on the coffin; this cortège was followed by numbers of men, women, and boys, the women in very singular costumes of the country.

After a very nice dinner of trout, chapon, etc., we wrote our journals, talked, read and retired at 10.

SALZBURG, Sunday, October 14th, 1838

After breakfast, this morning, though the weather was very unpleasant and wet, as the snow had ceased falling, we determined to go out and take a walk to see one or two of the curiosities of the place.

The city has to me a very gloomy appearance, as in almost all the streets the grass is growing; its situation however looks very beautiful even in this weather, and must consequently appear to much greater advantage in fine weather; we however went to the Church of St. Peter's, where they were performing high mass; a large number of persons were assembled; we observed the singularity of the headdress of the women; which consists of a gold cap in the form of a helmet, a thin transparent cap of the same shape made of black crape is more commonly worn; the monument which we went to see was that of Michael Haydn, the composer; I looked upon this tomb with much veneration; it consisted of a number of rocks heaped together, and covered with moss; on this was a large white stone on which is a black marble urn which contains his head; it was not till some time after that I heard it suggested that this was the tomb of the brother of the great Haydn; near it is a tomb erected to the sister of Mozart, and also that of Neukomm, the great composer; on the rocks of Haydn's tomb were the names of all his musical works; we next went to see the riding school of the Benedictine Convent; there is a large circle in which the archbishops and monks used to ride, and on one side, are three galleries hewn out of the solid rock for the accommodation of spectators; it is now used by the Austrian cavalry; in one part of the convent was a large room, with painted ceilings which served as a winter school; after leaving this, we past through one of the gates of the city; hewn out of the solid rock to the depth of 300

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

feet, and over the arch of the gate is a marble monument erected to Sigismund; it was finished in 1663, is 14 feet high; it is placed in a niche cut out of the solid rock; this gate is acknowledged to be the greatest curiosity in Salzburg; on the hill, there is an hermitage hewn out of the rock, masoned in front with small windows; this is said to have been the residence of St. Maximus; it appears to be almost inaccessible, but there is a steep path leading up the side of the mountain; we had intended going up to the castle to see the beautiful view, but as the distant mountains were all beginning to be covered with snow, we abandoned the idea; we then went to see Mozart's house, which is in the Getreidegasse; it is an ancient looking mansion; he was born in the third story, and his wife still lives there; it is a remarkable circumstance that Haydn was born at Vienna and is buried here and Mozart was born here and buried at Vienna; having exhausted all the curiosities worth seeing, we returned to the hotel, ordered post horses, and at 11, left the town of Salzburg; the scenery on our road is said to be very beautiful, but as the mountains and fields were covered with a slight fall, every thing wore a gloomy appearance; we were consequently obliged to sit with the windows closed, and to occupy ourselves with books; at 4 we arrived at Frankenmarkt & as Martin appeared to suffer much from the cold and damp, we determined to pass the night here; we are therefore now sitting on a sofa with a table covered with cloth, plate, bread etc. in anxious expectation of soup, and as doubtless you must be just this time about sitting down to your dinner, I will invite you to join our party; you know our time here is 5 hours later than yours; I amuse myself very frequently by fancying what you are doing at home at such an hour; sometimes you are sleeping, sometimes eating as at present; but here comes the soup. . . . After a very nice dinner, which we eat by candle light, we spent the evening sitting round a stove, talking of our travels, home, and many other interesting subjects. At 10, we retired.

FRANKENMARKT, Monday, October 15th, 1838

Rose this morning at 6, found the morning lovely & perfectly clear; after breakfast, we left at $\frac{1}{2}$ 7; the morning was rather chilly, but the sun gradually warmed; the frost on the tops of the trees and the grass and the frozen dewdrops sparkled brilliantly in the sun; we travelled until 11, enlivened by the rays of the sun, and enjoying a lovely view of the mountains of the Salzkammergut, their summits

LETTERS OF

covered with snow; soon, however, the sky became clouded, and at 3 it commenced raining very hard; as we were desirous of getting to Linz before dark, we determined not to stop and dine, but took a cold dinner in the carriage; we rode till 6, with the windows closed, and I amused myself reading one of the most interesting histories I have ever read, 'Histoire de Frédéric le Grand.' At 6, we arrived at Linz, which is beautifully situated on the Danube; it is quite a large town, and as we drove through the long streets, with lighted stores on each side, on our way to the Golden Lion, I could not avoid comparing it with Canal street. We obtained very pleasant front rooms in this house, and having ordered some bread and cream, we warmed ourselves by the fire till tea time; but unfortunately the cream turned out to be boiled milk; I therefore consoled myself with some Chamouny which we had procured while there, and which we found perfectly delicious; after tea we wrote our journals and chatted till bedtime.

LINZ, Thursday, October 16th, 1838

We had intended this morning seeing the curiosities of Linz, which are few, with the exception of the beautiful views on all sides, and then continuing our journey to Vienna; but the heavens smiled not on our intentions, for when we rose, we found it was raining in torrents. We therefore breakfasted, determining to spend the day here; after breakfast, we stood round the china stove in our room talking about the delights of anticipating a rainy day, and then amused ourselves looking at the market women selling their greens, butter, eggs, etc., in the Market Plaz before us; we amused ourselves with the variety of costume, seeing them trudge along with their baskets and bundles on their heads, holding up with both hands their dripping robes; there are small stalls covered with sailcloth, in which many business transactions in the way of purchasing meat, etc., are carried on; but the rain continuing very violent at 10, they all retreated and obliged us to seek entertainment in books. I amused myself with reading Childe Harold, aloud part of the time to Caroline, while Frederic went out to see the papers; which by the bye we had not seen since we left Milan; as no French papers are allowed to enter Austria, the only one he was able to get was a Frankfort paper which gave him no information that he cared about.

At 12 we sallied out in the rain to a store 2 doors off, where I wished to get some canvas to work a pair of slippers for Frederic,

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

but I was unsuccessful; we therefore returned to our books, and Frederic the Great interested me very much.

At 3, we dined à la carte; after a pretty good dinner in our rooms we returned to our books, while Frederic went out to inquire about the boats which go down the Danube to Vienna; he found that the steamboat would not go in 8 days, on account of the shallowness of the water; this was a very great disappointment; we however sent for a boatman to know if he could take us down the river in a small boat, but upon further inquiry we found it would take 2 days and was very dangerous on account of the sudden winds which frequently upset the boats; we had preferred going in a boat as the scenery is much more beautiful, but rather than run any risk, we determined to proceed in our carriage. We retired at 10.

LINZ, Wednesday, October 17th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, we took a short walk through the town, and then proceeded on our journey, anxious to set off before the Prince Esterhazy, who is also on his way to Vienna from London where he is minister.

We left at 10, and having proceeded 2 miles stopt to see a very curious fortification for which Linz is celebrated; around the city is a chain of these towers, so arranged that the interval between them is controlled by these towers; they are protected by a glacis which rises so high that on the outside nothing appears above the ground but a temporary roof which is to be taken away in time of war. There are 11 guns on each tower, arranged in the form of a circle, and so arranged that they can all be brought to bear upon one point with little trouble and great speed; the Commandant sits in the centre on a high bench or platform, and regulates the movements of each gun merely by calling out the numbers to which he wishes to have the cannon rolled; these numbers are marked on the little railway on which the cannon run; when the enemy is so near that these cannon in the upper story will not produce sufficient effect, with his foot he rings a bell, and thus has complete command of the lower story. This plan is considered very admirable for fortifying towns with little expense, and is very effectual; the 2d story is used in times of peace for the apartments of the officers and soldiers, and the ground floor is used as a powder magazine. Before the fortifications of Linz were erected, there was no barrier to prevent an enemy from going direct to the walls of Vienna.

LETTERS OF

After leaving the tower, we continued our journey; we past the monastery of St. Florian; he is a saint believed to give great aid in extinguishing fires; his portrait is constantly seen on the outside of houses; he is clad in armor and in the act of pouring water from a bucket upon a house on fire; in the river Enns close by it is said that St. Florian was thrown with a millstone round his neck, but the stone immediately assuming the buoyancy of cork, he was kept afloat until he had preached a sermon against his persecutors.

We dined in the carriage on cold chicken etc.; these dinners are very pleasant from their novelty; at 8 we arrived at Kemmelbach, and after a supper of delicious cream and bread and butter, retired.

KEMMELBACH, Thursday, October 18th, 1838

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, we left the resting place and continued our road to Vienna; during the whole of the day we had a succession of the loveliest views; the rich orange tints of the autumnal foliage lighted by the brilliant rays of the setting sun; the uncommon clearness of the autumnal atmosphere gives a brilliancy to the landscape, the rich verdant fields and grass, the rich tints of the leaves surpass greatly the beauties of a summer evening. But I am wandering from the morning to the evening.

At 10 we arrived at Melk, where we had a beautiful view of the Danube; on a rock overhanging Melk, stands a monastery which resembles more the abode of kings and princes than that of monks. While Napoleon was here with his army, the monks furnished from their cellars, 50,000 pints of wine for several days in succession; judge of the riches of this establishment; the exterior is magnificent; we proceeded to St. Pölten; soon after we dined in the carriage and after a delightful drive arrived at Vienna at $\frac{1}{2}$ 9. We were however only at the commencement of difficulties; Frederic was obliged to get out, and all the innermost secret recesses and pockets of our carriage were searched. Whilst this ceremony was performing, I could scarcely refrain from laughing out; the officer rummaged about with his lantern and finally opened the cave; there he encountered several bundles neatly wrapt up in paper; these he carefully opened, his eye sparkling meanwhile, anticipating rich treasures; but lo! when he had unrolled worlds of paper, he came to a pair of old shoes; his disappointment was extreme; he threw them by with the utmost contempt; Caroline and I nearly expired with laughter; he then recommenced his search, and found a tin canister; ideas of tea, to-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

bacco etc., all of which are contraband, floated through his mind; hope lighted his countenance and rekindled his ardour; he opened the canister, and found it was grease for the carriage; with an air and look that would have annihilated any less courageous than ourselves, he dashed the poor canister back; my mirth had now past all bounds; and it was impossible for us to stifle any longer our laughter by coughing, choking etc.; finally he perceived our agony and gave us a benignant smile expressing his regrets that he should have deranged us so much. Aunt Louisa never knew what it was to have her drawers rummaged, though she thinks that I have played the custom house officer so well in my day, but tell her she knows nothing about it, and if she desires to know more particularly, I will show her how they do when we return. But after the interior was finished, we flattered ourselves that here this visit would end; but oh! the fallacy of human hopes! the officer immediately paid a visit to the back of the carriage where there is a private box; now I must tell you that when in Munich, we saw very many and beautiful specimens of painted glass; one day while in an engraving store, we were shown a picture on glass, "Erasmus reading," about 9 inches square; the colors were very rich and we were very much delighted to find so small and pretty a specimen of this new discovery of modern painting. Frederic thought that the price of 70 francs was not too much to pay for it. But the officer when he spied this box, seized upon the treasure, and carried it into the office. Martin, in despair followed, vainly protesting that we did not know it was contraband, and using all his powers of persuasion, endeavored to recover it; he was not however successful but returned with the disagreeable intelligence that if we wished to ransom it we must pay 180 francs more, as the article was not only contraband but as we had not declared it we must pay a fine; Frederic immediately left the carriage, entered the house to see what efforts he could use, but as he was deprived of the use of speech (at least *German* speech) he was forced to look unutterable things; he looked however in vain; Erasmus was torn from our arms, and we were told to call in the morning, that something might be done; we were therefore obliged to leave the reformer in the hands of these Austrian Catholics, but I am afraid his studies while among them will not be profitable.

We then drove to the Hôtel de l'Archeduc Charles, through a great number of handsome streets brilliantly illuminated; I think that there is nothing prettier than entering a large city at night; the

LETTERS OF

numerous lights which resemble a multitude of stars, leave the imagination room to build up a city of unsurpassed magnificence, which perhaps the sober reality of the morrow may destroy.

Not able to obtain rooms which suited us at the first hotel, we proceeded to the Hôtel de l'Impératrice, where we obtained a very handsome salon with bedrooms adjoining; a number of domestics immediately commenced preparing our beds, etc., while I reposed in the fauteuil till all was ready; while commencing my preparations the femme de chambre very respectfully came up to me, took my hand, which was almost lost mid my tresses, and sweetly kissed it; I started, but immediately recovering my self possession, replied to her civility by a "Good Naufent," which perhaps you, dear Mama, may recollect, as you so often use it yourself; soon after we retired.

VIENNA, Friday, October 19th, 1838

Rose at 7, breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8; soon after breakfast, after our unpacking was finished, Frederic went to the American Minister, M^r. Muhlenberg, to endeavor to obtain Erasmus' release, but unfortunately the minister said that he had just arrived 2 weeks ago, had not presented his letters to the government, and consequently could not act. He said that he had been as unfortunate as we; and though he had offered a bribe, as we had also done, it was refused; what a scandal that a diplomat should be subjected to such treatment; he had complained to Prince Metternich, who consoled him by saying that the custom house officers were stupid fools; Frederic then directed his steps to the Consul whose name is Schwartz; he is now on the way to the custom house, which is some distance off, with the latter gentleman, and though they have gone in a carriage, I fear their stay will be long. I have consequently been amusing myself at your expense, fatiguing your patience.

Frederic on his way to the Minister's stopt at the banker's to enquire for letters, but returned with the sad intelligence that there were none. By a very remarkable coincidence we happened to be address by M^r. Welles to a banker by the name of Arnstein; who is the cousin of our London friend Baron Barrara Arnstein; you recollect he crost the channel with us, exchanged cards with Frederic, and we had expected to have met him here; but he is unfortunately out of town at present. I must now leave you till Frederic's return.

In about 2 hours, Frederic returned, accompanied by M^r. Schwartz, the American Consul; he is a German, is about 35 years of

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

age; has a brother living in Detroit, and has himself visited America several years ago; he speaks English timidly, but quite plainly; he was so kind, however as to procure Erasmus' release without our paying any ransom; his conversation amused us very much; among other droll little expressions which he used, he said the Emperor was an *unsignifying* man; meaning insignificant. He wanted us to dine with him on Sunday, to meet a few Americans; we accepted; after numerous bows & adieus for which the Germans are famous, he departed; and we, accompanied by a stupid valet de place, commenced perambulating the streets of Vienna; the streets are narrow, and the houses 7 or 8 stories high; this gives the city rather a gloomy appearance, but I am already very much prejudiced in its favor from a resemblance which I think it bears to Paris. There are no side walks, but the whole street is paved with flat stones so that it affords a very agreeable walk; but there is great inconvenience when carriages pass, as there is not only a danger of being spattered, but run over.

We went into several stores to purchase a few articles, and found them very handsome indeed; the stores here are ornamented with very handsome signs, many of them painted by first rate artists; the stores are filled with quantities of the handsomest goods, and there appears to be a great deal of taste in the selection. M^{rs}. Trollope says that the ladies of Vienna dress with more taste than the Parisians, but I am very much inclined to doubt that.

After passing through St. Stephen's plaz, and St. Michel and a number of other plazes, we returned to dine at 4; as there are no table d'hôtes in Vienna for ladies, we dine in our private parlor.

After dinner, we again took a walk through the streets which looked still more gay when brilliantly illuminated with gas, but still, we miss the Palais Royal at Paris; in my eyes, no place that we have visited can compare to Paris. After finishing our walk, we returned home, and I spent the remainder of the evening in embroidering Frederic's slippers. At 10, we retired.

VIENNA, Saturday, October 20th, 1838

Soon after breakfast, we sallied forth to go to the dressmaker's; we past through many handsome streets, and past many fine palaces; we past the Russian Ambassador's, the duke of Liechtenstein, Prince Leuck's, and Gustava Vasa of Sweden's palace; his family, I believe still own it. We past the Imperial palace; as the Emperor has not yet returned from his coronation tour we shall be able to see the

LETTERS OF

palace; we were shown the windows of the apartment of the duke de Reichstadt; he died in the same bed in which his father had slept; the shutters were all closed; he is called here the Young Napoleon.

We took a walk on the Bastion which encircles the city, and had a very fine view of the faubourg, where the houses are much finer than in the city; we also past the house of Prince Metternich; it communicates with the palace; it is a very fine house, at present undergoing a painting, as the Prince is absent with the Emperor.

The Prince governs the Empire; the Emperor, not having sufficient force of character for such a station; he is the son of Francis I, so talented and so beloved by his people; still it was under Francis I that the poor Italians have suffered so much. Francis I was the son of Leopold II who was the brother of Joseph II, and both were sons of Maria Theresa.

In front of the library of the palace is a statue in bronze erected to Joseph II by his nephew Francis I.

We then went to the Church of the Augustus to see the monument of the Archduchess of Saxony, Christina, by Canova; it is one of the most successful efforts of that artist; it consists of a pyramid 28 ft. high, in the centre of it is an opening representing an entrance into the vault, on the threshold of which is Virtue carrying an urn containing the ashes of the deceased; by her side are two girls carrying torches to illuminate the tomb; behind her is Benevolence, descending a flight of steps, supporting an old man; a little child accompanies him, hanging its head in sorrow; on the other side is a melancholy lion, and a desponding genius; the whole is a very beautiful allegory; the composition is an elegant one, and the finish exquisite.

In the Church there was a high mass performing for some dead person; it was so crowded that we could scarcely pass; there was a large band of music playing; we also saw a monument of Leopold II in this church; but not very remarkable.

We then returned home, and at 1 drove to the gallery of prince Liechtenstein; it is situated in the faubourgs; it is a very large and handsome palace of dark stone appropriated entirely to pictures; we were conducted through rooms innumerable, and though over each picture was the name of the most celebrated artists, we were not very much delighted; as they were nearly all copies; the star of the gallery is a painting by Correggio; there are upwards of 1200 paintings here, of the old German, Italian, Dutch and Flemish schools;



FRANÇOIS I, EMPEREUR D' AUTRICHE



CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

there are some masterpieces; after leaving the gallery, we called upon M^{rs}. Schwartz; she was not at home; we then paid a visit to M^{rs}. Muhlenberg; she is an old lady; has a daughter of about 22; they are very plain and unpolished; I regret very much that America should not have sent better specimens of Americans; they appear to have come from the woods of Pennsylvania; we never have had before a minister at this court, and there is nothing for them to do, but appear well at court; and I fear this is the very thing they cannot do.

After leaving them, we went to the Imperial palace, and as the Empress mother is not now at home, we were conducted through her apartments. She is the widow of Francis I. She is now at the palace of Schönbrunn, but is expected home every hour. The room which she at present occupies is very small, with a very pretty green watered paper with a gilt moulding round it; there was a very handsome carpet on the floor, an unusual luxury in Germany; the floors to be sure are very handsome, made in squares in which 19 pieces of wood are inserted in different shapes, and then very much waxed; they are very handsome and last for ever but I prefer carpets; her bed was covered with a framework covered with bobbinet lace lined with yellow silk, and a lace frill, thus intending to render the bed an ornament; all German beds are arranged in this style; and without curtains; we were then shown the former bedroom of the Emperor and Empress; the bed on which he died is still preserved and on the place on which it stood, the Empress has arranged a chapel, consisting of an altar; every Sunday, she has mass performed here for herself; over the altar is a picture representing our Saviour receiving the emperor Francis I; the rooms are hung with paintings of the family, and though plain there is an appearance of great comfort.

We were then shown the audience chamber of the Empress; the room was hung with white satin with crimson velvet draperies embroidered with gold, with gold fringe; at intervals of 5 feet were pillars of gilt. The side of the room, by the windows, was lined with mirrors; this was a most brilliant salon; the next room was very handsomely fitted up with great magnificence; we were then shown the apartments of the Emperor. These are all in the ancient style, as the Emperor had a great affection for antiques. I however omitted to mention that in the splendid audience chamber of the Empress, were 2 malachite tables and a splendid robe presented to her by the Emperor of Russia; she has also several pictures presented to

LETTERS OF

her by the republic of Venice. The Emperor of Russia also presented to her 6 large plates of window glass, each weighing 160 lbs.

But to return to the Emperor's apartments; these are decorated in the same style as in the days of Marie Thérèse, with Gobelin tapestry very much faded; we saw several antique tables of Florentine mosaic; the carpets were all taken up, and they were in disorder; as they are preparing for the Emperor's return. There was one room entirely lined with mirrors, and decorated in the style of Louis XIV; when illuminated the effects of the numerous lights of the chandeliers must be very fine.

We then visited the Knight's Hall, a magnificent ball room, with 4 double rows of chandeliers, making in all 56 chandeliers; there were also 4 large silver candelabras, each containing 50 lights; around the room are also arranged rows of lights making in all 4000 lights; on each side of the room are pillars, and between the pillars immense mirrors; you can thus imagine the immense flood of light which must pour from these innumerable stars, and together with the reflection, what a magnificent sight it must be. This room is used for large court balls, and for great ceremonies, such as weddings, etc.

We returned home, our heads almost turned with so much splendor; after dinner, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, we took a drive through the city; it was quite dark, and the stores were all illuminated; the effect was very pretty; we returned home, and spent the evening in embroidery, etc.

VIENNA, Sunday, October 21st, 1838

After breakfast at 10, we drest and went to the Church of St. Peter, where they were performing high mass; we were conducted by our valet de place, into the private pews of the gallery where the ladies of the congregation repair; we had a capital place for seeing the ceremony, and a very singular ceremony it is, but as you have so often heard descriptions of the bowing before the altar, the throwing of incense, the candles, the cup and the wafer, I will not fatigue you with any descriptions; the band of music was very fine.

After church, we returned home, took a carriage, and drove on the Prater. This is a large tract of ground covered with trees, and laid out in avenues, through which the fashionables of Vienna drive; though the weather was very pleasant still there were not as many persons as we expected and after having spent an hour there we returned home to prepare for dinner.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

At 3, we drove to the house of M^r. Schwartz; we were then introduced to his lady who is very young & agreeable; she speaks English but with an accent which renders her very interesting; the party consisted of M^r., M^{rs}., and Miss Muhlenberg, M^r. & M^{rs}. Clay, belonging also to the American legation at Vienna, and M^r. & M^{rs}. Robertson; M^r. R—— is a missionary from the Theological Seminary to Greece; M^{rs}. R—— is a German and an authoress; there was also a young American, M^r. Haydn, and an Italian of the pope's legation at Vienna; I had the felicity of sitting between M^r. Muhlenberg and the Italian; the latter entertained me with accounts of Maroncelli and Pellico; the Emperor has lately declared an amnesty for all offenders against the state that are Austrian subjects, but I was very sorry to learn that Pellico was not included. We had a very pleasant party; after a very fine dinner, we adjourned to the parlor, where we had coffee; at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, we left there and returned to the hotel; we spent the remainder of the evening in reading and chatting.

VIENNA, Monday, October 22nd, 1838

Breakfasted at 9, after which we prepared our letters to send off by the post; we then determined to go and see some of the curiosities of Vienna, which are only to be seen on Mondays, and at 1 to go and see the castle of Schönbrunn which is only $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's drive from Vienna.

VIENNA, Monday, October 22nd, 1838

After preparing and sending our letters, we went out to the Town Arsenal; this contains arms for 24,000 civic guards, and many suits of armour. An immense blood red standard taken from the Turks, and the head of the vizier Cara Mustapha, with the cord with which he was strangled, and his shirt covered with hieroglyphics, are the principal curiosities; we then went up another flight of steps, and saw an immense silver clock, made for the amusement of some duke; it is ornamented with precious stones, which I think are false, and on one face is a calendar containing the days of the month, on the other face, an astronomical apparatus; it also played several tunes.

We next went to the Library, which is connected with the palace. It was originally formed by the Emperor Frederic III, and is now increased to the number of 300,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts. It is a very splendid room with a very high circular dome, painted in fresco very beautifully; Maria Theresa is the principal figure repre-

LETTERS OF

sented in the painting; the galleries and pillars are of walnut and the capitals are gilded; it is a magnificent room; among the curiosities which we saw was a tablet of bronze on which is engraved a *senatus consultum* or Roman act of parliament prohibiting Bacchanalian ceremonies, dated 186 B.C.; a manuscript of Livy, a roll of Mexican hieroglyphics presented by Cortes to Charles V; the most interesting curiosity is Tasso's own manuscript of Jerusalem delivered; this library possesses the finest collection of eastern manuscripts in Europe.

After leaving the library, we went to the cathedral, which is a very imposing and sublime building; its length is 350 ft. its breadth 220. On the exterior of the building is much rich tracery and fine carving. There is a singular pulpit of stone from which the crusade was preached against the Turks, in 1457. They were performing mass when we entered, and the church was very full; the general character of the church is gloomy, but the elegance of the architecture, though the stone is now quite black, the beauty of the pillars, and the rich mellow tints of the painted glass, contribute greatly to the sublimity of the building. There are several private chapels in the cathedral, one of which belongs to Prince Liechtenstein; there is a monument erected to Frederic III, ornamented with 240 figures; nearby, is a figure lying in a case, covered with votive offerings such as jewels, ornaments, etc.

After leaving the church, we went to the Church of the Capuchins; in the large vault are deposited 70 metal coffins, in which all the emperors have been buried from Matthias to the present day; these coffins are almost all of bronze, handsomely carved; the most interesting are those of Maria Theresa, Francis I her husband, the late Emperor Francis, and the duke of Reichstadt; the emperor Francis desired particularly to be buried near the body of his grandson to whom he was very much attached; three of the late emperor's wives are buried here, the 4th is still living.

After leaving the vaults, we went to the Church of St. Augustin, and again admired the exquisite monument of Canova; there is much beauty and sentiment in the design, and the execution is exquisite.

We then took a carriage and drove to Schönbrunn, the summer palace of the emperor; this palace is extremely handsome, of white stone, and is a very imposing edifice; the interior is splendidly furnished, but as it is at present occupied by the empress mother, we

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

could not enter; the grounds are beautifully laid out in the French style, in long avenues, clipped hedges, and ornamented with numerous statues and fountains. Stofs, the crazy German who attempted the life of Napoleon, was shot in this spot; the duke of Reichstadt died in this palace, in the same room that his father had formerly occupied. At the end of one of the alleys is the Beautiful fountain, Schöne Brunnen, which gives its name to the place; our valet told us that it was the best water in Europe.

On the summit of a small mountain stands the Gloriette, a beautiful temple with a colonnade of pillars; from the top of this building, we enjoyed an admirable view of Vienna, its environs, and the village of Wagram, celebrated from the battle which was fought there by Napoleon, and gained by him over the Austrians. The imperial family frequently take their breakfast here; we saw the empress mother driving about in her carriage through the gardens on her way to the palace where the princess Marie Anna her daughter resides; the princess is a little insane, and never shows herself.

We then visited the Ménagerie, which is very handsomely arranged but there are no very remarkable animals there. After taking a long walk through these beautiful grounds, the leaves all of a beautiful yellow hue, we returned to the carriage, and returned home to dinner, after which we took a walk and went to several stores; we spent the remainder of the evening, sewing, chatting, etc.

VIENNA, Tuesday, October 23rd, 1838

After breakfast, we went to the Ambras Museum; this museum is formed from the curiosities which were taken from the Castle of Ambras near Innsbruck, when Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria, 1806. Though this collection is in great repute, we did not think it to be compared to that at Dresden; there are many suits of armour; the most remarkable of which were the helmet of Francis I, the steel suit of Albert the Bear, elector of Brandenburg, plaited like a petticoat, and many Turkish spoils and arms. In one of the rooms is a collection of oil paintings, among others, the genealogical tree of the Hapsburg family. Among the pictures, are those of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Anne; there are also in this museum many Roman relics and curiosities found in the Tyrol, and among other curiosities are the head and horns of a stag, enclosed in the trunk of a tree, and so completely overgrown by it, that only the extremities of the antlers project; there are several admirable carv-

LETTERS OF

ings in wood, the Rape of the Sabines etc.; but the most interesting part of the exhibition is the display of jewellery trinkets etc.; at the head of the collection stands the celebrated salt cellar of Benvenuto Cellini, which he describes so at large, and with such unbounded admiration in his memoirs; but unfortunately it did not answer my expectations; you may readily imagine that the undulation of water represented in stones and colored enamel cannot be very accurate representation of water; the figures of the earth and sea appear to me to be too large and not graceful; the idea though of a bark for a salt cellar, and an Ionic temple for a pepper box is very pretty; I cannot describe it better than by referring you to his memoirs; there is also here a portrait of Charles V by Titian, and a crossbow inlaid with ivory by Albert Dürer; and a number of other curiosities; still I was not at all as much delighted as at the Green Vaults at Dresden, where the display is infinitely more dazzling, valuable and elegant, as well as extensive.

We then crost a very handsome garden in front of the Grand Belvedere (the Ambras Museum is in the Little Belvedere) and arrived at the Imperial Picture Gallery; this is considered a very valuable and rich gallery; it contains many masterpieces; among others a 'holy family' by Paul Veronese, the Virgin and Child with St. John in a meadow by Raphael, besides many beautiful paintings of Cignani, Tintoretto, Sassoferrato, Salvator Rosa, Caracci, Rubens, Poussin, Van Dyk, Teniers etc; we were very much delighted with our visit; there are a vast number of rooms in 3 stories filled with pictures; the whole palace is exclusively devoted to this object.

After a rather fatiguing walk through these galleries we returned home where I was made happy by receiving 2 letters, one short one from papa, and a very nice long one from mama, so full of affection and love, that my heart overflowed with gratitude when I remembered the manifold and great blessings which I am daily enjoying in the society of a beloved husband and of an affectionate niece; how can I be sufficiently grateful for such unnumbered blessings. Mama's letter was dated September 14, and I have received all the letters regularly; we have received news however of the 18, informing us of the severe hurricane in New York, destroying so much shipping etc.

The M^{rs}. Haight you speak of, has past through here during her journey and M^r. & M^{rs}. Schwartz entertained her. We had in-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

tended dining at M^{rs}. Muhlenberg's, but on account of the indisposition of Caroline sent an apology; she was seized with a severe pain in her side, a slight fever and a bad headache; I, immediately commencing to doctor her, put her to bed, put her on a rigid diet; however she had no appetite; after dinner, as she seemed to be no better, Frederic went to M^r. Schwartz who was dining at M^r. Muhlenberg's and obtained the address of the best physician; in an hour he arrived, prescribed some remedies, and says she will soon be well; she has continued this evening however in some pain; I have been amusing myself writing my journal, till I was interrupted by a visit from M^r. Schwartz, who entertained me for a long time with an account of M^{rs}. Schwartz; having prepared every thing for Caroline for the night we retired — I have omitted to mention however that M^r. Schwartz told me his wife was so particular in asking the news of him, and his memory was so bad, that he kept a little book in which he wrote all the news he heard; this would be a capital plan for papa; he read several passages from it to me, and amused me extremely; he also told me that when in Paris, his wife required him to be so assiduous in his attentions that she would never allow him to go out without her, except to her milliner's and dress maker's, and then she would take the distance on the map and give him a certain time to perform the journey. At 10 we retired.

VIENNA, Wednesday, October 24th, 1838

After breakfast received a visit from the doctor who ordered leeches to be applied to her side. At 12 these little objects arrived, accompanied by a very fat, good natured German woman who understood not a word of English or French; Caroline suffered greatly with the leeches; they gave her much pain while biting; there were 11; she was very much puzzled how to express to the woman her ideas; however I looked out the most remarkable words in the dictionary, such as 'schermz' pain, 'heiss' hot, 'bite hard' etc., and putting these together without paying any attention to the rules of grammar, she succeeded in making her understand. This operation continued 2 hours; while she was suffering under the infliction by relating Pink's adventures with them in her mouth, and this afforded some consolation. The leeches afforded her, however, much relief; Martin rendered himself very useful in making barley water, soup maigre, arrow root which I never could endure before, appeared to me very delightful. After the leech woman had departed

LETTERS OF

I received a visit from M^r. Muhlenberg and M^r. Schwartz. His Excellency, (as the latter calls the former) did not say much, but M^r. Schwartz was very agreeable; after a visit of $\frac{1}{2}$ hour they left; after dinner, and during the evening, I amused myself reading M^{rs}. Trollope's Vienna and the Austrians, sitting in a comfortable arm chair, and keeping watch over my patient. Retired at 10, having entrusted my charge to the care of Babette, a very nice German woman who takes care of Caroline during the night, giving her her medicine etc.

VIENNA, Thursday, October 25th, 1838

Found Caroline this morning much better; the Doctor says she is getting rapidly better; at 11, she insisted upon our going out to visit the Museum, as it is the last day it is to be open; Frederic and I accordingly set out, but were not very much delighted, as we past through rooms filled with stuffed animals, birds etc. which were not at all remarkable; we then went to the Porcelain Manufactory (Imperial), but though we saw many pretty specimens of painting on China, it does not equal the Dresden or Sèvres China. We then went to several fancy stores where we purchased for Mama a mother-of-pearl scent bottle stand, a ruby glass flower vase and press paper united, and a press paper and pair of scent bottles; you see I do not forget her commissions. I also went to buy a muff, without which I cannot live; we then returned home and found our patient very much better; we then received a visit from M^r. Robertson, the missionary; I did not see him, but he recommended Frederic by no means to take us to the East, as he said it would be impossible to imagine the privations we must endure; we amused our patient by showing her our pretty things, and gave her some boiled rice and compote de poires for dinner. Before dinner we received a visit from M^r. Schwartz who is extremely kind and attentive to us, offering us all his house afforded. After spending an hour with us, he departed, and we dined. After dinner, spent the afternoon in Caroline's room reading; she was much better; in the evening, the doctor paid us a visit, and says she will soon be well. In the evening went out to execute a commission for Caroline, soon returned, and spent the evening reading.

VIENNA, Friday, October 26th, 1838

This morning, found Caroline very much better, and in capital spirits. After breakfast, she took a bath according to D^r. Reider's directions and felt herself much relieved; after her bath, Frederic

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

and I took a carriage to go out and see the entrance of the Emperor and Empress on their return from their coronation tour; we waited 3 hours for his Majesty finding it very stupid, a regiment of the Civic guard went out to meet him, and shortly afterward returned, the band playing and followed by the Imperial carriage drawn by 4 white horses. The Emperor is a small man with a shrivelled face; he was drest in an uniform of white; beside him sate the Empress, a fine looking woman with dark hair, & dark eyes; she wore a yellow silk hat. The Emperor was received with very little enthusiasm; to be sure there was a great crowd assembled to meet him but there were no cries or shouts of joy at his arrival; indeed he is not at all liked; no one speaks well of him; they say he is good enough, but he has not sense enough to be wicked. At the time he ascended the throne, the Hungarians sent a deputation to ascertain if he was 'non compos mentis', but this matter was hushed up, and Metternich reigns in fact; the people however have little respect for their Emperor. Martin was very much displeased with the coldness with which he was received; he says, that the Emperor was not received with half the warmth or cordiality which our friends will manifest when we return; indeed we have determined if you do not receive us more cordially to return immediately.

After dinner, sent back the music which M^r. Schwartz had sent us to select some pieces from, and I did not forget Maria Louisa.

In the evening, the doctor paid us a visit and pronounced his patient convalescent; I spent the evening with Caroline, who still keeps her bed, and retired at 10.

VIENNA, Saturday, October 27th, 1838

After breakfast, having arranged my patient, who is much better, for the day, went out with Frederic; we went to the Imperial Jewel office, but it was closed; we then went to the cathedral; on our way we met the Emperor and Empress in their state carriage which is very much gilded; had a fine view of them; we spent some time looking at this imposing and majestic building, surely this lofty architecture and dim light do create devotional feelings. Though it was not the regular hour for service, many persons were kneeling in different parts of the church; we then returned home, and received a visit from M^r. Haydn, young American; he is a very handsome young man & has been a great traveller having been to Egypt, Syria, etc.; he was taken very ill at Jerusalem, but gave us an in-

LETTERS OF

teresting account of the kind attentions he received from an American missionary. While he was still with us, M^r. & M^{rs}. Schwartz called to see us, and after making us a visit, took us out with them to see some very remarkable and beautiful opals to be seen at a jeweller's here; we saw several magnificent diamond coronets and bouquets of diamonds costing about 7 or 8000 dollars; the opals had been all disposed of, but we were amply repaid by the numerous splendid jewels which we saw there; M^r. S. then proposed that we should visit the Volksgarten, where is a temple erected to Theseus, after the design of the temple of Theseus at Athens. I had M^r. S's arm, and he entertained me very agreeably relating the peculiarities of the Viennese, and the most interesting curiosities. This garden is situated close to the Ramparts and near the Imperial Palace and Metternich's Palace; it is, as the name signifies, the People's garden; it is laid out in walks amid trees, shrubs, etc., and is arranged with seats for the accommodation of the public; all the year round, in the evenings, a band of music plays here; we arrived at the Temple of the Seas, which is built after the model of that at Athens, but on a very diminutive scale; the architecture is of the purest Grecian; brazen doors protect the monument of Canova which is in the sole apartment. When we entered we saw a small child neatly drest kneeling in front of the statue with her hands claspt, and her head hanging; she had mistaken the Temple for the Church, and the statue for our Saviour; her nurse soon found her, and carried her away, but the effect was very singular; such a child in such a place alone, kneeling before such a statue; the statue is that of Theseus, and represents his combat with the Minotaur; it is considered one of Canova's masterpieces; the union of man & bull is thought to be inimitable; we were very much delighted with it; behind the statue is an opening from which the voice delivering the oracle is said to have proceeded; near the temple is a small building enveloped in trees, also after the exact model of Athens, in which is a flight of steps leading to a subterranean passage which came out directly behind the statue; it was from these priests that the voice of the supposed oracle proceeded; after leaving the garden, we returned home, and M^r. & M^{rs}. Schwartz left us; we then went alone to a few stores, and then returned to dinner; after dinner, amused myself sewing, reading, etc. by Caroline's bedside, till the Doctor came; he pronounced her entirely recovered but recommended her not to leave her bed quite yet, and not to adhere quite so strictly to the dieting

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

system; the doctors in Europe do not adopt the dieting system as much as the American physicians; indeed the doctor says it is in this case totally useless to “tourmenter la malade.” He is a very agreeable man, has been a great traveller; he visited the east to become acquainted with the plague, and also New Orleans to see the yellow fever. He has visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., and related many interesting anecdotes of his adventures; he is a man of large fortune, quite elderly, and practices ‘con amore.’ After spending $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour with Caroline & me, he departed; Frederic then returned from the reading room but brought us no news from America.

VIENNA, Sunday, October 28th, 1838

After breakfast, at $\frac{1}{2}$ 10, we drove to the Imperial church, where we expected to see the Emperor and Empress; we arrived just as they were performing high mass; we obtained very good seats, and had an admirable view of the Imperial pew; the Emperor was not at church, but the Empress was; she appeared to be alone; she was dressed in a figured silk with an embroidered cape; a youthful lace cap with pink flowers, and white kid gloves; she is quite pretty; after the service was over, she put her prayer book into its cover, arranged the books in their proper places, put her shawl on herself, and prepared to depart; we immediately, with a number of others, took our places in the room through which she was to pass, going to her apartments, (as the Church is attached to the Palace). She past close by us, and bowed very graciously on both sides; I did not admire her manners very much, however; but what imprudence in me to presume to criticise the manners of the Empress of Austria; after church, we took a walk round the city on the Bastion; we left our carriage at the entrance of the Volksgarten, and then entered the Garden of Paradise, which does not do credit to its name. We had a very beautiful view of Vienna and its faubourgs; there is a beautiful wide promenade all round the city, and as it was a lovely day, we met a great number of ladies and gentlemen walking there; we saw at a short distance from us, the Hôpitaux des Invalides, des Orphelins, des Sourds et Muets, etc. We past several very handsome palaces; of Liechtenstein, etc. We then returned home, and found our patient better; at $\frac{1}{2}$ 3, we dined.

I spent the afternoon reading in Caroline’s room; at 8, Frederic and I went to see M^{rs}. Schwartz; we found them alone, and we spent a very delightful evening; we took tea, and in the course of the even-

LETTERS OF

ing Mr. S. showed us a collection of ancient painted glass which I did not admire very much however, some engravings and coins; he is a great admirer of American coins, and Frederic promised him that at his return, he would send him some more; we returned home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, having been very much entertained, and retired at 11.

VIENNA, Monday, October 29th, 1838

After breakfast prepared everything for Caroline, who is entirely well, but a little weak still, and went to see the Imperial Arsenal; we were ushered into a large court yard, filled with cannon, some of which were trophies from the French, and Napoleon, and the Turks, and the others were new cannon which had just been brought from the foundry. Round the building which is in the form of a hollow square, is suspended in festoons a large iron chain which was thrown across the Danube by the Turks in 1529 for the purpose of interrupting the navigation; it is composed of 8000 links. There are many rooms in the arsenal tastefully arranged with 150,000 stand of arms, and they are arranged with such taste as to form very beautiful decorations; "The promenade takes the spectator through a succession of elegant arcades, where columns of muskets rise into most delicate proportions, till they are finished by capitals of pistols, suns of swords, and stars of daggers glitter above the head, while ever and anon the vault is darkened by a black gigantic eagle whose feathers if plucked would yield a thousand sabres." There are many suits of armour which are very handsome; among the curiosities are the coat of mail of General Montecucoli; the field marshal uniform of Prince Schwarzenberg, Marlborough's arms, and the balloon in which Marshal Jourdan ascended to reconnoitre the movements of the Austrian Army. There is also a buff coat of elk skin of Gustavus Adolphus, and the standard of Mahomet taken in the battle gained by John Sobieski; this is decidedly the handsomest and most interesting arsenal we have seen in Europe.

After leaving the arsenal we went to the palace of prince Charles, brother of Francis the late Emperor; his collection is one of the most extensive in Europe; the engravings exceed 180,000 and they are preserved in 900 portfolios, and those of Raffael Morghen, the master of engravers; we counted nearly 150 of his; as we were returning home, we met a great crowd, and a great many soldiers; we asked our valet the cause of the commotion and he told us that there was to be the military funeral of General Kreull; we went therefore to

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

the Bastion from whence we had a very good view of the procession as they proceeded out of the city gates; first came a large detachment of cavalry, the men wearing large white military cloaks which partly covered their horses' backs, their large black fur capes, had a very singular effect; next came a number of officers in their regimentals, then the deceased general's horse led by his servant, and followed by the hearse, which was drawn by 6 black horses; on the top of the hearse lay his sword, helmet and arms; as it was very windy and disagreeable, we then returned home, and found Caroline drest and seated in the parlor; the doctor had been there, and told her that she might drive out, but I complained so much of the cold that she gave up the idea.

We then drove to the Esterhazy gallery which is a short distance from Vienna in the faubourgs; it is a fine large palace; one wing of it is entirely appropriated to pictures, and the rest of the building is occupied by the Turkish Ambassador. The picture gallery is very handsomely arranged, and there are a great many masterpieces in it; many by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Correggio, Domenichino, Murillo; there was also a masterpiece of Rembrandt, Pontius Pilate washing his hands of our Saviour; nothing could be more remarkable than the effect of light and shade; as we looked at it, the room darkened, the light only appearing through one window, I could almost imagine that I saw the sun casting the shadows on the different parts of the picture; the effect was inimitable; there was one apartment entirely hung with blue tapestry, and there appeared to be a sort of throne, under a white muslin canopy; the guide raised the curtain, and disclosed the picture of the sultan; it was the first picture ever taken of his Supreme Highness as it was always before considered a sacrilege; he appears to be from his picture, rather a young man, but he is 50; in front of the picture on the throne is a crimson and gold chair which faces the picture, and seems to be holding out its arms to receive his majesty; the drapery round the picture is crimson velvet embroidered with gold, with gold fringe. Among other pictures was one of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the death of General Wolfe by West; both appeared to me to be daubs. We were very much delighted indeed with these paintings; there were several lovely ones by Carlo Dolci, and several by Denes and Leybold, both remarkable for the peculiarity and minuteness of their paintings. The finish is exquisite, every hair appears to be separately finished.

LETTERS OF

After leaving the paintings we visited the sculpture gallery where we saw the celebrated bust of Napoleon by Canova; it is exquisitely finished, the Cupid also of Thorwaldsen, excited our admiration, and several statues by Schadow, Bartolini, etc.; we then past into a room, filled with Chinese curiosities, and returned to our carriage, highly delighted with our visit.

We returned to dinner, and for the first time since her sickness, Caroline dined with us; she is consequently much better.

Frederic went into a book store this morning to buy some books, and upon asking for them he was told by the bookseller that he had them, but that he could not find them just then, as he had received an unexpected visit from the police, and he had been obliged to hide away his books in a very short time; he says that every 3 or 4 months, the police, to the number of 10, arrive at the different book stores, send away the proprietors, and ransack the store to see if they have any forbidden books, and the third time they are discovered with any such book they are heavily fined, and obliged to give up the business; he told Frederic that out of 5000 books published in Paris 4000 were forbidden to pass the Austrian frontier; he then said, that he did not fear to mention this to a foreigner, but if he were to say it to an Austrian, there would soon be an end to him and his store; what a government! And still M^{rs}. Trollope undertakes to give it a decided preference over any other; she was however so much flattered and cajoled by Prince Metternich and the other nobles that she was quite blinded, and even the Austrians say that her accounts are very much exaggerated; it is generally said that Prince Metternich understood that she came to Vienna for the purpose of writing a book, and of criticising his government, and he therefore did as much as possible to show her the fair side of matters and to gain her favorable opinion; her book however is very amusing.

After dinner, sate in Caroline's room and read till bedtime.

VIENNA, Tuesday, October 30th, 1838

After breakfast, Frederic and I went to the Imperial stables; we saw many handsome carriages and sleighs, among others, were 2 in the same style as Victoria's; they were lined with crimson velvet and gold, and the panels were painted exquisitely; they were taken to Milan, and formed part of the procession; the dress of the coachman was yellow velvet with a great profusion of gold lace; their hats were



METTERNICH

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

of black velvet and gold with white and yellow feathers; the procession must have been magnificent. We also saw the sleighs which were used at the time of the Grand Congress in 1815, by the different Emperors; they all went out one day on a grand sleighing party, the Emperor of Russia with the Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia with a Princess, etc., each Emperor driving his horses himself. It was indeed an imperial party.

After visiting the stables, we went to several carriage repositories, to see the carriages for which Vienna is so celebrated; but Frederic and I concluded they were not as handsome as the English.

We then returned home, and Caroline and I took a drive out of town to see the Great Danube; as Caroline could not walk to the bank of the River, I, escorted by my valet, walked about 20 steps when I arrived at the banks of the river; the river is here quite wide, but the scenery is not very beautiful as it is not very mountainous; it is not as beautiful as in the vicinity of Linz.

We returned home to dinner, and Caroline felt much better for her drive. After dinner we read, talked, sewed, etc. and almost imagined ourselves at home.

VIENNA, Wednesday, October 31st, 1838

After breakfast we went to the cabinet of minerals, which is in a wing of the palace; the palace is quite a thoroughfare; every one, the commonest people going from one street to the other take a short cut through the entry of the Palace; I am astonished it is allowed, but soldiers are stationed all over to keep order.

The cabinet of minerals is said to be the finest in Europe, and I should readily imagine it to be, for there were specimens of all kinds of minerals, all large and very beautiful; among other great curiosities is an opal, the largest in the world, weighs 17 oz. It is extremely beautiful and has much fire; the opal is I think one of the handsomest of precious stones; there is also a bouquet of flowers made entirely of precious stones for Maria Theresa; in it were the most beautiful diamonds, emeralds, rubies, opals; it is a very costly bouquet, and any young lady on receiving such an one might think her fortune made; there were also many beautiful specimens of the different ores; a great many specimens of gold ore, iron, copper etc.; but one must visit this cabinet to form any idea of its value; among the most curious specimens are the aerolites or meteoric stones which have at different periods fallen from the sky; the largest, the descent of which was actually seen, weighs 71 lbs.

LETTERS OF

After leaving the cabinet, we went to an institution where all the different Austrian fabrics and productions are exhibited. We saw the different stages of every fabric, such as carding wool, etc.; making hats, silk, gold and silver ornaments, china, Bohemian glass; it would be too tedious to enumerate the different processes, which I presume differ but little from those of the rest of the world; we saw many specimens of Venetian glass and the process was explained to us from the original sand to the finished glass.

After having made a very interesting visit, as the director himself explained every thing to us, we went home, stopping at several stores on our way; the stores here are very handsome, and offer many temptations which are quite irresistible; they rank next to those of Paris and London. There is a very remarkable trunk of a tree preserved, completely covered with iron nails. When the site of Vienna was still a forest, when any one cut down a tree they would stick a nail into this trunk; it is consequently entirely perforated, and offers nothing but nail heads.

Caroline and I then went out to take a drive; after going through the principal streets we arrived at the Prater; it was a very pleasant day, but the Prater is not much frequented except on Sundays. After driving for an hour, we returned home and dined; after dinner, I wrote my journal, and then resumed a very interesting history of Austria which I am now reading; read till 10 and then retired.

VIENNA, Thursday, November 1st, 1838

Rose this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, and after drinking some of the Marienbad water which is very much impregnated with sulphur, drest for breakfast.

On entering the salon, I started back on perceiving two Turks with their turbans, flowing robes and long beards. I was very much startled by this unexpected apparition, but was reassured by the presence of Martin; they immediately saluted me in the Turkish style, bowing very profoundly, and I expected to be addressed in an unknown tongue, but my alarm was soon dispelled when they informed me that they had come to show me some goods, as they were travelling merchants. They then unfolded several pieces of Turkish silk, Turkish dressing gowns, and displayed sundry other articles such as pipes, otto of rose bottles, chains of pastilles, but nothing struck my fancy very particularly, and they soon took their departure; they conversed very fluently in French; after their depar-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

ture we breakfasted, and then prepared ourselves to go to the Imperial Church where there was to be a grand fête; we accordingly went, but no one was allowed to enter the church except the high nobility. We however obtained admission into the apartments through which the Emperor and Empress & their suite were to pass. We beguiled the long hour which we were obliged to wait while the royal family were in church by remarking the dress of the Hungarian nobles; this costume is very much admired for its beauty and richness; it consists of a complete suit of red very much embroidered and ornamented with silver, and silver trimmings; the cap is of black fur with a white feather; those belonging to this corps are all young men; none being allowed to continue in it after the age of 22 and none admitted before that of 20; they are all young nobles of the highest rank; it was very amusing to see their airs of self-importance as they strutted up and down the apartments awaiting the return of the Emperor.

We also saw the German Corps, which is composed entirely of old men; their dress is a red coat very much ornamented and laced with gold, and white pantaloons embroidered with gold; there were also many other uniforms according to the rank of the corps; we fortunately had seats else Caroline would been very much fatigued; we waited for an hour and were then formed into 2 long rows, leaving a passage for the Emperor & his suite to pass. The German Guard and Hungarian Corps, were policed at intervals down these lines, and we were warned by a knock on the floor that the object of our expectations was approaching; first came the Chamberlain of the Court, and several officers; then came the embassy from the Pope, at the head of which walked my Italian friend, at whose side I had been seated at the dinner party at M^r Schwartz; then came the Emperor, between Prince Francis and Prince Charles; the Emperor is very short and small, thin, and "*unsignifying*," he was dressed in white uniform. Caroline, who had not seen him before, was sadly disappointed; the Empress and her ladies unfortunately were not there. Therefore the principal object of Caroline's curiosity was not to be seen; perhaps another time she may be more fortunate; we then returned home, and soon after Frederic and myself drove to the cemetery which is a short distance from the gates of Vienna. Yesterday, to-day and tomorrow are devoted to the ceremony of praying for the dead; as we entered the cemetery, we walked up the middle path, and saw numbers of old women and children sitting on the

LETTERS OF

tombs on each side, counting their beads, muttering their prayers, and looking at the passers by; the tombs were all freshly planted with flowers all of which were in bloom; at every tomb was a glass lantern, with a long wax candle burning inside; around many of the stones were hung wreaths of flowers, etc.; the effect was very pretty; the relations of the deceased kneel round the tombs and offer up their prayers for the departed; our guide told us that this custom extended even to the higher classes; indeed we saw many well drest and genteel looking persons kneeling by the tombs; there were numbers of persons there whilst we were, but as we left and on our way home, we also met great numbers of persons; the lower classes walking, whilst others went in carriages. Though the weather had become rather chilly and cloudy, still we determined to drive on the Prater, and witnessed a very gay scene; carriages rolling to and fro, filled with the gayest of the gay; gentlemen on prancing steeds, ladies leaving their carriages, and walking and lounging up and down to show their beautiful and gay plumage. The ladies here do not dress with as much taste as those of Paris, but still their dress is striking from its extreme richness; feathers, flowers, satins and velvets, camel's hair shawls etc all past us in rapid succession, and I felt as if I was in the midst of an aviary filled with the gayest and most choice birds; after driving there for an hour, we returned home, and were informed that during our absence, Countess Korinsky, Prince Esterhazy's daughter, had called upon us. When we first arrived at Vienna Frederic and I discussed the propriety of calling upon her ladyship, as I felt no desire of recommencing an acquaintance which perhaps might not be desired by her ladyship, and as we heard on all sides, particularly from M^{rs}. Trollope, of the great reserve of the nobility, and their unwillingness to notice any strangers except those of high rank or of great distinction. We determined to give up all ideas of renewing the acquaintance, as we did not feel disposed to compromise our feelings by making advances which might not be well received. On Tuesday however, Frederic was walking in the street, and he was stopt by Count and Countess K—— who inquired very kindly about our health, our recent adventures, and the length of our stay, and also informing him that she meant to call on us; we were however very much puzzled to know how she would accomplish this design, as we imagined she must be ignorant of our names; she, however, has done us that honor, and we shall consequently, with a great deal of pleasure hasten to re-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

turn her visit. M^{rs}. Trollope, (whose Vienna & the Austrians would amuse you very much) describes the society of Vienna as consisting 'the Cream of the Cream', you may easily imagine that this circle must be a very exclusive one. I fear, that if you read M^{rs}. T's book, you will find my journal very tiresome and insipid after it, but as this letter will not be closed until we leave Vienna, I will then allow you to read M^{rs}. T's work.

After dinner, we read, talked, etc. — and in the evening Frederic and I walked out to visit some confectionery stores, as the sugar things here are said to be superior to those of Paris; we bought some specimens and in the course of time they will be submitted to your inspection. Among other sugar curiosities which we saw was the coronation equipage drawn by 6 horses; we returned home and spent the evening in talking, sewing and reading.

VIENNA, Friday, November 2nd, 1838

After breakfast, this morning, we determined to go to the palace of Lachsenberg; as the day was very fine, Caroline accompanied us. We drove through a very flat and uninteresting country for 9 miles and at 12 arrived at Lachensberg. Having deposited Caroline near a nice fire at the hotel, we proceeded to visit the palace grounds; it unfortunately however became quite cloudy, but continued quite warm. The grounds are very tastefully laid out, shaded with a profusion of fine trees and beautifully interspersed with sheets of water and waterfalls; in every direction we obtained glimpses of temples, castles, rustic bridges and Swiss cottages. We were conducted by our intelligent valet through a labyrinth of walks, and arrived at a very pretty little Swiss cottage, built by Maria Theresa, and where she frequently breakfasted or took some refreshment. We ascended the stairs but instead of finding the rooms furnished in cottage style, they were ornamented with painted glass, antique tables, cabinets and chairs; these antiques were all brought from ancient convents long since suppressed.

After leaving the cottage, we visited the farm yard which is stocked with very fine cattle, Turkish geese and all the different sorts of animals and poultry belonging to a farm yard; we then past a tomb, the model of the one at Spires which contains the remains of the Hapsburg family; the interior of the little chapel is ornamented with antique pictures and paintings on glass, etc. We then arrived at a stream of water where a small boat appeared to row us o'er the

LETTERS OF

ferry; we landed at the Castle of Franzensburg, or Knight's Castle. This castle is a copy of the ancient feudal fortresses of the middle ages; it is surrounded on all sides by water, and though much larger resembles the Castle of Rheinstein on the Rhine; it is a perfect museum of antiquities of the middle ages; we were conducted through a vast number of apartments ornamented with glass with historical paintings on them, antique but very rich cabinets, family paintings of the Hapsburg family; one of the cabinets which particularly attracted my attention was one which had been presented by the Pope, ornamented with columns of lapis lazuli, and with views of Rome; it is a rare and costly cabinet; we were also shown many antique relics, such as the shoes of Marie de Medicis, the amethyst rosary of Maximilian I, a topaz goblet and many antique carvings in ivory.

We were then conducted into the bed chamber where is the couch of the Emperor Rudolph; this castle however was never inhabited for any time; the royal family come here and spend the day, but never stay at night. In one room there are the statues of all the Emperors of the Hapsburg family, beautifully carved in Carrara marble; both families of Hapsburg and Lorraine were united in Maria Theresa by her marriage with Francis.

In one room is the throne which was taken from an ancient convent formerly the residence of some great duke and valuable from its antiquity; there were also several musical instruments also quite antique.

We then visited the Armoury which contains many curiosities, among others a splendid suit of armour of Charles V; his helmet is covered with bas reliefs representing the siege of Troy; there are several Turkish trophies, and several suits or armour for ladies, but they must have been Amazons to wear such heavy armour of steel; the arms are very tastefully arranged, and there are many suits of armour worn by knights at tournaments, etc.

We then proceeded to view the mysteries of the donjon tower; we were conducted by our guide down a flight of steps, and arrived at an iron door which he opened; we entered the dungeon, but what was my horror when I perceived a man sitting in one corner; he was apparently about 50, very much emaciated, and appeared to be in the last stage of famine; he was covered with a coarse linen blanket; as we approached him he raised his hands and the dungeon resounded with the horrid sound of his chains; I started when I be-

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

held the victim of despotic tyranny, my hair almost stood on end, I recoiled in horror, but my risible faculties were much excited when I perceived that the object of my pity was of wood, and that the movements of his hands were caused by machinery; in the centre of this dungeon was a hole into which the prisoners were put, and then drawn up by a windlass into an upper chamber in the centre of which is a circular table round which the judges sate; from the centre of the table rose a circular box with a hole in the middle; the prisoners were drawn up by a windlass just so far that their heads could appear above; they were then questioned by the judges and let down again; this room was formed after the exact model of one in an old castle of the Tyrol.

We then ascended to the top of the donjon tower, and there obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery. After leaving the castle, we proceeded to the Tournament Grounds where tournaments are sometimes held; on one side is a building where the royal family sit during the exhibition.

After seeing all the curiosities we returned to the hotel, and soon resumed our seats in the carriage; it now commenced raining in torrents, but nevertheless we had a very pleasant ride home; we dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, and spent the rest of the evening in writing our journals; as Caroline and I had some very amusing anecdotes to relate to each other and felt very communicative, we did not write much; at 10 we retired. Frederic returned home from the reading room with the intelligence that the packet of the 2d Oct. had arrived; we are consequently anxiously expecting letters; it still continues to pour.

VIENNA, Saturday, November 3, 1838

Immediately after breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, we went to the church of the Augustins to hear the requiem which was to be performed in honor of the soldiers who died since 1752; we obtained through the management of our valet, very good seats in a box in the gallery, through which also the Emperor was to pass. As we went rather early in order to obtain seats, we amused ourselves with looking at the people in the church, and the preparations. The whole church was hung with black, and in the centre, was a high military sarcophagus, very tastefully arranged, and composed of drums, swords, arms, banners and all the trappings of war; the whole was decorated with burning wax candles; round the sarcophagus were the coats of arms of Austria, "the Golden fleece," the order of Maria Theresa, of

LETTERS OF

Leopold II and that of the Iron Crown of Lombardy; at 10, a great number of knights took the places allotted to them in the choir, and the Emperor followed by his generals and chamberlains, passed through our box; we again had an admirable view of him; the ceremonies were about commencing; the bishops were all seated on each side of the altar; the archbishop with his high white mitre seated in the midst, and the orchestra pouring forth their melodious notes, when we were obliged to give up our very delightful seats to some officers who were of the suite of the Emperor; we accordingly, accompanied by an English party who were also there, descended into the body of the church, where we staid some time, but as our position was rather disagreeable mid so many officers and soldiers, as well as knights in armour who were also stationed round the sarcophagus, (though they could not have injured us much as there were no men in the armour) we left the church and returned home; Frederic and I then went out on business (you may soon guess it was shopping) and after a very pleasant walk returned at 1, and took a carriage to return Countess Korinsky's visit; unfortunately she was not at home; we left our cards and then drove to M^{rs}. Muhlenberg's; we saw M^r, M^{rs}. & Miss M. and M^{rs}. Schwarz, who invited us to spend the evening with her; after taking a short drive round the city stopping at the different shops, we returned home as it commenced raining.

Now commences an adventure. Martin had just set the dinner table and all the ordinary accessories of dinner were arranged on the sideboard; Caroline and I were viewing our different purchases which were displayed in battle array before us, Frederic was also very busy with some of his purchases, when the door opened and Martin, with surprise and consternation depicted in his expressive countenance, announced the Prince Esterhazy; I had just time to run with some of the articles in the next room, leaving Caroline and Frederic to receive his lordship; many were the conjectures which I formed concerning this visit, but as soon as I had *spruced* myself a little, I entered. Prince Esterhazy came forward and met me with the greatest cordiality, shaking my hand with as much warmth as if we had been old friends; he is rather a short man, about 50, squints a little, and talks in pretty good English all the while; we endeavored occasionally to put in a word, but he had so much to say that this was almost impossible, he offered a thousand apologies for having past us on the road coming from Linz, but this was quite

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

unnecessary as he had sent on avant couriers to engage horses the whole way; we told him that we had called upon his daughter this morning, but he said he had not heard it as he had not seen her this morning. After expressing to us his intention of having us to dine with him very soon, and after many bows he departed; we amused ourselves during dinner talking over this extraordinary visit, and wondering what could induce them to be so attentive to strangers whose names they scarcely knew; however we have no objection to strike up a friendship with the Emperor if he desires it.

After dinner, we read till 7, and then drest to go to M^{rs}. Schwarz's; we went there and found her alone, but M^r. & M^{rs}. Clay and M^r. & M^{rs}. and Miss Muhlenberg and M^r. Browns from Baltimore soon came in and we took tea; after tea M^{rs}. Schwarz and M^{rs}. Clay played the overture of Semiramide together; as they sat together at the piano, their appearance, the music which was so familiar to me, all recalled to my memory those sweet duetts which I have so often played with my beloved sister, and though there is nothing wanting to my happiness, still I could scarcely restrain my tears; those old scenes were brought back to my mind with so much force, I would have given worlds to have played just then, but though M^{rs}. S—— and the rest of the party solicited me to do so with the greatest politeness, still I knew that not having practised since I left home, I had better decline; I wished though that they would all leave the room, and allow me to spend the evening in practising; I could not have spent it more agreeably; but my dear sister must not determine to banish me from her side at the piano, for I am now looking forward with much pleasure to a renewal of those concerts which formerly sometimes annoyed me so much.

But to return to the party, after the music had ceased, M^r. Schwarz who is a very gay lively man, proposed some German games; finally it was settled that we should play (I forget the name, 'tis German). This consisted in blindfolding one of the party, giving him a stick and placing him in the centre of the room. A ring was formed round him, and even M^r. & old M^{rs}. Muhlenberg did not disdain to join it; we danced round until the blindfolded person (M^r. Schwarz) stopt it with his cane; he then made a noise with his mouth, which the person he had seized was obliged to answer in a feigned tone, if he could guess who it was, then he exchanged with the person he had caught. Frederic was twice blindfolded, but per-

LETTERS OF

formed his part to admiration. We amused ourselves in this way for a short time, then some of the party joined in a party of cards and the rest talked; I belonged to the latter, not knowing much about the former. We spent the evening pleasantly till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, and then returned home; it was pouring.

VIENNA, Sunday, November 4th, 1838

After breakfast, as Caroline wished to see the Empress we took a carriage and drove to the Imperial Church; but as many of the nobility were there we could not enter, and as the Empress was not at church, we determined not to wait, but to return home; we accordingly returned and read till 12. Frederic and I then drove to the Oratorio of Sacred Music where 1000 musicians were to perform; as this number was almost unprecedented I imagined the music would be very fine, and indeed my expectations were fully realized. When we first entered, it is impossible for me to describe the effect of these thousand faces rising above each other; it was indeed very remarkable; there were about 200 female singers, and a large number of male. Every instrument you can imagine formed a part, and you can conceive that the divine strains of Haydn did not lose much in such a chorus; you know that the Germans are celebrated for their choruses and instrumental music; the applause which many parts of the performance received was unbounded. I do not recollect ever having experienced so much pleasure in listening to a concert of sacred music in my life. I would not have missed it for worlds. There was a very large audience and the room was fitted up with the utmost taste with white and gold hangings; the imperial seats were fitted up with crimson velvet and embroidered with gold; the arrangement of the musicians was also very judicious, and when the corps came forth in their whole power, the effect was overwhelming; it lasted for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and we returned home very much gratified.

After dinner, spent the evening in reading and writing.

VIENNA, Monday, November 5th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, we went to the cabinet of gems and medals; we first examined a large collection of Etruscan vases, then antique bronzes, and then looked over a very interesting collection of gold and silver medals; there are about 80,000; there is a very large gold medallion, on which is engraved the genealogy of the Hapsburg family. It was presented to one of the Emperors by a

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

Bohemian who pretended to have produced the gold by his skill in alchemy, and by the aid of the philosopher's stone; the value of the gold is estimated at 2055 ducats.

The collection of cameos is one of the finest in the world; the Apotheosis of Augustus is said to be the handsomest ever known, and is remarkable for its historic interest, as all the figures are likenesses, and from its exquisite workmanship; it is also remarkable for its large size; there is also a very beautiful necklace of cameos, 49 in number; the cameos are portraits of all the sovereigns of the house of Hapsburg, and the workmanship is exquisite.

After leaving the cabinet, we went to M^r. Schwarz's on business; we saw M^r. & M^{rs}. S. After staying there a short time, we returned home, and spent the rest of the evening reading the History of Austria.

When Frederic returned home from a visit to his banker's, he delighted me extremely by giving me 2 letters, one from my dear sister, and one from my brother Livingston. I was very much delighted at receiving them, as I had imagined that I should receive no more during our stay at Vienna; I cannot say how much longer we shall be obliged to remain here, as our invaluable Martin was attacked this morning with the inflammatory rheumatism. D^r. Reider came at Frederic's request to visit him, but I fear that we shall be detained here longer than we wish to remain. I was very much delighted to hear that Grandmama, Mama and Papa have gone on such an agreeable journey; I suppose that they will imagine themselves in Europe.

After the doctor had paid his visit, we went to dine at the Restaurant of La Cygne; the restaurants here are very handsome; the first one ever established in Europe was at Vienna; the room in which we dined was very large and handsome, with crimson curtains and lined with mirrors; as it soon became dark three very handsome chandeliers were lighted; there were several ladies there besides ourselves, and I was particularly pleased as it reminded me of the delightful days we spent at Paris.

After dinner, we returned home, and spent the evening in *domestic avocations* and in reading; at 10 we retired.

VIENNA, Tuesday, November 6th, 1838

After breakfast, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, we inquired into the state of Martin's health, found him a little better, and received a visit from the

LETTERS OF

doctor who expatiated with the greatest enthusiasm upon the wonders of St. Peter's; after his departure we drove to the Ambras Museum to give Caroline an opportunity of seeing Benvenuto Cellini's celebrated salt cellar; she was, as we had been, very much disappointed, but Frederic and I both thought that it improves very much on acquaintance; if the gold figures were half as large the beauty would be very much enhanced.

We then walked through the Imperial Gallery of the Belvedere; I cannot admire sufficiently the noble hall into which we first entered; the walls and pillars are of polished red marble and the dome very lofty. After examining many of the gems of this noble collection, and lingering entranced before the divine inspiration of Raphael, we tore ourself away, and drove to the Hôpital des Invalides; this noble institution is built after the plan of that at Paris, but it falls very, very far short of its illustrious model; the edifice is large, but the exterior is of stucco, which time and the weather have injured very materially; the interior is very dirty, and the arrangements are not at all complete; we were shown into one of the Invalid's rooms, but several of them were lounging about on the beds, and looked so dirty that we dared not approach; the greatest objects of curiosity are the pictures of the battle of Leipsic and Asperne. All the faces are likenesses; in that of the battle of Leipsic the three sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia, Alexander, Francis I and Frederic William III are represented receiving the intelligence of the victory gained over Napoleon. Prince Schwarzenburg on horseback, accompanied by many distinguished officers, brings the intelligence. In the battle of Asperne, at which Napoleon was defeated, Prince Charles, brother of Francis I is represented leading his troops on to victory. The village of Asperne is seen on fire in the distance; after an amnesty of six weeks, the Austrian and French army again fought and Napoleon gained a brilliant victory at Wagram; the Austrian Invalid who explained the pictures to us, appeared to tell the story of Napoleon's defeat with such a triumphant air that it provoked me very much.

After leaving the Hôpital we returned home and Frederic went to Prince Esterhazy's to return the Prince's visit. We read until his return, when he informed us that he had not seen the Prince, as he had gone, as he told us he intended to do, to his estate in Hungary to hunt.

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRÖNSON

We dined at the Archiduke Charles but were not as much pleased as at the Swan. We spent the evening reading, talking, etc. and retired at 10.

VIENNA, Wednesday, November 7th, 1838

At breakfast, Frederic proposed, that as we had seen all the curiosities of Vienna, we should visit Pressburg, I readily acceded to this proposal, and leaving Martin to recruit, we took the steamboat, accompanied by our valet de place and for the first time found ourselves on the bosom of the Danube. The shores on both sides of the river are flat and uninteresting, and the river is in this place so shallow that we at one time ran aground, but fortunately were soon again afloat.

We left Vienna at 1, and some time after our arrival on board, as the wind blew rather hard, we seated ourselves in a retired little nook, and while Caroline embroidered her worsted work, I read aloud to Frederic and her a French Comedy. After I had been reading some time, I stopt to make some remark, and this led to a conversation; in a few minutes an elderly gentleman of very genteel appearance, and wearing many badges and crosses of honor came up to me, and asked me if I had stopt reading because I was tired; I told him that I had not; but this proved to be but a prelude to a very long conversation in French; we afterwards discovered that this gentleman was Count Gothek, Governor or King of Bohemia; while we were talking to him not aware of his rank, another gentleman, also of the Count's party, came up, and joined the conversation; we afterwards discovered him to be a Baron Ignace Arnstein, uncle to the one we had met before; whilst thus conversing, another gentleman joined the conversation; he proved to be Count Széchényi, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Archduchess Sophia, the wife of the brother and successor of the present Emperor. You may imagine us seated in one corner of the boat holding a levee for Counts and Barons; they were extremely urgent that we should continue our journey to Pesth, and prest the matter so seriously that we at last consented; Count Széchényi who owns the navigation of the Danube for 20 years, immediately showed us the state rooms which we might have on board, and offered to give us a letter to a Baron in Pesth, who would do us the honors. We accepted his letter, and though we had only left Vienna for 1 night, and would be detained 6 days longer, still we determined to go. They continued to pay us the greatest attention during the rest of the voyage.

LETTERS OF

Count S. introduced his daughter to us; she had lately married an Englishman, Mr. Berry; Count Gotheke was going to Pressburg to see his mother-in-law. I assure you that I thought it quite a compliment that such elderly gentlemen, and of the highest rank in aristocratic Austria, should pay us so much attention.

On arriving at the landing, Count Gotheke accompanied us to our hotel, and bade us adieu, after seeing us lodged safely. We then went out to view Pressburg, ordering dinner at our return. We had scarcely gone 2 steps before Baron Arnstein joined us; he entertained me during the walk with anecdotes of the Emperor and the Austrians; he says that the Emperor is a *noddy* and that the Empress is detested, as she is a Sardinian, speaks not a word of German, has none of the German habits, and is a perfect bigot, being entirely governed by the priests.

Pressburg was formerly the capital of Hungary, but Pesth has lately become of so much greater importance that Pressburg is fast sinking; it is however still interesting from its associations; it is still the place of the diet, and place of coronation for the kings of Hungary; it was here that Maria Theresa, in 1741, when attacked on all sides by enemies, made her appeal to the Hungarians; clad in deep mourning and with her little son in her arms, she threw herself upon the fidelity of her Hungarian subjects who touched with compassion vowed to protect and defend her with their lives; when they showed this feeling of loyalty, she was very much overcome, and shedding torrents of tears, so excited the Hungarians that they voted large supplies of money and flocked to her banners. We visited the Hall where she entered, and where the diet is still accustomed to assemble; the diet, which corresponds to our Congress, is frequently very riotous, and as all the members wear sabres, the discussions frequently become quite animated. The Hungarians have a constitution and are free in comparison with their neighbors the Austrians; they also boast very much of their freedom; the nobles here pay no taxes, but all the imposts are levied upon the poorer classes; they are not however very heavy.

We then past the church which is the oldest in Hungary & where all the kings are crowned; we did not however enter as it was getting late; the Baron talked very agreeably and gave us a great deal of information concerning many places.

The streets of Pressburg are like those of Vienna narrow, but there are many large & handsome houses belonging to the nobility;

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

many of the Hungarian nobles are very rich; Prince Esterhazy is among the richest; most of the rich nobles, however, though they have establishments here reside at Vienna as the Irish lords do at London.

After taking a pretty long walk, we past the old convent where the Baron told us was a public Pharmacy, where medicines were distributed gratis to those poor persons who could bring respectable certificates from their parish proving them to be worthy objects of charity; this is an excellent institution; there are many convents in Hungary which are immensely rich; we then returned home, and entered the *salle à manger*; we had not been seated there long before Count Gothek came in & paid us a short visit; Baron A. was very desirous that we should take a seat in his box at the theatre, as he was going and there was to be a very good opera, but this we declined.

Just as we were finishing dinner, Count Széchényi sent us his letter to the Baron at Pesth; we spent the evening reading aloud a French Comedy & working; retired soon so as to be ready to leave in the steamboat for Pesth at $\frac{1}{2}$ 6. We retired to bed but not to rest, for those insatiable wild beasts attacked us with the greatest ferocity, and sleep was completely banished from our pillows. During these hours of watching, I thought over our intended excursion, and it became in my eyes, rather an imprudent step; if we should be sick, thought I, in an unknown land, and without our baggage, what should we do? And again if we were to receive the attentions of the noble baron, surely our travelling costume would not answer; and again if we went to Pesth in the steamboat, how were we to return, for the steamboat would not return in 6 days, and the journey would then occupy 3 days more; but as the Count told us we must do, we were to take peasants' horses, which by the bye are only obtained by nobles but which through this intervention were to procure, where were we to get a carriage? The peasants also drive they say at a furious rate over holes, ditches and all other insurmountable objects; thinking of these horrors, in the darkness and stillness of night did not at all increase my courage; I had almost determined to represent to Frederic my fears, when he told me that he had been thinking over the affair, and was only deterred from giving up the excursion by the fear of disappointing me; I immediately reassured him on this point, and after fully discussing the pros and cons we abandoned it entirely; after snatching a few intervals of repose, were hurried by

LETTERS OF

our valet, who announced to us that it was time to arise; we explained to him our intentions, hoping to gain in this way a little more repose, but Fate had decreed that we should sleep no more, as he told us that we must dress, breakfast and walk a mile in 3 quarters of an hour. We therefore drest as speedily as possible by candle-light, and after my arrangements were completed, went in to Caroline's room to announce to her our determination; she also rejoiced extremely, as she had also had the same misgivings; after eating a very hasty breakfast, we entered the carriage bidding adieu to the filthiest hotel we have met during our journey.

Before leaving Pressburg I must not forget to mention an elevation of 30 feet which it is the custom for the kings after their coronation to gallop up on horseback, and when at the top they brandished their sword (which is that of St. Stephen) towards the four points of the compass, thus intimating their intention of defending their subjects on all sides. A Frenchman heard this anecdote, and not comprehending it fully, afterwards said that when he was in Pressburg he saw a mountain 6000 feet high which the king galloped up at full speed; this was rather too much for most persons to believe; it afterwards appeared that he had confounded this slight elevation with a neighboring mountain.

We arrived just in time at the stage coaches which were to carry us for several miles till we arrived at the railroad. Our friend the Baron spied us, and immediately came up to us to testify his surprise that we were not on our way to Pesth. We explained to him our reasons for not going; the stage then started, and though we travelled over a very flat and uninteresting country, as we were all in fine spirits we had a very pleasant drive. All Hungary, even as far as Turkey is almost a dead level; we stopt after riding $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour to change horses; the Baron then came into our stage, and Frederic entertained him with anecdotes of our country, the Indians etc., and he entertained us with narrations concerning Austria. As he talks a great deal we had a very gay and pleasant time; he is a gay bachelor of about 38.

We travelled over a true American road; wherever we have been throughout Europe the roads are excellent, like barn floors; but the wheels sank into the ground, and in one place for a short distance we past over a regular corduroy road; we past the battle field of Wagram; saw the island on which Bonaparte and his troops were encamped; we also past the spot where Leopold and Sobieski met;

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

after Sobieski had liberated Vienna from the attacks of the Turks, having been called in by Leopold who fled from the city in a cowardly manner, Leopold was so jealous of the honors that were rendered to the Polish hero that their meeting was very cold.

After 2 hours drive we arrived at the rail cars at 11, and took our seats in a delightfully spacious car, furnished with cushions etc. The railroad is made entirely of iron with iron guards; it is very complete and very well regulated, but it must have been very expensive. We went at the rate of 20 miles an hour and in 55 minutes arrived at Vienna; we then took a carriage and drove home; we then dressed ourselves immediately to go to the concert where the same company of 1000 musicians were to perform Haydn's Four Seasons; though the concert had commenced we obtained the best seats, and had a very excellent view of the Empress Mother, who was dressed in black velvet with a white hat and feathers; the Emperor, in a plain black suit, the Archduchess Sophia, who wore a blue hat with a bird of paradise. She is said to be very handsome, but she did not appear to me to be very much so; we also saw the Archduke Francis, her husband, the heir presumptive, and the Archduke Charles, brother of the late Francis I, and the celebrated commander; the 2 daughters of the elector palatin were also with them. In the next box, were several countesses, in attendance upon the Imperial family, and the Count Széchenyi our friend of yesterday. The room was very well filled, and we were very much delighted with the piece. After the first part, Count Gotheke, the governor of Bohemia took a seat next to me; he had arrived at the railroad dépôt too late for the car, and he had taken a common waggon with peasant's horses, which brought him to Vienna in 55 minutes, but as this was the time the railroad takes, I think he must be mistaken. The Count was so kind as to explain to me the piece as it proceeded, the hunting scene, the village dancers etc. and I assure you when I understood the subject, I relished the music more; oh! would that Papa and Mama could have been there; how they would have enjoyed the choruses; all the performers are amateurs and all perfect in their parts; I was delighted beyond measure; by the bye, to cheer you up, it is generally reported here that the great Strauss after spending the winter in Paris, is to come to America; I hope he will be there to welcome us on our return; do support him else he will not stay long.

More than half the pit was taken up by the relations & friends of the performers who receive their seats gratis; as the performers are

CHARLOTTE BRINCKERHOFF BRONSON

of a very respectable class of society, their friends were very genteel looking & very pretty; the Viennese, particularly the lower classes, are remarkable for their beauty. I never enjoyed any thing so much as these divine strains of the great composer; many parts were encored three times, and the whole performance received the most unbounded applause. We are particularly fortunate in hearing these concerts, as there have been none of the kind since 5 years.

During the performance, Baron Arnstein joined our party, and though conversation rather distracted our attention from the music, still we were very much delighted. At 2 precisely, the Emperor and his family left the concert as that is their dinner hour, but the Empress mother who has but little appetite staid to the end.

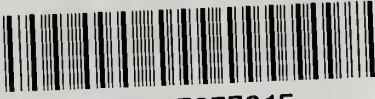
After a long chat, Count Gothek left us, and shortly afterwards the concert finished, and saying adieu to the Baron we hurried home. We then went out shopping, as it was 3, and our dinner hour is 4; we made some few purchases, and then went to the Café de la Cygne, where were numbers of ladies and gentlemen; the room as I have already told you is very handsome, and was very brilliantly lighted; we had a very excellent dinner, composed among other things of capon, a very fine large sized chicken; artichokes, excellent pine apple sweetmeats, and delightful peach and vanilla ice cream; the best we have tasted since Tortoni's.

After dinner, we took a short walk and then returned home and spent the rest of the evening very busily in writing our journals which had been neglected for 2 days, and if you knew how extremely tired I am, you would make every allowance for defects in style or writing; I never was so tired before writing my journal, but it is an excellent punishment for having neglected it.

Frederic has just returned home; he has met M^r. Schwarz whom he thanked for some wine he had sent us during our absence, and told him of our adventure with Count Széchényi; M^r. S. immediately said that we could not have visited Pesth under more favorable auspices as he is the first man in Hungary, has unbounded influence, and we could not have obtained a letter which would have been more serviceable; but, under those circumstances which I have already explained it would have been impossible for us; we soon after retired very much fatigued, as we had all slept but little the night before.



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